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J. Campbell
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TRACINGS OF THE NORTH OF EUROPE.

VOYAGE TO COPENHAGEN.

EVER since the end of a very pleasant excursion in Rhineland and Switzerland in 1848, I had set apart the summer of the present year for a more extended tour, which should embrace the principal German cities and Italy. When the time came, however, those parts of the continent were in such a volcanic state, that unless I had had a decided taste for walking over hot cinders and lava ('*incendere per ignes*'), there was no chance of getting along with any degree of comfort. In these circumstances, I turned my thoughts to a part of Europe which is not perhaps possessed of so many attractions, but which at least had the merit of being sufficiently cool for the foot of the English traveller—namely, the group of countries which rank under the general appellative of Scandinavia. In England these countries are generally regarded as only too cool—which is not altogether true either—and they are accordingly little visited. But here, again, lay a reconciling consideration; for, if neglected, they were just so much the more *recherchés* to the person who should make his way into them. I also reflected on the singular social condition of Norway as a curious study for such a wanderer as myself: it would, I thought, be deeply interesting to try and ascertain whether of a democratic constitution, and the absence of a law of primogeniture, really did render that country the paradise which it appears to be in the pages of Samuel Laing. Then there were some curious geological and archaeological studies to be pursued in Scandinavia. One large lump of it is supposed to be playing a sort of game of see-saw, to the great inconvenience of mariners in the adjacent seas; while another, though now steady, appears to have at some former period been engaged in the same strange procedure. According to some philosophers, there had been a time when a sheet of ice had passed athwart the whole country, rubbing away every asperity from its craggy surface, excepting only the peaks of the highest mountains. Its wild fiords were still as curious for their natural phenomena as for the lonely grandeur of their aspect. And the remains of the early inhabitants of these remote regions, whether in the form of literature, or that of their arms, personal ornaments, and domestic utensils, were, I knew, a treasure of the richest kind to any one taking the least interest in the past history of his species.

Having, for these reasons, determined on a tour through Denmark, Sweden, and Norway, I left Edinburgh in the latter part of June. The readiest course for one proposing such a tour is, in general, either by the steamers which leave London, Hull, and Leith for Hamburg, or those which proceed from the two first of these ports to Copenhagen. At the time of my proposed jour-

ney, the Elbe was under blockade by the Danish navy, in consequence of the Sleswig-Holstein war. Copenhagen was therefore the only access. It is much to be regretted that there is no steamer direct from England to any port of Sweden and Norway. There was one to Gottenburg a few years ago; it was discontinued because it did not pay. According to Swedish report, an endeavour to revive it has been obstructed by a demand of the English government that only English steamers shall be employed; apparently a most unreasonable demand, and one not characteristic of the present policy. It would surely be much to be lamented if anything so advantageous to the two countries as a direct intercourse be really prevented by such petty difficulties. Let us hope that not another summer shall elapse without the revival of the Gottenburg steamer.

A railway train conducted me from Edinburgh to Hull in the interval between breakfast and supper, allowing me three hours of pause at York, which I employed in a visit to the Minster. The consequences of the second conflagration of this superb building are now repaired, and the edifice is probably in a state of completeness, both as to building and decoration, which it never knew in Catholic times. I was led to reflect how strange it was that so much zeal had been expended in the reconstruction of this theatre of an extinct drama—for the Gothic church of the middle ages was strictly a theatre in which to present daily to mankind, under suitably impressive circumstances, the spectacle of a divine sacrifice which had been made for them. Under modern Christianity, this object exists no longer. The ancient church, accordingly, when too large to be rendered into an ordinary place of worship—as is the case with the English cathedrals—becomes, over and above the corner devoted to the reading of a liturgy, a mere antiquarian curiosity. It is strange that what was done in the twelfth century under the impulse of a powerful religious feeling, can now be done, and done more promptly and quickly, under a feeling almost purely romantic. We must of course rejoice that so beautiful a building as York Minster has been redeemed from the ruin into which it was accidentally thrown, and once more made worthy of the homage of the highest taste. Yet we cannot well forget that such works amongst us can only be something similitive or imitative—what the Eglintoun tournament was to real chivalry. The paroxysm of public feeling in which such noble structures originated was a true thing, and one of the finest true things of its era. It is past—it can never be reproduced. The feelings and energies which took that direction are now expended on totally different objects. It is from a different and secondary source that Gothic renovations proceed.

At this time there were in Hull 8000 people out of employment, in consequence of the interruption to the

Hamburg trade, and it was said that much misery existed in the town. One would have expected, in such circumstances, that any little job to one of the hangers-on of the streets would have been keenly relished, and the remuneration, if decent in amount, thankfully received. Nevertheless, when I handed a shilling to two men who had, at one turn of three minutes, carried my few packages from the cab on the quay into the vessel, it was contemptuously rejected, and only accepted after it became clear that I would not accede to their demand of half-a-crown. What would a foreigner, in such circumstances, have thought of the state of things which had been described to him as appertaining to Hull? He could scarcely have resisted a supposition that bad times in England are something better than the best times on the continent.

Usually, the passport grievance does not commence till one has set his foot on a foreign soil. On this occasion it began before I left the harbour. At the earnest solicitation of the owners of the steamer, I went to the Danish consul to have my passport *vise*, for the sake of establishing that I had come from a district unaffected by cholera. For this a fee of five shillings was exacted from myself and some other passengers. It was hoped, by such means, that no interruption would occur in the landing of passengers at Copenhagen, and the subsequent proceeding of the vessel to St Petersburg. It will be found that in this object we were disappointed, and that the exaction was to us virtually an act of spoliation. When will states be above the meanness of imposing these petty taxes on travellers, whom one might suppose they would see it to be for their interest to encourage, by every possible act of civility and generosity, to visit their lands?

On rising early next morning, I found the vessel ploughing its way out of the Humber, with the new works of Great Grimsby on the right. This is designed as a new port for the east of England, in connection with certain lines of railway. It is to enclose a hundred and thirty-five acres of the sea-beach, and within this space there will be an entrance basin, accessible at all times to every kind of vessel, besides large docks, piers, and wharfs. The scheme is a magnificent example of English enterprise, and promises to be attended with success. In this event, Hull must fall into a secondary place among British ports. If I am rightly informed—but I only speak upon report—those privileges which have hitherto appeared as her strength will have had no small concern in bringing about the result.

A sea-voyage seems as if it could never be a comfortable thing. The sickness from the motion of the vessel is the first and greatest drawback; but the lesser evils of straitened accommodations, imperfect ventilation, the odious smell inherent in the vessel, and the monotony of the daily life, are scarcely less felt. Prostrated under a sense of nausea, afraid to rise, and afraid or unable to eat, unable to exert the mind in reading or discourse, one sinks down into a state of mere stupid endurance, almost the most hapless in which one can well be in the course of ordinary existence.

After suffering thus for four-and-twenty hours, I ventured upon deck, and, finding the weather not unpleasant, walked about for an hour or two. Here the want of objects on which to exert the mind beset me, and I became surprised at the interest which the slightest change of circumstances or sights occasioned. We eagerly scanned the dim horizon for vessels, and reckoned them up with the greatest care. We marked every variation in the direction of the wind, and in the ship's course. But all was insufficient to give an agreeable stimulus to the craving mind, and passiveness always appeared, after all, as the best resource. Seeing two vessels at a distance, sailing different ways under one wind, I amused myself by comparing them to two speculative philosophers driving to opposite conclusions from one set of facts.

On the third morning there were some symptoms of our coming near the land, though it was still beyond the ken of vision. One of these symptoms was a couple of small boats. Finding afterwards that we sailed seven hours, or as much as seventy miles, without approaching the land, I wondered that two small boats should be met so far out at sea. Supposing they were fishing-boats, it was the more surprising that it was on a Sunday morning, though this, a passenger explained, might be from an anxiety to make as much as possible of the short season during which fishing can be carried on in these seas. As we approached the opening of the Sound, vessels became more frequent, and at length one happy passenger was able to announce that he saw the 'loom of the land.' It was, as expected, a portion of the north of Jutland, a low tract of sandy downs, presenting scarcely an object for many miles besides a lighthouse and a solitary country church. We soon passed the Skaw Point, amidst a crowd of vessels of all sizes, calling for almost as much care in steering as is necessary in conducting a drosky through the Strand. Then the young moon appeared setting in a cloudless summer sky, and it became delightful to walk along the elevated deck, watching her slow descent into the gleaming wave, interchanging a word of remark now and then with a companion, and mentally speculating on the new scenes which must meet our eyes under the next sun. We were all by this time fully restored to our usual healthy sensations, and each meal, as it came upon the board, was heartily done justice to.

I was awakened next morning at five with the intelligence that we were just about to pass through the Sound. I ascended to the deck in a provisional dress, and soon saw that assemblage of objects which has been made so generally familiar by means of pictures—a low point, fronted with mounds bristling with cannon, and an old pinnacled palace starting up from within a few yards of the water's edge, while the narrow sea in front bears a crowd of vessels of all sizes. We had now an opportunity of examining the coast on either hand, but found nothing worthy of special observation, beyond the smiling character imparted to the landscape by pleasant woods, cottages, and gardens, such as one sees on the coast of England. Behind Elsinore, however, there is a lofty bank, of which I shall afterwards take some notice.

After passing a few miles of the low coast of Sealand—for such is the name of this insulated part of the kingdom of Denmark—we were told that the vessel was near Copenhagen, which, however, shows itself in this direction only by a few traces of steeples and dock-yards, with a screen of green mounds serving as batteries in front. We were quickly brought to a pause in the mouth of the harbour. Every passenger had prepared for immediate landing. The offer of breakfast by the steward was treated disdainfully, as visions of the *Hôtel Royal* rose before us. The captain had gone ashore with our passports, and his return with permission for our landing was instantly expected; when a rumour began to spread that we were to be detained a couple of days in quarantine. It proved to be too true, the government having received intelligence of the revival of cholera in London, which had determined it to subject all vessels coming from England to a quarantine which should interpose five full days between their leaving port and their landing passengers and goods in Denmark. Then all was dismay, though at first we could scarcely perceive or believe in the extent of our misfortune. The magical five-shillings affidavit of the consul at Hull was reverted to. We had paid our money for being certified clear of infection, and clear of infection we must be: otherwise, what were we to think of that transaction? Our chafing was of course unavailing. The Danish government is unusually tenacious and pedantic about quarantine regulations, to which it sapiently attributes the remarkable fact, that Denmark has never yet had a visit of the Asiatic scourge. There was no chance that it would relent on the present occasion. Slowly, and with a bad

grace, did we address ourselves to the formerly-despised breakfast. Our friend the steward no doubt viewed the case in a light peculiar to himself.

Two days were spent in perfect inaction, and consequently with much tedium and dissatisfaction. For my part there is something which makes me placid under such troubles. It is perhaps a negative satisfaction in considering that I cannot be blamed for *this* evil, as I must be for most others which befall me. I grieved to think that there must be two days of tame, unvaried life, before I could step into the new city before me; but meanwhile the circumstances were not positively uncomfortable in any great degree; the company was not marred by any bad element in itself; there were books to read and memoranda to arrange: finally, it could not be helped. I therefore submitted with tolerable cheerfulness.

After all, we were comparatively well dealt with, for we heard of many persons who were obliged to lie for longer periods in quarantine, and to spend their time of durance at a station arranged for the purpose on a part of the coast a few miles off, where life was very much that of a prison. Persons coming from Germany would have to stay there five days. If I am not mistaken, travellers from England by the continental route had at this time to pass a previous quarantine at Hamburg, so that a journey to Denmark by that route could not occupy less than fortnight. I have since heard of a Scottish merchant having lost a vessel on the south coast of Sweden, and going out there, by way of Copenhagen, to see after his property. From the exigencies of business at home, he had only twelve days in all to give to the excursion. On reaching Copenhagen, he would not be allowed to land till that time had nearly expired, and he would consequently be obliged to return to Scotland without accomplishing his object.

By way of a favour, a party of our passengers (in which I was included) was allowed to go in a boat to bathe at a place in front of one of the batteries, an emissary of the quarantine station hovering near us as a watch, lest we should break rules. Two boys, returning from an English school to St Petersburg for the holidays, were full of frolic. We soon had a riotous scene of ducking and splashing, accompanied by shouts of (I must say) very foolish merriment, and thus would probably help in no small degree to confirm our guard in an impression which is said to be very prevalent in Denmark regarding the English—that they are all a little mad. A companion remarked to me, that certainly men will condescend in some circumstances to a surprising degree of puerility, or rather childishness of conduct: here, for instance, said he, there is scarcely the least difference to be observed between the conduct of the schoolboys and their seniors. Take away the pressure of our ordinary immediate circumstances, and how all our usual habits are dissolved! But this is a theme as trite as it is tempting, and I must cut it short. A lunch after the bath was attended by jocularity nearly as outrageous, and we did not return to the ship till near the dinner hour.

Our company was small, but it was sufficiently various. There were two specimens of the idle English gentleman, if such a term may be applied to the character. They were men in the prime of life, unmarried, handsome, moustached, with an air of high society, yet perfectly affable, and even agreeable, in their intercourse with their fellow-travellers. I hesitate in applying the term idle to these men, as they appear to be far from exemplifying true inactivity. They speak of having travelled and sported in many parts of the world. One is as familiar with the granitic wilds of Finland as with Donegal and Inverness. He spends whole summers of wild hardy life in the deserts near the head of the Gulf of Bothnia, shooting bears and hunting deer, lost to wheaten bread and every luxury for weeks at a time. His frame is sinewy and firmly knit; his habits in eating and drinking are as simple as possible. The other gentleman has been with his ship through every sea in

the East and West. He has left England at the height of the gay season, to perform a journey of four months, commencing with Copenhagen, St Petersburg, and Stockholm, to terminate on the coasts of the Levant. Another of our party is a New Englander, with an air of quiet confidence as remarkable as that of the Englishmen, yet of a totally different character. He is a little of a humorist, and not at all offensive. A fourth is an elderly Lincolnshire farmer, homely, simple, good-natured, full of quaint remark, and not unwilling to be smiled at by his companions on account of his little peculiarities of manners and discourse. We have also a young English student, evidently not of the university caste, delicate in figure, of gentle manners, and possessed of considerable intelligence. Of females we have few, only one being of the genus *lady*, the sister of our bear-hunting friend; the rest are more practical in their character. One is a mother with a charge of young children, whom she is sadly ill-qualified for regulating or keeping in order. Incessantly these juveniles are chattering about something, or else crying and squalling. The mother goes about with a broken-hearted air, and a voice worn down to its lowest and saddest tones, either taking her children's querulousness resignedly, or chiding them crossly for what is chiefly her own blame. To attend even thus imperfectly to the group of little ones, takes the whole time and energy of this poor mother, and of an equally broken-spirited maid; for never does a minute pass when there is not something to be done for them, either in the way of attending to their personal necessities, or preventing them from clapperclawing each other, and saving them from the effects of their own recklessness. The thought occurred to me twenty times a day—verily the *store* is a most marvellous endowment of the mother's heart, enabling her, as it does, to submit placidly to what every other person would feel to be intolerable misery.

We received a great alarm on the second day of our enforced leisure. A party had gone off in a boat to row about and bathe, without the attendance of a quarantine officer. No harm was meant, but it was imprudent. By and by it was whispered that word had come that, owing to this breach of regulations, we should all be detained a week longer, or else have to pay a heavy fine—perhaps both. This was dire intelligence to our good-natured captain, and not less so to a mercantile person, who had sixteen first-class English horses on board, which he was taking out on speculation to Russia. These animals had to stand in cribs on deck during the whole voyage from Hull to St Petersburg. While the vessel was sailing, it was comparatively well with them, for the motion gave them a certain amount of exercise: but the unexpected stoppage of two days told sorely upon them: it was already remarked that their legs were beginning to swell. The owner declared that a week more of inaction would utterly ruin them. While we were gloomily speculating on all the evils we had to dread, the peccant boat-party returned, and relieved us so far, by declaring that they had scrupulously abstained from approaching the shore or any other vessel. They immediately despatched an assurance to this effect to the quarantine station. Notwithstanding this defying tone on the part of some of the defaulters, we passed the evening in a state of serious apprehension, no one knowing what extent of penalty might be imposed by an authority notoriously ruled by any considerations rather than those of rationality. It was thought, on the strength of former instances, not impossible that each of the grown gentlemen of the party might have to pay twenty or five-and-twenty pounds. One more confident than the rest offered four sovereigns to another as an insurance to cover his own risk, or, as an alternative, proposed to undertake that gentleman's risk for three; and the latter arrangement was actually entered into. Early next morning, when we were all on the *qui vive* to learn our fate, a boat came up, and the magical term so well understood in England, 'All right,' soon spread a general smile over the company.

The authorities, by an amazing stretch of generosity and common sense, had agreed to overlook the delinquency, on condition that certain expenses should be paid, amounting to something less than two pounds. The passengers for Copenhagen were therefore permitted to land immediately with their luggage, and the vessel was allowed to commence discharge of cargo, preparatory to proceeding to St Petersburg.

R. C.

THE RETURN OF THE COMPAGNON.

A SWISS TALE.

THE early darkness of a winter twilight had already set in, the wind was blowing boisterously, and the snow rapidly descending, when Herman the carpenter reached his cottage after a hard day's toil, there to receive the fond caresses of his children. His wife exchanged his wet clothes for such as were warm and dry, and little Catherine drew his arm-chair to the side of the fire, while the boys, anxious to do their part, brought his large pipe.

'Now, father,' said little Frank, when he saw a column of smoke issuing forth, 'you are happy and comfortable; what shall we do while mother gets supper ready? Tell us a tale.'

'Yes, tell us a story,' repeated the other children with delight.

They were on the point of clustering round, when something passing caught little Catherine's eye. 'Oh,' said the child, 'here is such a poor man in the street, all covered with snow, and who does not seem to know where to go!'

'He is a compagnon' (journeyman), said Frank—'a whitesmith; I see his tools in his bag. Why does he stop in the street in such weather?'

'He plainly knows not his way,' Catherine replied. 'Shall I go and ask him what he wants?'

'Do so, my child; and give him this small coin, for perhaps he is poor, as I have been, and it will serve to pay for his bed, and something to warm him. Show him the Compagnon's Inn at the end of the street.'

When the child had returned, the clamour was again raised for the story.

'What shall it be?'

'Daniel?'

'No.'

'Perhaps the Black Hunter?'

'Neither of these to-night, my children. I will tell you about the "Return of the Compagnon."'

The children gladly drew round their father to hear his new story, which was as follows:—

It was a beautiful spring morning: the sun had begun to show his radiant face on the summits of the mountains; the little birds cried for their food; the insects of every kind, shaking their wings, began humming among the foliage; the sheep, penned up, were bleating; and the labourers were preparing to resume their toil. A young man, laden with a heavy bag, walked gaily along the road leading to one of the little towns of Switzerland, his dusty feet showing that he had come from afar, and his sunburnt face exhibiting the effects of more southern climes. He was a compagnon carpenter returning to his country after years of absence, and impatient to see his home again. He had walked all night, and now a brilliant sun embellished each successive object that offered itself to his anxious view. He had already seen the steeple of the church of his beloved town, and his true Swiss heart bounded with joy. 'Ha!' exclaimed he, 'how beautiful is the country where we have lived from childhood to manhood! How clear and limpid its waters, how pure its air, how smiling its meadows! My feet have trodden the soil of France, where grows the grape, and Italy, the land of figs and oranges: I have rested under groves of roses, and the sweet lemon-tree has bent over my head, laden with its golden fruits and perfumed flowers: I have, at the sound of the guitar and the castanet, joined at night in the dance with people for whom the

middle of the day is the time for repose, and the absence of the sun the signal for labour or pleasure—people whose life flows on in cheerful contentment, because light work suffices for their wants under so warm a sky, and possessed of a soil that nature has covered with her choicest gifts, and does not desolate with the north winds, frosts, and snows. Yes, the poor Swiss compagnon has seen all these things, and has admired them, but never has he wished to live and die among them. He has always sighed for the pale rays of his northern sun, the steep rocks of his mountains, the uniform colour of his dark pines, and the pointed roof of his cottage, where he still hopes to receive his mother's blessing.'

While these thoughts, and many like them, were crowding into the mind of the young workman, his steps became more and more rapid, and his tired feet seemed to recover their swiftness. All on a sudden, a turn of the road showed him the roofs of his native village, from which curled some clouds of smoke. There was the old church wall, there was the steeple stretching towards heaven. At the sight of this the young traveller stopped short; the tears trickled down his cheek; he exclaimed in a voice broken with emotion, 'I thank thee, my God, for permitting my eyes once more to see these things.' He pursued his walk, devouring with his eyes all he saw. 'Ah, here,' said he, 'is the white wall marking the terrace of the public walk where I used to play so joyfully! ah, there is the arch of the little bridge where we have so often fished! Now I can see the head of the old lime-tree which shades the church: only twenty paces farther is the cottage in which I was born, where I grew up, where I lost my poor father, and where I hope to see my dear mother. It is not in vain I have laboured so long: I have that with me which will comfort her old age.' As he spoke, a small flower attracted his attention: it was a daisy. He stooped down and gathered it, and commenced plucking its leaflets away one after the other. 'It was thus,' he said smiling, 'the day before my departure, that Gertrude gathered a daisy from the bank of the river, and bending her pretty face over the flower to conceal the emotion my departure occasioned, she pulled out the leaflets in silence, and arriving at the last one, she said to me in a low voice, "Adieu, Herman, I shall never marry till you return;" and so saying, fled away, as if she feared having said too much. Soon shall I see her little window with the blue curtain! Oh that I may see my Gertrude there as I used, her eyes rejoicing at my return! Happy the moment when I shall say to her, "Gertrude, here is Herman returned, faithful to his promises, as you have been to yours. Come and share the little wealth I have acquired: come and aid me in rendering my aged mother happy."

Under the influence of these thoughts the young workman rapidly approached his native town. As he advanced, he interrogated the countenances of those he met, hoping to meet with friendly looks, a recollection of the past, or a few words of welcome, but in vain. At last, as he passed the gates, he saw a man walking gravely to and fro as he smoked his pipe: it was the toll-keeper. Herman, looking at him closely, easily recognised Rodolphe, his playfellow, his earliest friend. He was on the point of rushing into his arms, and exclaiming, 'Here I am again!'—but the tollman looked coldly at him as he passed, and left a cloud of tobacco-smoke behind him. Poor compagnon! the sun of the south has shone too long on thy face; he has made thee a stranger even to those who loved thee: thy best friend knows thee not. Herman's heart sank within him, and he resumed his journey with a sigh. A little farther on he saw a new building in course of erection. An aged man was directing the carpenters in their work, and at the sight of him Herman's heart again rejoiced: it was his old master, whose advice and kindness had made him an honest man and skilful mechanic. To him he chiefly owed his success in life, and he

was, moreover, Gertrude's father. 'Ha,' said he, 'if Rodolphe so soon forgets the faces of his friends, my old master will recollect me;' and so saying, he approached him respectfully, hat in hand, and inquired whether he could obtain work for him. The old man looked at him a while before replying; and Herman's heart beat so quickly, that he could scarce conceal his feelings. 'Come to me to-morrow,' at last said the old man; 'I will then examine your certificates: work is not scarce for good hands;' and turning towards his men, resumed his occupations. 'What!' exclaimed the poor compagnon to himself as he turned away, 'am I so changed that my features are not recognised by my old master? What if Gertrude herself— But no, that is impossible! She who could distinguish me in a crowd a hundred paces off, will surely know her Herman again, in spite of his sunburnt face: besides, if her eyes failed her, her heart would prompt her of my presence!' So thinking, he rapidly traversed the little town. There was the old lime-tree, with the rustic seat beneath it; there the fountain, where many women were washing; and there stood the neat little cottage, upon which the young man's eyes now became riveted. The blue curtain and pots of carnations were there, as they ever had been; and oh, joy, there sat a young woman spinning! Herman's heart bounded with joy; he rushed forward, and then stopped opposite the window, a few steps only separating him from Gertrude. He remained immovable, so powerful were his emotions, and admired the ripening of her charms which had taken place during his absence: no longer the slender girl of fifteen, but a young woman in all the fulness of her beauty; her whole appearance denoting strength, health, and freshness. 'How beautiful she is!' exclaimed Herman in a low voice. Gertrude did not catch the words, but the voice struck her ear; and seeing a traveller but poorly clad with his eyes fixed on her, said to herself with a sigh, 'Poor fellow, he looks in want; and throwing him a coin with Heaven's blessing, she shut the window, and disappeared. Alas! the sun of the south has too long shone on the face of the compagnon; his best friends know him not, and his beloved regards him as a stranger! Had she remained at the window, Gertrude must have remarked the expression of the poignant grief Herman endured; and her heart would have divined, that under those toilworn clothes and sunburnt face was concealed him for whose advent she had so often prayed. After long remaining on the same spot, as if his feet were rivetted to the ground, the compagnon tore himself away, and turned towards his home. But how changed in appearance! That buoyant step which, a few moments before, had trod the ground so lightly, was now slow and heavy; excessive fatigue overcame him. The weight of the bag he carried—not felt before—now seemed excessive; his head hung down on his chest, his hopes seemed blasted, and that native land which, a few hours since, he saluted with such joy, now seemed indifferent to him. In vain did the old lime-tree, with its majestic foliage, meet his eyes; in vain did the antique fountain, with its grotesque figures, that should have called to his mind so many childish recollections, stand before him. He saw nothing; his wounded heart felt nothing but sorrow. However, he still advanced towards his home, and a few steps only separated him from the old churchyard wall, near which he had passed so many happy days of boyhood, when he saw an aged woman come tottering down the steps of the portico of the church, supported by a stick. It was his mother returning from offering her daily prayer for his return. 'Oh, how altered is she!' he sorrowfully exclaimed: 'how can I hope her feeble eyes should know her child, when mine can scarcely recognise her timeworn frame!' But no sooner had she approached him, and raised her head, than she fell into his arms, sobbing through her tears, 'My son, my beloved son!' Herman pressed her closely to his breast, and falteringly exclaimed, 'My mother, thou at least hast not forgotten me. Years of absence, the

scorching sun, and toilsome labour, conceal me not from you!'

Yes, if the sun of the south had rendered the face of the compagnon a stranger to his dearest friends and his beloved, but one look sufficed to make his mother exclaim, 'My son—my Herman! God be praised that he has restored him to me!'

The narrator here seemed to have concluded his story, and remained lost in the emotion he had depicted. Such a conclusion, however, did not satisfy his listeners.

'But what became of the compagnon?' they demanded.

'Oh,' said the father, recollecting himself, 'he went home with his mother, and said to her, "Here, mother, take what I have earned, and live happily the rest of your days with your child," and to the last breath the old woman blessed the return of her only son.' So saying, he sorrowfully cast his eyes towards the corner of the room where hung a distaff, surmounted by a crown of everlasting flowers. The children followed their father's eyes, and long maintained a respectful silence. 'So,' Frank at last suddenly exclaimed, 'Gertrude did not love the beautiful things he brought for her?'

'Why did she shut the window then?' said another child.

'Perhaps,' added Catherine, 'she opened it again?'

'Yes, my Catherine,' said the carpenter smiling, 'she did open it again: and it was with the compagnon and his Gertrude that their old mother passed her days, blessing them both until she left this world for a better.' At this moment his wife Gertrude, still in the prime of life, entered with their homely supper.

THE ALBATROSS.

Of all the interesting objects which present themselves to the eye of the voyager in the southern hemisphere, the albatross is among the most noteworthy. Apart from its relieving the monotony of the watery expanse, this bird, by its extraordinary characteristics, seldom fails of exciting a lively degree of astonishment in the spectator—for what can be thought of a bird which apparently requires neither rest nor sleep? It is perhaps owing to this peculiarity that sailors and others have regarded the albatross with mingled feelings of awe and wonder: its presence was an omen, but rather of good than evil. The weary crew of Bartholomew Diaz doubtless looked on the swift air-clearing creature as an appropriate scout from the Cape of Storms, while Vasco de Gama may have hailed it as the herald of his hope and success. Coleridge has very happily availed himself of these different aspects in his 'Ancient Mariner,' where he makes the aged seaman, with 'long gray beard and glittering eye,' relate how, from out the dismal mists—

'At length did cross an albatross,
Through the fog it came;
As if it had been a Christian soul,
We hailed it in God's name.'

It ate the food it ne'er had ate,
And round and round it flew;

* * * * *
And a good south wind sprung up behind,
The albatross did follow,
And every day, for food or play,
Came to the mariner's hollo!'

And then the disasters which ensued when

— With his cross-bow
He shot the albatross.'

Whatever delight might be experienced in contemplating the bird under the mysterious point of view suggested by the poet, would be rather heightened than diminished by a knowledge of its real natural character; and this we may obtain from that valuable and highly-meritorious work, 'The Birds of Australia,' by Mr Gould. According to this enterprising naturalist—

'The *Diomedea exulans* (wandering albatross) is by far the largest and most powerful species of its tribe; and,

from its great strength and ferocious disposition, is held in terror by every other bird with which it is surrounded. It is even said that it will fearlessly attack and tear out the eyes of a drowning man, a feat, from what I have observed of it, I can readily imagine it would attempt. It is most abundant between the 30th and 60th degrees of south latitude, and appears to be equally numerous in all parts of the ocean bounded by those degrees; and I feel assured that it is confined to no one part, but is constantly engaged in making a circuit of the globe in that particular zone allotted by nature for its habitation. The open sea is in fact its natural home; and this it never leaves, except for the purpose of breeding, when it usually resorts to rocky islands the most difficult of access.

The powers of flight of the wandering albatross are much greater than those of any other bird that has come under my observation. Although, during calm or moderate weather, it sometimes rests on the surface of the water, it is almost constantly on the wing, and is equally at ease while passing over the glassy surface during the stillest calm, or sweeping, with arrow-like swiftness, before the most furious gale; and the way in which it just tops the raging billows, and sweeps between the gulfy waves, has a hundred times called forth my wonder and admiration. Although a vessel running before the wind frequently sails more than 200 miles in the twenty-four hours, and that for days together, still the albatross has not the slightest difficulty in keeping up with the ship, but also performs circles of many miles in extent, returning again to hunt up the wake of the vessel for any substances thrown overboard.

Like the other species of the genus, it is nocturnal as well as diurnal, and no bird with which I am acquainted takes so little repose. It appears to be perpetually on the wing, scanning the surface of the ocean for molluscs and medusa, and the other marine animals that constitute its food. So frequently does the boldness of this species cost it its life, that hundreds are annually killed, without, however, its numbers being apparently in any degree lessened. It readily seizes a hook baited with fat of any kind; and if a boat be lowered, its attention is immediately attracted, and while flying round, it is easily shot. It is not surprising that a poetical imagination should have been excited by such a subject, and Coleridge is not the only bard who has shaped it into verse. Another writes—

'Now upon Australian seas,
Wafted by the tropic breeze,
We salute the southern cross,
Watch the wondrous albatross—
Circling round in orbits vast,
Pausing now above the mast,
Laving now his snowy breast
Where the billows sleeping rest.'

Now he skims the surface o'er,
Rising, falling evermore;
Floating high on stillest wing,
Now he seems a guardian thing,
Now a messenger of wrath,
Cleaving swift his airy path;
Bearing o'er the liquid plain
Warning of the hurricane.'

Mr Gould's description of the *Diomedea melanophrrys*, black-eyed-browed albatross, exhibits other characteristics:—'Of all the species,' he observes, 'with which I am acquainted, this is the most fearless of man, and it often approaches many yards nearer the vessel than any other. I have even observed it approach so near, that the tips of its pinions were not more than two arms' length from the taffarel. It is very easily captured with a hook and line; and as this operation gives not the least pain to the bird, the point of the hook merely taking hold in the horny and insensible tip of the bill, I frequently amused myself in capturing it in this way, and after detaining it sufficiently long to afford me an opportunity for investigating any particular point respecting which I wished to satisfy myself, setting it at liberty again. I also caught numerous examples, marked, and

gave them their liberty, in order to ascertain whether the individuals which were flying round the ship at nightfall were the same that were similarly engaged at daylight in the morning, after a night's run of 120 miles, and which, in nearly every instance, proved to be the case.'

Angling for albatrosses is no modern art, as appears from the narrative of Sir Richard Hawkins' voyage to the South Sea in 1593, in which it is pretty certain that these birds are spoken of. 'Certayne great fowles,' says the narrator, 'as bigge as swannes, soared about us, and the winde calming, settled themselves in the sea, and fed upon the sweepings of our ship; which I perceiving, and desirous to see of them, because they seemed farre greater than in truth they were, I caused a hooke and line to be brought me, and with a piece of pilchard I baited the hooke, and a foot from it tied a piece of corke, that it might not sinke deepe, and threw it into the sea, which, our ship driving with the sea, in a little time was a good space from us, and one of the fowles beeing hungry, presently seized upon it, and the hooke in his upper beake. It is like to a falcon's bill, but that the point is more crooked, in that manner, as by no meanes hee could cleare himselfe, except that the line brake, or the hooke righted: plucking him towards the ship, with the waving of his wings he eased the weight of his body, and being brought to the sterne of our ship, two of our company went downe by the ladder of the poope, and seized on his neck and wings; but such were the blows he gave them with his pinnions, as both left their hand-fast, beeing beaten blacke and blue; we cast a snare about his necke, and so triced him into the ship. By the same manner of fishing we caught so many of them, as refreshed and recreatet all my people for that day. Their bodies were great, but of little flesh and tender; in taste answerable to the food whereon they feed. They were of two colours—some white, some gray; they had three joyntes in each wing; and from the pointe of one wing to the pointe of the other, both stretched out, was above two fathoms.'

Similar instances are recorded, though not in language quaint and tedious as the above, in Cook's Voyages. The great circumnavigator's crew were glad to regale themselves on albatross roast and boiled, after having been many weeks at sea, and confined to salt food. Sir James Ross, too, after stating that when off the Aguilhas bank, 'the gigantic albatross was seen in great numbers, and many of them taken by means of a fishing-line,' remarks—'these birds added a degree of cheerfulness to our solitary wanderings, which contrasted strongly with the dreary and unvarying stillness of the tropical region.'

Most marvellous accounts have been given of the spread of wing of the albatross, rivalling the wonderful roc of the 'Arabian Nights.' Mr Gould took pains to verify the facts. The largest specimen seen by him measured 10 feet 1 inch from tip to tip of the outspread wings, and weighed 17 pounds. But Dr McCormick, surgeon of the 'Erebus,' in the Antarctic exploring voyage met with one weighing 20 pounds, and 12 feet stretch of wing. The Auckland Islands, about to become the head-quarters of our southern whale-fishery, are a much-frequented breeding-place for the birds; the others as yet known to naturalists are the Campbell Island—some lonely rocks off the southernmost extremity of Van Diemen's Land—and the islands of Tristan d'Acunha. While at the Aucklands, Dr McCormick made himself acquainted with what may be called the bird's domestic habits:—'The albatross,' he writes, 'during the period of incubation, is frequently found asleep with its head under its wings: its beautiful white head and neck appearing above the grass, betray its situation at a considerable distance off. On the approach of an intruder, it resolutely defends its egg, refusing to quit the nest until forced off, when it slowly waddles away in an awkward manner to a short distance, without attempting to take wing. Its greatest enemy is a fierce species of *Lestris*, always on the watch

for the albatross quitting its nest, when the rapacious pirate instantly pounces down and devours the egg. So well is the poor bird aware of the propensity of its foe, that it snaps the mandibles of its beak violently together whenever it observes the lestris flying overhead.'

Mr Earle, whose observations were made on the almost inaccessible heights of Tristan d'Acunha, remarks:—‘The huge albatross here appeared to dread no interloper or enemy, for their young were on the ground completely uncovered, and the old ones were stalking around them. They lay but one egg, on the ground, where they make a kind of nest by scraping the earth around it: the young is entirely white, and covered with a woolly down, which is very beautiful. As we approached, they snapped their beaks with a very quick motion, making a great noise: this, and the throwing up of the contents of the stomach, are the only means of offence and defence which they seem to possess.’ It was at one time believed that the head of the female became of a scarlet colour while she was sitting, and afterwards resumed its original hue. Be this as it may, the male is very attentive to her during the time she keeps the nest, and is constantly on the wing in search of food, which, as before observed, consists of small marine animals, mucilaginous zoophytes, and the spawn of fish. When opportunity offers, however, they attack more solid fare. Commander Kempthorne relates, that while on a voyage in 1836, in search of the lost crew of the ‘Charles Eaton,’ he fell in with the half-putrid carcass of a whale, surrounded by a host of fishes and birds, albatrosses among the latter; ‘and so occupied were they, that even the approach of our boat did not disturb them, or put them to flight: many albatrosses allowed us to attack them with our oars and the bont-hooks, and several were consequently knocked down and killed.’ The egg of the albatross is about 4 inches long, white, and spotted at the larger end: although good to eat, the albumen or white does not solidify in the boiling. The penguin is said to take possession of the nests when vacated. The albatross is a constant attendant on fishing parties, and if in low condition from scarcity of food or other causes, soon regains its flesh and fat, so voraciously does it devour. It is no uncommon occurrence for one of these birds to take a fish of several pounds’ weight into its mouth, and having swallowed one extremity, to wait like the boa-constrictor, digesting and gulping until the whole is consumed. Towards the end of June, in anticipation of the fishing season, albatrosses arrive in thousands on the coasts of Kamtchatka, and are captured in great numbers, for food and other purposes, by the natives. With the hollow bones of the wing they make pipe-stems, sheaths, needle-cases, and combs, the latter being used in the preparation of flax: they also make use of the inflated intestines as floats for their nets.

Notwithstanding its large size, the albatross does not appear to be a quarrelsome bird; and when attacked by its enemy the skua gull, it endeavours to save itself by flight. Captain Cook once saw a contest between two of these gulls and an albatross; the sole object of the latter appeared to be to defend its breast and the softer portions of its body from the fierce assaults of its antagonists: loss of liberty, however, is said to irritate the bird greatly. Its voice, according to Sonini, resembles that of the pelican, with a cry approaching the bray of an ass. This author further observes with regard to the flight of the albatross:—‘The manner of these birds’ flying is very astonishing; the beating of their wings is perceived only at the moment of taking wing, and often they make use at the same time of their feet, which, being webbed, enable them to rise by striking the water. This impulse once given, they have no longer need to beat their wings; they keep them widely extended, and seek their prey, balancing themselves alternately from right to left, skimming with rapid flight the surface of the sea. This balancing serves doubtless to accelerate their course, but it would seem

scarcely sufficient to support them in the air. Perhaps an imperceptible fluttering of their feathers is the principal cause of this extraordinary movement. In this respect they would require to have muscles especially adapted, and for this reason I consider that the anatomy of these birds merits the greatest attention.’

By the Germans the albatross is named ‘der wandernde Schiffsvogel’ (the wandering ship-bird); the Dutch term it ‘Jean de Jenten;’ English sailors, looking to its bulky appearance, call it ‘the Cape sheep;’ and with them also the sooty albatross is ‘the Quaker-bird.’ There are seven species particularised by naturalists: the technical description, however, of the *Diomedea exulans*, given by Mr Gould, will apply in general terms to the whole. ‘The wandering albatross,’ he observes, ‘varies much in colour at different ages: very old birds are entirely white, with the exception of the pinions, which are black; and they are to be met with in every stage, from pure white, white freckled, and barred with dark-brown, to dark chocolate-brown approaching to black, the latter colouring being always accompanied by a white face, which in some specimens is washed with buff; beneath the true feathers they are abundantly supplied with a fine white down; the bill is delicate pinky-white, inclining to yellow at the tip; irides very dark-brown; eyelash bare, fleshy, and of a pale-green; legs, feet, and webs, pinky-white. The young are at first clothed in a pure white down, which gives place to the dark-brown colouring.’ The ‘cautious albatross,’ as its name indicates, is very shy, seldom approaches the land, and is not easily captured: the yellow-billed species, when in pursuit of its prey, will dive and swim for several yards under water.

Mr Bennet, in his ‘Wanderings,’ has some interesting passages on the subject of the albatross. ‘It is pleasing,’ he writes, ‘to observe this superb bird sailing in the air in graceful and elegant movements, seemingly excited by some invisible power, for there is scarcely any movement of the wings seen after the first and frequent impulses are given, when the creature elevates itself in the air; rising and falling as if some concealed power guided its various motions, without any muscular exertion of its own, and then descending, sweeps the air close to the stern of the ship, with an independence of manner, as if it were “monarch of all it surveyed.” It is from the very little muscular exertion used by these birds that they are capable of sustaining such long flights without repose. . . . When seizing on an object floating on the water, they gradually descend with expanded or upraised wings, or sometimes alight, and float like a duck on the water, while devouring their food; then they again soar in mid-air, and recommence their erratic flights. It is interesting to view them during boisterous weather, flying with, and even against the wind, seeming the “gayest of the gay” in the midst of the howling and foaming waves.’ In another passage, the author makes some further remarks as to this bird’s powers of flight. ‘I remarked,’ he says, ‘that the albatross would lower himself even to the water’s edge, and elevate himself again without any apparent impulse; nor could I observe any percussion of the wings when the flight was directed against the wind, but then, of course, its progress was tardy. Many, however, have differed with me in considering that the birds never fly “dead against the wind,” but in that manner which sailors term “close to the wind,” and thus make progress, aided by, when seemingly flying against, the wind. This bird is evidently aided by its long wings, as well as tail, in directing its flight; it is never seen to soar to any great height, and is often observed to change its course by turning the wings and body in a lateral direction, and oftentimes, when raising itself, to bend the last joint of the wings downwards.’

From our extracts it is evident that for those who possess the ‘art of seeing,’ a voyage across the wide ocean is not necessarily a scene of monotonous weariness: there is food for instruction and inspiration everywhere; and here, with some further lines from the

poem already quoted, we may appropriately bring our article to a close :—

' Oh thou wild and wondrous bird,
Viewing thee, my thought is stirred.
Round and round the world thou goest,
Ocean solitudes thou knowest—
Into trackless wastes hast flown,
Which no eye saw thine hath known :
Ever tireless—day or night :
Calm or tempest—ceaseless flight.'

Albatross, I envy thee
Oft thy soaring pinions free ;
For we deem the realms of air
Too ethereal for care.
Gladness as of endless springs
Seems to me to be born with wings.
Thou canst rise and see the sun,
When his course to us is done :
A moral here may us engross,
Thou the teacher—albatross !'

THE PALACE OF THE FRENCH PRESIDENT.

THE Elysée National, which has been appropriated as the residence of Louis Napoleon, is an edifice which has gone through many changes of masters. Situated in the Rue Fauxbourg St Honoré, with a façade behind towards the far-famed Champs-Elysées, it enjoys one of the most agreeable localities in Paris. Externally it makes no great appearance, being shut in by a lofty wall in front; but in internal arrangements the house is elegant, with suites of grand apartments, common to the palaces of France. The builder and first proprietor of the Elysée was the wealthy Count d'Evreux, in the era of the Regent, Philip of Orleans, at the beginning of the eighteenth century. After this it became crown property, but for no long time.

One day, in the year 1743, Madame de Pompadour entered Louis XV.'s apartments, complaining of a dreadful headache. The king had made her a marchioness and a lady-in-waiting; he had laden her with honours and wealth. But this did not satisfy her, for unworthy favourites are never content: they were the revolutionists of those days.

' Is anything the matter with you, madame ? ' inquired the king anxiously, observing her downcast looks.

' Alas ! I have no hôtel ! ' replied Madame de Pompadour.

' Is that all ? ' exclaimed the sovereign; and the same day the Hôtel d'Evreux was purchased for her: it need hardly be added, at the king's cost. A little while after, Madame de Pompadour was again severely incommoded by a distracting headache. Like questions from the monarch, and new complaints from the favourite.

' My hôtel is but a citizen's dwelling in comparison with Choisy and Trianon. Its interior is so antique and formal ! I really seem to exist among the ghosts of a past century. In short, I am dying there of languor and ennui.

' Live, fair lady ! and let your abode be the temple of fashion.'

This was quite enough for La Pompadour, who, being a connoisseur in painting, sent next day for Boucher and Vanloo, and installed them in the Hôtel d'Evreux. The ceilings and panels were quickly peopled with rosy Cupids playing amid shepherds and shepherdesses: the gilt cornices were wreathed in flowers. The talents of the architect, L'Assurance, were also put into requisition, and the building greatly enlarged. Once more the king's purse was obliged to meet all the consequent demands for these improvements. L'Assurance, being his controller, took care to exercise no control whatever over the whims of the favourite. From thenceforth Madame de Pompadour held her court at the Hôtel d'Evreux. Courly equipages began to crowd around it: balls and *petits-soupers* enlivened its halls.

On one occasion the queen of the place assumed the part of an actress, and after rehearsing her part with the Dukes de Chartres and Duras, and Madames de Brancas and d'Estrades, in her own saloon, they all set off in great

style, and performed a little piece in the king's cabinet of medals. Another day, Crébillon, Voltaire, and all those *beaux-esprits* who sported on the brink of a volcano, were gathered around the marquise, to whom they addressed epigrams and madrigals. Voltaire, whose paw of velvet concealed a tearing claw, combined the madrigal and the epigram in the following verses :—

Que tous vos jours soient marqués par des fêtes ;
Que de nouveaux succès marquent ceux de Louis.
Vivez tous deux sans ennemis
Et gardez tous deux vos conquêtes.

Madame de Pompadour felt only the velvet; but the king felt the claw; and Voltaire became an exile, and lost his office of gentleman of the bedchamber. From that day forth the cat-like genius of Voltaire scratched those whom he had hitherto caressed: so easy is the transition from a flatterer to a foe !

But who is this other original who appears at the Hôtel d'Evreux ? He is young and handsome, or at least he appears to be so, for his age is a problem. He pretends to have existed during the days of the *Fronde*, which would make him a centenarian. His friends declare that he has found the Philosopher's Stone; that he can renew his youth when he pleases; that he can read the past, the present, and the future. The fact is, that his origin is unknown; and so is his fortune. His wealth seems to be unbounded and exhaustless: his prodigality is carried to excess: he speaks every language, understands every science, cultivates every art: his wit is so lively, his eloquence so full of captivation, that he is able to make falsehood assume the air of truth: his whole life is, in fact, but a fable in action. Some people regard him as a demi-god, some take him for a devil; one affirms that he is a sorcerer, another that he is a magnetiser. It may easily be conceived that he becomes an idol in the frivolous and wonder-loving court of Louis XV.; nor is it less to be expected that La Pompadour should attract him to her magic circle. There he creates as great a sensation as at Versailles. One day the king comes purposely for the sake of having a private conversation with him. He interrogates him closely, hoping to win from him his secret: but all in vain. The Proteus escapes through a thousand windings, and charms Louis XV. without betraying himself to him. This wonderful, this inexplicable man, was the famous Count de St Germain.

Another day the favourite expresses her suspicion that the diamonds he wears are all false. Just at that moment he enters her saloon, sparkling from head to foot. His lace ruffles are fastened with rubies; his fingers are covered with rings; his shoe-buckles are valued at 200,000 livres. Madame de Pompadour, quite dazzled by this sparkling magnificence, asks if he is not afraid of risking so much wealth by wearing it about his person. St Germain guesses the suspicion, and answers it by taking out of his pocket a box. This box is full of jewels. The count treats of Madame du Hausset (the favourite's *dame de compagnie*) to accept a small diamond cross. At length she is prevailed on to do so. It is immediately shown to the court jeweller, who values it at a hundred louis. Soon afterwards this strange personage disappears. His exit from the fashionable world is as mysterious as had been his *entrée* into it.

On Madame de Pompadour's death, the Hôtel d'Evreux reverted to Louis XV., and became first the residence of ambassadors extraordinary, and was afterwards used as the wardrobe of the crown, until in 1773, when it was purchased by Monsieur de Beaujon. M. de Beaujon was the Croesus of that time, but a Croesus who devoted his wealth to the encouragement of art, and to the succour of the indigent. The Hôtel d'Evreux became in his hands a depository of all that was choice and beautiful in the fine-arts. The marbles of Tassant, of Guyard, of Pajou; the tapestries of the Gobelins; the paintings of Vanloo, of Rubens, Teniers, Poussin, Guido, Murillo, &c. besides innumerable articles of *virtù*, were to be found in his saloons; and in one of the alcoves was placed a large mirror, so situated as to reflect the Champs-Elysées as in a beautiful landscape.

M. de Beaujon died in peace at his charming hôtel; but he had previously sold it to Louis XVI. This prince parted with it to Madame de Bourbon, the Princess de Lamballe's friend. Brief, however, was this lady's enjoyment of her charming residence. The Revolution approached, and she fled from France: so it passed into the hands of a certain Sieur Hovyn, who made it a place of public amusement, and all Paris danced, and played, and sang within its precincts, as they did at a later time at Tivoli.

One day these noisy gaieties were disturbed by sounds of a sadder and yet ruder nature. On the Place Louis XV., now become the Place de la Révolution, large bodies of troops were assembled; cries of savage fury echoed on every side; one voice of peace alone uttered its gentle tones, 'Son of St Louis, ascend to Heaven!' Then came shouts of 'Vive la République!' It was Louis XVI., who had been immolated on the altar of Terror. Unhappily, for a time such scenes were but too common in Paris: every heart was filled with either rage or terror, and the voice of joy was no longer heard among the people. There was neither music nor dancing at the Hôtel d'Evreux.

After Thermidor, however, it was re-opened by the public by some speculators, who had purchased it of the nation. In the time of the Directory and Consulate, the waltz and the quadrille flourished within its princely walls. Every victory of Bonaparte's was celebrated at the hamlet of Chantilly, for so was the newly-opened garden now called. But the Empire approaches, raising up some crowns, and creating others. In 1805, a handsome hussar becomes the purchaser of L'Elysée. He enters it on horseback, orders it to be repaired and richly decorated; and beneath the influence of his magic wand it quickly becomes once more a palace. That wand, unfortunately, is a sabre, and it is not swayed by the hand of taste. Luxury reappears, without elegance: the graceful fancies of Pompadour and of Beaujon are replaced by the heavy splendour of the Empire: the grand saloon alone is spared by the new master. This new master is Joachim Murat.

Madame Murat—the beautiful Marie Bonaparte—celebrated the victories of her husband and her brother by brilliant fêtes at the Elysée. It was there that she received the bulletins of Austerlitz and Jena; it was there she received the tidings of her being the queen of Naples. She resigned herself to her fate, and without a sigh, abandoned her Parisian hôtel for the Neapolitan throne.

L'Elysée, now restored to the domain of the crown, soon saw beneath its roof a little spare man, of lively disposition, and yet brusque and pensive by nature. With booted spurs, and his hand wrapped within his gray capote, he paced up and down its shady walks. This little man was the Emperor Napoleon. L'Elysée was a favourite residence of his, and he often dwelt there. There was but one thing he regretted in the garden—a straight and well-covered avenue, where he could walk on, engrossed in his own thoughts, without looking before him. These were some of his happiest days. He had still his guardian angel by his side—his Josephine. L'Elysée was for a long while their paradise. But a day came in which Josephine entered it alone bathed in tears. She was no longer empress, but it was not for this she wept: it was for the lost love of her husband, who cast her off with the hope of obtaining from another consort the long-desired heir to his vast dominions. In her retreat at L'Elysée, Josephine was consoled by the tender affection of her daughter, the Queen Hortense, and a few friends who clung to her in the hour of her adverse fortune.

In 1814, Napoleon quitted both L'Elysée and France. Another emperor, victorious in his turn, entered his cabinet, and exclaimed aloud, 'How many gigantic enterprises have been conceived in this unpretending apartment! And how wonderful was that intellect which could at once direct so many plans!' This emperor was Alexander of Russia. The following year Napoleon reappeared for a moment at L'Elysée. It was there that, on the 22d of June 1815, the Eagle, wounded at Waterloo, received its deathblow. It was seized by England, in

the name of all Europe, and, by a stern necessity, cast upon the far-off rock of St Helena.

Inhabited under the Restoration by the Duke de Berri until his murder by Louvel, then by the Infant Don Miguel, and by the king of Naples: appropriated during Louis-Philippe's reign to the use of divers illustrious visitors, amongst whom were Ibrahim Pacha, the Bey of Tunis, and the Infanta of Spain, L'Elysée Bourbon was at length reserved as a dowry-palace for the Queen Marie-Amelia, in the contemplated possibility of her widowhood; but its future hostess having been obliged, like some of its former owners, to fly from her country, its portals were opened to a new master in December 1848, when, under the name of L'Elysée National, it became the residence of the President of the Republic—of a nephew of that Emperor who had said on leaving that very palace thirty-three years before, 'It is only with my name that France can hope to become free, happy, and independent.' Such have been the fortunes of L'Elysée National! Who can presume to say what destiny may yet be in store for it?

JUVENILE CRIME AND DESTITUTION.

The increase of juvenile delinquency has become alarming. The criminal statistics of the country show that one-eighth of the offences which occupy our courts of justice are committed by mere children, and one-fourth by transgressors under twenty years of age. The depredations daily and daringly committed, especially in towns, and the destitution continually exhibited by crowds of young persons, have, during the current year, caused the public to manifest a very general anxiety to inquire into causes of so great and augmenting an evil. The inquiry cannot proceed far without eliciting the mournful fact, that the mode of dealing with crime in its earlier stages is not only seriously defective, but tends to foster and increase rather than to diminish it. Not hundreds, but thousands, of children are daily seen in London, and in every other large town, without the means of moral or intellectual culture, except that which has recently been provided by private benevolence. Abandoned by their parents, unrestrained, uncared-for by the law; hungry, and without food; cold, without clothing; weary, and without whereon to lay their heads; existing amidst every kind of suffering, and consequently influenced by the strongest temptations, they embrace crime as the only means of escape from want. Then, and not till then, does the law condemn to notice them; not to succour or reform, but to punish.

In this respect we are immeasurably behind the legislatures of other countries, not only modern, but ancient. The laws of Greece placed children of tender years in a state of pupilage, and made their teachers and pastors responsible for their conduct. Orphans who had no natural protectors were apportioned to 'patrons,' who were charged with, and made accountable for, their wellbeing. In modern France, and in other continental countries, children under sixteen years of age are not held responsible for the crimes they may commit, but their parents are; and if they have no parents, the state provides for them in its own fashion. The sixty-sixth article of the French penal code stands in English thus:—

'When the accused shall be under sixteen years of age, if it has been decided that he has acted without discernment, he shall be acquitted; but he must be, according to circumstances, returned to his parents, or sent to a House of Correction, there to be "brought up" (*élève*), and detained during such a number of years as the judgment shall specify, and which in no case must

extend beyond the time when the accused shall have attained his twentieth year.'

By another article of the same code (the 67th), all children found by the authorities who have neither parents nor homes are taken to the House of Correction: nor is this plan confined to France. The boldly-benevolent sheriff of Aberdeen, imitating this law, formed his most efficient school, by causing all the destitute and friendless children in the bounds of his jurisdiction to be 'taken up' and housed in his miscellaneous but admirable academy. The law of France, by this sort of procedure, exercises a protective influence over the friendless and forlorn. The law of England, on the contrary, only condescends to notice children when they have become criminals. Here the 'eye of the law' is shut against neglected and wretched outcasts from tainted homes, or the offspring of vicious parents; but opens them wide, and darts its fiery glare, to bring these young victims to punishment, when they have committed crimes for which, as we shall presently prove, they ought scarcely to be held accountable. The sternest moralist will not deny that in a majority of cases offenders under, say fourteen years of age, ought not to be deemed criminals in the ordinary sense of the term—that is to say, as offenders who, having acquired a knowledge of the duties of civilised life, have violated them: the fact being, that the very possibility of acquiring such knowledge the law denies; whilst, on the other hand, every incentive and temptation to dishonesty is working within them. These wretched young creatures are either homeless orphans, committing petty thefts to keep life in them, or the offspring of infamous parents, who urge them to pilfer, as a means of support in their own profligacy, or are hired and taught by practised ruffian employers to plunder for their benefit. How, then, can a child of tender years, for whom the legislature has provided no means of instruction, religious or moral, who has been sent out by his parents to beg or steal—caressed when successful, and punished when unlucky; or, more frequently, a being who has been cast loose upon the world, without a friend in it—form any just notion of his duties to society? Yet, because he has not done so, the law, when it detects him in the consequences of such ignorance, sends him to the treadmill or to jail. And even there our criminal code affords no means of reformation, nor always of employment;* while, on the contrary, every sort of instruction in depravity, and every means of acquiring proficiency in thieving, are supplied by his prison associates. 'Prisons,' says the chaplain of the Pentonville Prison in the last report from that establishment, 'as they are throughout the country, generally speaking, are schools in which everything wicked, deceitful, impious, and abominable is practised, taught, and propagated at a great expense of public money and public morals.'

To illustrate vividly the condition of the juvenile criminal, the bearing the law has upon his career and ultimate destiny, and, finally, to render intelligible the best remedies it is in the power of the country to apply to this worst of social diseases, it is only necessary to trace the private history of at least one-half of the unfortunate young beings who now infest our streets.

Before us lie two documents, from which it is easy to glean the birth and parentage of a vast number of these wretched young creatures. The first is the Report of the Parkhurst Prison, and the second that of the Philanthropic Institution for the Reformation of Juvenile

Offenders; both for the year 1848. Against the lists of 'admissions' into the latter establishment are placed short notes of the antecedents of the boys admitted during the year. The most frequently-recurring entries against the initials of those inmates who have been convicted more than once are such as:—' Father dead; mother remarried; deserted by his friends.' 'Turned out of doors by a stepfather.' 'Illegitimate; father unknown.' 'Father of dissolute habits; deserted his wife.' 'An orphan, both parents dead;' or 'Parents unknown,' occurs frequently. 'Mother dead, father remarried, and turned out of doors,' and 'Utterly friendless,' are also repeated in several instances. 'Mother separated from her husband: she is of drunken habits: the boy led into evil by discomforts of home.' 'Father of drunken habits,' are occasional entries. Those boys who were admitted into the school upon one conviction only, seem, in a majority of instances, to have been led away by evil companions. We select the following from this category as examples:—'The parents poor; father in bad health.' 'Father dead; mother respectable.' 'Enticed to theft by bad companions,' &c.

Imagine the life of a young outcast belonging to the first class of the cases above cited. His earliest endeavours may be towards honest employment. This he seeks far and near—day after day—till, worn out with fruitless solicitation, and nearly starved, he takes to begging. With any charity-money he may obtain he abates the pangs of hunger. In the casual wards of workhouses, to which the young wanderer is often driven for a night's rest, he has to associate with practised predators;* but when more successful, his sleeping companions in the low lodging-houses we have previously adverted to in this Journal are chiefly young thieves, whose occasional affluence he envies. He does not see their more frequent privations, because at these places of meeting no one can appear who has not been able to get money, the prompt payment of the admission fee being indispensable. He has no moral principles to fortify him against the jaunty, clever, convincing persuasions of his new friends. They seem, so far as he can judge, happy, and even joyous, which, to his perceptions, speak not only of sufficient for subsistence, but of superfluity. He contrasts his own condition and hopeless despondency with their evanescent happiness, and longs to acquire such depraved knowledge as will enable him to increase his quantum of food, and put him on a par with his neighbours. In short, he soon becomes a thief—not an occasional predator, driven to dishonesty by the urgent demands of nature, but a regular, practised, professional pilferer. Fraud is his trade; and as it is by no means an easy one, he takes very great pains, and runs great risks, to learn it. When he has been 'lucky,' his gains are to him great, and he spends them in a way which debauches him still more, but which, for the time, affords him a sort of enjoyment. There are, however, long intervals between these saturnalia; and the want and misery he experiences meantime are sharp and severe. But they teach him no lesson, for with him it is 'either a hunger or a burst'; and when plenty comes, past privation is drowned in present enjoyment.

But this is a bright view of a juvenile outcast's career. A specimen of the miseries he has to endure was afforded by Lord Ashley in his speech on the reformation of juvenile offenders in the House of Commons towards the end of last session. His lordship was anxious to ascertain from personal inspection what was the actual condition of those persons; and he therefore, in company with two or three others, perambulated the city of London. He found these persons lying under

* No less than 26 per cent. of our prisoners are unemployed, according to the last Report of the Inspectors of Prisons.

* Lord Ashley stated in the House of Commons, that of 150 thieves he once met, 42 confessed that it was to casual wards that they traced the commencement of their crimes.

dry arches, on the steps of doors, and in outhouses; but by far the majority of them lying in the dry arches of houses in course of erection. Those arches were quite inaccessible in any ordinary way, being blocked up with masonry; and the only mode of ascertaining whether any one was inside, was by thrusting in a lantern. When lanterns were thrust in, however, a great many were discovered, of whom he caused 33 to undergo an examination. Their ages varied from twelve to eighteen. Of those, 24 had no parents, 6 had one parent, and 3 had stepmothers; 9 had no shoes; 12 had been once in prison, 3 four times, 1 eight times; and 1, only fourteen years of age, had been twelve times in prison! The physical condition of those children was melancholy beyond belief. The whole of them, without exception, were the prey of vermin, a large proportion were covered with itch, a few of them were suffering sickness, and in two or three days afterwards died from exhaustion. Of these 33 he had himself privately examined some eight or ten; and from the way in which their answers were given, he was certain that they told the truth. He asked them how often they had slept in a bed during the last three years. One of them said, 'Perhaps as many as twelve times in the three years,' another, three times; and another said that he could not remember that he had ever slept in a bed. He then asked them how they passed the time in winter, and whether they did not suffer from the cold. They replied that they lay eight or ten together in these cellars, in order to keep themselves warm. They fairly confessed that they had no other means of subsistence than begging or stealing, and that the only mode by which they could 'turn a penny,' as they termed it, in a legitimate way, was by picking up bones, and selling them to marine-store dealers. Let it be observed that a large proportion of those young persons were at the most dangerous age for society; many of them were from sixteen to two or three-and-twenty, which was by far the most perilous age for every purpose of fraud, and certainly of violence.

A well-authenticated anecdote gives an even more powerful illustration of the excessive wretchedness to which young persons without friends or protectors are, in thousands and tens of thousands, reduced. The master of a Ragged School having occasion to lecture a boy of this class, pointed out to him the consequences of a perseverance in the career of crime he was pursuing; and to enforce his precepts the stronger, painted in strong colours the punishments he was earning in this life, and the torments in that to come. 'Well,' said the boy, 'I don't think it can be worse than the torments in this life.'

It is melancholy to know that it is chiefly the novices in crime who have to endure the sharpest privations and miseries. As youths grow more dexterous in their illicit calling, they have, as a matter of course, better success. In lodging-houses and casual wards they learn the elements of their illicit vocation; and it is not till they have passed a few months in one of our prisons that their education in crime is complete. Despite the 'silent-system,' and the palatial accommodation of our modern prisons, detention in them is still productive of the worst results. Although, by a recent act, the power of summary conviction has been much extended to police magistrates, so as to obviate the evil of long detention, other and greater evils, which need not be specified here, have sprung up. To show what efficient instruction in infamy those already prepared to receive its lessons is afforded in prisons, we need only instance a fact, related in the Pentonville Prison Report by the chaplain, relative to a child of decent parentage, and not, as one may suppose, so open as many to bad impressions:—'A very young boy, seven years of age, was brought in, charged, in company with other two boys somewhat older, with stealing some iron-piping from the street. The little fellow—it was the first time he had ever been in such a place—cried bitterly all the afternoon of the Saturday; but by the

Monday morning, the exhortations of his companions, and their sneers at his softness, had reconciled him to his situation; and the eldest of the three was teaching him to pick pockets, practising his skill on almost all the other prisoners. His mother came to see him in the forenoon, and the boy was again overwhelmed with grief. Again his companions jeered him, calling him by certain opprobrious epithets in use amongst such characters, and in a short time the boy was pacified, and romping merrily with his associates.'

In the same report we find the following account given by a thoroughly-reformed prisoner, who spoke from what he had himself witnessed:—'In the assize-yard there was a considerable number of what are called first-offenders, nine or ten including myself, the remainder forming an overwhelming majority; two of them murderers, both of whom were subsequently condemned to death. I cannot reflect without pain on the reckless conduct of these two unhappy men during the few weeks I was with them. As regarded themselves, they appeared indifferent to the probable result of their coming trial. They even went so far as to have a mock trial in the day-room, when, one of the prisoners sitting as judge, some others acting as witnesses, and others as counsel, all the proceedings of the court of justice were gone through, the sentence pronounced, and mockingly carried into execution. I shall not soon forget that day when one of these murderers was placed in the cell amongst us, beneath the assize-court, a few moments after the doom of death had been passed upon him. Prisoners on these occasions eagerly inquire, "What is the sentence?" Coolly pointing the forefinger of his right hand to his neck, he said, "I am to hang." He then broke into a fit of cursing the judge, and mimicked the manner in which he had delivered the sentence. The length of his trial was then discussed: all the circumstances that had been elicited during its progress were detailed and dwelt upon: the crowded state of the court, the eagerness of the individuals present to get a sight of him, the grand speech of his counsel—all were elements that seemed to have greatly gratified his vanity, and to have drugged him into a forgetfulness of the bitterness of his doom. He then dwelt upon the speech he should make on the scaffold; was sure there would be an immense concourse of people at his execution, as it was a holiday-week; and from these and numerous other considerations, drew noishment to that vanity and love of distinction which had in no small degree determined perhaps the commission of his crime. To minds in the depths of ignorance, and already contaminated by vicious and criminal courses of life, such a man becomes an object of admiration. They obtain from him some slight memorial—such as a lock of his hair, or some small part of his dress—which they cherish with a sentiment for which veneration is the most appropriate term; while the notoriety he has obtained may incite them to the perpetration of some act equally atrocious.'

Mr Cloy of the Manchester Jail also reports that there the prisoners form themselves into regular judge-and-jury societies, and go through the whole form of a trial and conviction. They also practise stealing from one another—less for the misappropriation of the articles stolen, than for acquiring proficiency in the art of picking pockets, and other degrading and immoral arts.

A constant supply of masters in the arts of dishonesty is kept up by the system of short imprisonment. The author of 'Old-Bailey Experience' says that thieves regard not imprisonment if it be only for a short time. Indeed, in the winter-time, they rather prefer it to liberty; for in jail they can insure protection from the inclemencies of that season: but even at other times, so ductile is nature to circumstances, that these men think themselves fortunate if, out of twelve, they can have four months' 'run,' as they call it. 'I have no hesitation in affirming,' says the above-quoted author, 'that they would continue to go the same round of imprisonment and crime for an unlimited period if

the duration of life and their sentences afforded them the opportunity. I knew one man who was allowed a course of seventeen imprisonments and other punishments before his career of crime was stopped by transportation.' In each of these imprisonments, this practised ruffian mixed with the youngest prisoners, and doubtless imparted to them lessons in crime which made them ten times worse after they had left than before they entered the prison.

Although numbers of these unfriended *patriarchs* of both sexes die in their probation, yet some, by dint of depreciation and subsistence at the public expense in jail, grow up to adolescence. Let us hear, in concluding this miserable history, Lord Ashley's experience of the grown-up thief:—Last year he received a paper signed by 150 of the most notorious thieves in London, asking him to meet them at some place in the Minories, and to give them the best counsel he could as to the mode in which they should extricate themselves from their difficult position. Lord Ashley went to their appointment, and instead of 150, he found 250 thieves assembled. They made no secret of their mode of life. A number of addresses were delivered, and he proceeded to examine them. They said, "We are tired to death of the life we lead—we are beset by every misery—our lives are a burthen to us, for we never know from sunrise to sunset whether we shall have a full meal or any meal at all: can you give us any counsel as to how we may extricate ourselves from our present difficulties?" He told them that that was a most difficult question to determine under any circumstances in the present day, when competition was so great, and when no situation became vacant but there were at least three applicants for it; more especially was it difficult to determine when men whose characters were tainted came in competition with others upon whose character there was no stain. To that they replied, "What you say is most true: we have tried to get honest employment, but we cannot—we find that our tainted character meets us everywhere." In their efforts to escape from their miserable condition, these poor creatures were constantly foiled, and driven back to their old courses.

Thus it is that an action and reaction are continually kept up; and from this short sketch it may be readily seen how crime, and especially that of young persons, increases, and will increase, until some comprehensive remedy is earnestly applied. We repeat, that in our present official system no machinery exists for helping the helpless: the iron hand of the law does not hold out the tip of its little finger to aid the orphan out of the gulf of ignorance and crime which yawns for him at the very threshold of his existence. This is the root of the evil—the radical defect in our system; for it has been ascertained that not one in fifty ever becomes a predator after the age of twenty. Crime, therefore, can only be checked by removing pollution from its source.

Before we take a glance at the beneficial efforts towards this result which have been made by private benevolence, by means of Ragged Schools, and other reformatory establishments, we must point out one more trait of the infirmity of the law, by showing the enormous expense to which the country is put by keeping the cumbersome and clumsy legal machinery in operation.

A child indicted for a petty theft is often honoured with as lengthy an indictment, occupies as much of the time of a grand jury, and when brought into court, has as great an array of witnesses brought against him—all involving draughts on the county rates—as a capital offender. A petition was presented to parliament last year by the Liverpool magistrates on this subject, in which Mr Rushton gave the criminal biography of fourteen lads, whose career of wickedness and misery had cost, in their innumerable trials and convictions, about £100 a-piece. This is only a single instance; but a more comprehensive calculation shows that the total amount we pay for punishing, or, more correctly, for fostering crime, is two millions per annum; and it has

been computed that from two to three millions more are lost in plunder. In the year 1846, the cost of each prisoner in England and Wales averaged £26, 17s. 7½d.

Laying aside the higher aspects in which the duties of the community towards their misguided and neglected fellow-beings may be seen, and lowering our view to the merely fiscal expediency of the question, it is easily shown that prevention—and reformation when prevention is past hope—would be much cheaper than the mischievous cure which is now attempted. At from one penny to twopence a week, nearly 10,000 children are at this time being taught reading and writing in the Ragged Schools: and although reading and writing are by no means of themselves preventives to crime, yet the moral instruction which is given along with them to a certain extent is. Then as to reformation, the Philanthropic School reforms juvenile offenders at £16 per head; and even if we add this sum to the £26 odds which the conviction of each prisoner is said to cost (for reformation can only be complete after punishment), there would be a great saving to the country; for the reformed youth would be withdrawn from the ranks of predators, and cease to be a burthen on the country.

In endeavouring, however, to provide for destitute criminal juvenility, the danger presents itself of placing them in a better position than the offspring of poor but honest parents, who have no such advantages for their children. From the absolute necessity of the case we could get over this: but there is another and more peremptory objection. Anything like a wholesale sweeping-up of juvenile vagrants, and providing for them, no matter how, would most probably tend to a demoralisation of the lower class of parents, who would be only too thankful to get rid of their offspring on any terms. Plans of this nature must inevitably be accompanied by an enforcement of parental responsibility. The wretch who neglects his child, must be taught, even if by the whip to his back, that he has no right or title to turn over his duties to the philanthropist or to the public.

Another difficulty presents itself even after the reformation of the more hardened offenders has been effected. How are they to find employment? The 250 predators who told Lord Ashley that they could not get honest employment, only mentioned the case of every one of their crime-fellows. Some manage to obtain an honest livelihood by concealing their past history, but even in such a case the 'authorities' do not always leave them alone. One young man told Lord Ashley that he had contrived to get a good situation, and after some trial, his employer was as well pleased with him as he was with his employer. One day, however, there came a policeman, who said to his master, 'Are you aware that you are employing a convicted felon?' The master, upon ascertaining that such was the case, turned the young man at once out of his service, and he had no alternative but starvation or a recurrence to the evil courses from which he had so nearly extricated himself.

In such cases emigration meets the difficulty, and has hitherto succeeded. Several batches of reformed juvenile criminals have already been sent out from Parkhurst Prison, from the Philanthropic School, and other reformatories, and the emigrants have, upon the whole, given satisfaction to the employers.

We have laid the evil bare before our readers, and hinted at remedies, not more for the importance of the facts set forth, than to prepare them for a description we shall next attempt of the interesting experiment now being tried by the Philanthropic Society at their Farm-School at Red Hill in Surrey. Its object has been to see how far a modification of the Mettray system is likely to answer in this country. The results which have arisen up to this time are of the most encouraging nature. What we saw during our visit has led us to hope that at least a beginning has been made towards removing much of the stigma which rests

upon Great Britain for suffering the existence, and allowing the increase, of more crime and destitution among persons of tender years than exists in any other country.

THE LETTER OF INTRODUCTION.

LETTERS of introduction are like lottery-tickets, turning out sometimes a blank, and sometimes a prize, just as accident directs. It has frequently happened, however, that those presented at the wrong address have been the most fortunate. We know of at least one instance in which a gentleman came by a wife in consequence of a blunder of this kind; and another occurred recently in the place in which we write, 'killing two birds with one stone'—that is, the letter-bearer making two acquaintances instead of one—by a series of odd and perplexing *contre-temps*.

The missive in question was given to an English gentleman in London, who was about to indulge his wife and himself with a trip to Edinburgh. The writer was the brother-in-law of the individual to whom it was addressed—Mr Archibald; and the fortunate possessor was a certain Mr Smith, of the Smiths of Middlesex.

Soon after Mr Smith reached Edinburgh, where he had not a single acquaintance, he set out to deliver his letter of introduction. He found his way to Drummond Place easily enough, and then inquired for the street he was in search of—Duncan Street; but the native he applied to could not well make out his southron tongue, and directed him instead to Dublin Street, which all men know is at the opposite angle of the Place. When our letter-bearer reached his number, he was surprised to find, instead of the respectable 'main-door' he had been taught to expect—a green-grocer's shop. He was puzzled: but after comparing carefully the number of the house and of the note, he concluded that his London friend had made a mistake; and in this idea he was confirmed by the green-grocer, to whom he applied.

'Hoot, sir,' said the man of cabbages, 'it's nae mis-take to speak o'—it's just ae side of the street for the ither,' and pointing to a house almost immediately opposite, he informed him that there Mr Archibald resided. Mr Smith crossed over to the number indicated, and finding no knocker—for we do not like noise in Edinburgh—pulled the bell.

'Is Mr Archibald at home?' demanded he of the serving-maiden who came to the door.

'Yes, sir.'

'Can I see him?'

'He's no in, sir.'

'No in! Will you direct me to his office?'

'He has nae office.'

'No! What does he do? Where does he go?'

'He aye gangs to the kirk.'

'To the kirk! What is he?'

'He's a minister.'

Mr Smith was puzzled again. He had a strong impression that his man was a merchant—nay, he had even some floating idea that he was a wine-merchant: but still—here were the street and the name, and not a particularly common name—a conjunction which formed a stubborn fact. He asked if he could see Mrs Archibald, and was at once shown into that lady's presence. Mrs Archibald received him with the ease and politeness of one accustomed to the visits of strangers, and on being told that he had a letter of introduction for her husband, entered freely into conversation.

'I saw Mr Archibald's last communication to my friend in London,' said Mr Smith, determined to feel his way: 'it was on the subject of schools.'

'That is a subject in which Mr Archibald is much interested, and so likewise am I.'

'He mentioned, more especially, Mrs So-and-so's school in George Street.'

'Doubtless.'

'Then you are more nearly concerned in that school than in any other.'

'It is natural that we should be so, for our children are there.'

'I thought so!'

There was now no longer any doubt that Mr Smith had hit upon the right Mr Archibald; and taking the letter of introduction from his pocket, he handed it to the lady, politely extricating it, before doing so, from its envelop. Mrs Archibald read the letter calmly, and then laid it upon the table without remark. This disturbed in some degree the good opinion the stranger had been rapidly forming of the lady; and the odd circumstance of her omitting to inquire after her own nearest blood-relations threw him into a train of philosophical reflections. Mr Smith—like all the rest of the Smiths—kept a journal; and a vision of a 'mem.' flitted before him: 'Curious National Characteristic—Scotch women civil, polite, kindly—especially clergymen's wives—but calm, cold, reserved, never by any chance ask strangers about their family, even when distant hundreds of miles.'

Mr Smith, however, was an agreeable good-humoured man. He spoke both well and fluently, and Mrs Archibald both listened and talked; and the end of it was, that they were mutually pleased, and that when Mr Smith was at length obliged to get up to take his leave, she invited him, with the simple hospitality of a minister's wife, to return to tea, to meet her husband. Mr Smith was much obliged, would be very happy; but the fact was, his wife was in town with him. So much the better! Mrs Archibald would be delighted to be introduced to Mrs Smith; he must do her the favour to waive ceremony, and bring her in the evening exactly at seven. And so it was settled.

When the evening came, the weather had changed. It was bitterly cold; the wind blew as the wind only blows in Edinburgh; and it rained—to speak technically, it rained dogs and cats! Mr and Mrs Smith differed in opinion as to the necessity of keeping the engagement on such an evening. Mrs Smith was decidedly adverse to the idea of encountering the Scotch elements on a dark, cold, wet, tempestuous night, and all for the purpose of drinking an unpremeditated cup of tea. Mr Smith, on the other hand, considered that an engagement was an engagement; that the Archibalds were an excellent family to be acquainted with; and that, by keeping their word, in spite of difficulties, they would set out by commanding their respect. Mr Smith had the best of the argument; and he prevailed. A cab was ordered; and shivering and shrinking, they picked their steps across the *trottoir*, and commenced their journey. This time, however, Mr Smith's southron tongue was understood; and he was driven, not to Dublin Street, where he had been in the morning, but to Duncan Street, where he had desired to go—although of course he took care to give the coachman the corrected number this time, as it was not his intention to drink tea with the green-grocer.

When they arrived at the house, the coachman dismounted and rung the bell; and Mr Smith, seeing the door open, let down the window of the coach, although half-choked with the wind and rain that entered, and prepared to make a rush with his wife across the tempest-swept *trottoir*.

'Nae Mr Archibald at number so-and-so!' bawled the coachman.

'I say he is there,' cried Mr Smith in a rage: 'the servant has deceived you—ring again!'

'It's nae use ringing,' said the coachman, speaking against the storm; 'there's nae Mr Archibald there—I ken myself!'

'Is it possible that I can have made a mistake in the number? Hark ye, friend, try somewhere else. I know of my own knowledge that Mr Archibald is in this street, and you must find him!—and he shut down the window exhausted.'

It was not difficult to find Mr Archibald, for his house was almost directly opposite; and the tea-drinkers, at length, to their great satisfaction, found them-

selves on a landing-place, with an open door before them.

As Mr Smith paused for an instant on the threshold, he threw a strange searching glance round the hall, and then, turning to the servant, asked her if she had actually said that Mr Archibald lived there? The girl repeated the statement.

'Then come along, my dear,' said he to his wife; 'places look so different in the gaslight!' And striding through the hall, the servant in surprise walking backwards before them, they went into the drawing-room at the further end. The girl had opened the door of the room for them by the instinct of habit; but no sooner did she see them seated, than she ran at full speed to her mistress.

'Come ben, mem,' said she; 'come ben, I tell you, this moment! There are twa strange folks wha ha'e marched in out o' the street into the very drawing-room, without either with your leave or by your leave, and sitten themselves doon on the sophy, as if the house was their ain!' Mrs Archibald got up in surprise, and even some little trepidation.

'Did they not mention who they were, or what was their pleasure?'

'Not a word, mem: they didna even speer if the maister or you was at hame, but tramped in the moment they saw the door open.'

Mrs Archibald, who was a newly-married lady, wondered who such visitors could be on such a night, and wished her husband was at home; but telling the girl to keep close behind her, she at length set forth to encounter them.

Mr and Mrs Smith in the meantime were speculating in a low voice, in the fashion of man and wife, on their adventure.

'This is doubtless the drawing-room, my dear,' said Mr Smith, looking round: 'it must have been the dining-room I saw in the forenoon.'

'I wish we saw a fire in the meantime, my dear,' replied Mrs Smith—'that I do! Do these people think it is not cold enough for one? And such a night!—wind, rain, and utter darkness! A clergyman forsooth! and a clergyman's wife!'

'It is a great neglect, I admit—for it is really cold; but we must consider that the natives of a country are not so sensible of the rigour of their climate as strangers. Mr and Mrs Archibald, you know, are Scotch.'

'Yes, Scotch,' said Mrs Smith with a sardonic smile—'excessively Scotch!' And drawing her shawl over her chin, she sat, looking like an incarnation of Discomfort, till Mrs Archibald entered the room.

'How do you do, ma'am?' said Mr Smith, getting up and shaking hands. 'You see I have brought my wife to drink tea with you. My dear, let me introduce you to Mrs Archibald—Mrs Archibald, Mrs Smith. The two ladies exchanged bows, the one sulkily, the other stiffly; and even Mr Smith, though not a particularly observant man, thought their hostess did not look so pleasant as in the forenoon.

'How is Mr Archibald?' said he after a pause.

'My husband is pretty well, sir.'

'Not at church again, eh?'

'Sir!' Here Mrs Archibald looked anxiously to the half-open door, where the girl was waiting concealed in the shadow, in readiness to reinforce her mistress in case of necessity.

'A very windy, dismal evening—and cold. Don't you find it cold, ma'am?'

'Yes, sir.'

'Perhaps we have come too soon?'

'Really, sir—I hope you will not think it ill-bred—but I have been expecting to hear why you have come at all!'

'Mrs Archibald! Is it possible that you have forgotten me already?'

'I must confess you have the advantage of me.'

'You do not remember seeing me this forenoon, when your husband was at church?'

'I really have no recollection of any such circumstance; nor am I aware of anything that could take my husband to church to-day.'

'And you cannot call to mind that you asked me to tea, and intreated me to bring my wife with me?'

'Surely not, since I was ignorant, till a few minutes ago, that such individuals were in existence.'

'Mrs Archibald! I of course cannot, as a gentleman, refuse to credit those assertions; but I take leave to tell you that I by no means admire the *memory* of the wives of the Scottish clergy! Come, my dear. Our friend will be surprised to hear of the hospitable reception obtained for us by his letter of introduction; although perhaps Mrs Archibald—and here Mr Smith wheeled round as he reached the door, and fixed his eye upon the culprit—although perhaps Mrs Archibald is not disposed to admit having received Mr —'s letter at all!'

'Oh, that is my brother-in-law!' cried Mrs Archibald: 'do you come from him? How is my dear sister? Pray, sit down!' A few words sufficed to clear the whole *imbroglio*; and the true Mr Archibald making his appearance immediately after, threw still more light upon the subject by explaining that a namesake of his, a clergyman, lived in the street at the opposite angle of the Place. They learnt afterwards from this gentleman, that on seeing the letter of introduction, he perceived at once it was not intended for him, and went to call on Mr Smith to explain the mistake. The Fates, however, were determined that the *contre-temps* should run its course, for Mrs Archibald had taken down the wrong number!

In another room the party found a cheerful fire, and the much-desiderated tea; and before separating that night, Mr Archibald placed collateral evidence of a highly-satisfactory nature upon the table that Mr Smith's original conjecture was correct, and that he was indeed no minister—but a Wine-merchant.

JOTTINGS ON BOOKS AND LITERATURE.

'THE history of books,' it has often been said, 'is as curious and instructive as that of men: it is therein that we have to seek for the moral life of a people.' This remark has very much the character of a truism, and more especially at the present period. The ever-circling course of time brings phenomena in literature as well as astronomy: from the no-book era the world passed into the too-many-book era; from that of reading nothing but what pleased a few, to that in which everybody read what they pleased; from that of being punished for reading, to that in which the punishment was for not reading. Nodier says, 'Printed books have existed but little more than four hundred years, and yet, in certain countries, they have already accumulated to such a degree as to peril the old equilibrium of the globe. Civilisation has reached the most unexpected of its periods—the Age of Paper.'

We have had the Golden Age, and the Age of Brass, and of Iron; but the Age of Paper!—was such a wonder ever dreamt of by philosophy? What does it bode? Is it synonymous with *flimsy* age? Do the centuries degenerate? According to M. Victor Hugo they do not. In his reception-speech made to the Académie in 1840, he declared, 'Nothing has degenerated; France is always the torch of nations. The epoch is great—great by its science, its eloquence, its industry, great by its poetry and its art. At the present hour, there is but one enlightened and living literature in the whole universe—and it is the literature of France.' It is not easy to account for differences of opinion, but only three short years earlier—namely, in 1837—Monsieur Guizot affirmed, in addressing another learned academy, 'The true and disinterested worship of science has worn itself out among us; we seek for noise or for profit, for a prompt satisfaction of self-love, or for a material advantage.'

Contrast this with the period when pen, ink, and

fingers did the work now done by type and power-presses—the no-book era. Not the least noteworthy among patient transcribers were the Benedictines. ‘Their rule assigned an eminent rank among monastic virtues to the guardianship and multiplication of valuable manuscripts. It taught the copyist of a holy book to think of himself as at once a pupil and a teacher—as a missionary while seated at his desk—using each finger as a tongue—inflicting on the Spirit of Evil a deadly wound at each successive line—and as baffling, with the pen, the dread enemy who smiles at the impotent hostility of every other weapon grasped by the hand of mortal man. In each Benedictine monastery a chamber was set apart for the discharge of this sacred office. In this *Scriptorium* some of the monks plied their pens assiduously, and in profound silence, to produce faultless transcripts of the best originals. To others was committed the care of revising the text of such works as were then held in the highest esteem. Charlemagne himself assigned to the Benedictine Alcuin the high office of preparing, from the various sources within his reach, a perfect Codex of the Holy Scriptures. For what remains to us of Pliny, Sallust, and Macrobius, and for the orations against Verres, we are indebted to their literary zeal.’

We read of Claude Estiennot, who was procurator of the Benedictines at Rome during the papacy of Innocent XI., that ‘within eleven years he had collected and transcribed forty-five bulky folios, at the various libraries of his society in the several dioceses of France, adding to them,’ says Dom le Cerf, ‘réflexions très sensées et judicieuses’—‘very sensible and judicious reflections.’ Forty-five volumes in eleven years! Perhaps this was a commendable result in the eighth century, but the old-fashioned hand-press in the village of Dumdrudge would beat it now-a-days, barring probably the ‘judicious reflections.’ We have before us a statement of the books and pamphlets printed in France in fifteen years—1830–1845—including reprints, but omitting periodicals, the number was 5862 annually, or a total of 87,930. Estimating each work as two volumes and a-half, they amount to 220,000; and reckoning 1200 copies of each work (a moderate calculation), the grand total is 264,000,000 of volumes.

Nodier might well say the earth’s equilibrium is imperilled: and if we add to the above the typographical labours of other countries! In the matter of Bibles alone, the British Societies have distributed 20,000,000 copies since 1827. A house in Paris published the Scriptures in three quarto volumes, price seventy-five francs, in twelve years—1824–1836: by dint of canvassing, and offering the work from house to house, they sold 65,000 copies, value 4,875,000 francs. Nor are we without monuments of individual effort: Daniel Kieffer, a celebrated Protestant and learned Orientalist of Strasburg, translated the Old Testament into Turkish; and in one year, 1832, distributed at his sole charge 160,000 of the volumes. The best Bohemian dictionary yet published is the work of a M. Jungmann, who prepared and brought it out at his own cost, and sold a vineyard to defray the expense. According to Mr Kohl, Bibles are smuggled into Bohemia, Scripture is contraband, and yet, contradictory as it may seem, Bibles may be sold in that country, although they may not be printed there or imported. The copies which do find an entrance are sent mostly from Berlin and England. A few years since, two wagon-loads fell into the hands of customhouse officers, who have ever since kept the prize safely under lock and key. In the public library at Linz, the above-named traveller saw an old edition of Luther’s works thickly coated with dust, and was informed by the attendant that the volumes had not once been disturbed for thirty years.

Even in the days when oligarchs prescribed the popular reading, Pasquin dared to say what he thought of their proceedings. Father Germain, who accompanied Mabillon to Rome in 1685, relates an incident—‘He found Rome agitated with the affair of the Quietists. His

account of the dispute is rather facetious than theological. Just then a Spaniard had been sent to the galleys, and a priest to the gallows; the first for talking, the second for writing scandals; while the great Quietist Molinos was in the custody of the Inquisition. Marforio, says Germain, is asked by Pasquin, why are you leaving Rome? and answers, ‘He who speaks is sent to the galleys; he who writes is beheaded; he who remains quiet goes to the Holy Office.’ Marforio had good cause for his heresy; for the scandal which (as Germain pleasantly has it) ‘broke the priest’s neck’ was merely his having said that the ‘mare had knocked the snail out of its shell,’ in allusion to the fact of the Pope’s having been forced out of his darling seclusion and repose, to be present at a certain festival, at which a mare or palfrey was also an indispensable attendant. The rogues continue to repeat the jest notwithstanding, observes the reverend looker-on.’

‘Many men, many minds;’ so runs the adage. About the year 1839, a work, ‘Le mariage au point de vue chrétien’ was published by Madame Gasparin. The French Academy awarded a prize to the authoress for her book, but at the very same time it was inscribed by the church in the Index Expurgatorius as a prohibited treatise: such being one among the innumerable instances of difference of opinion. The disappointment of writers, too, would fill a long catalogue: there are extravagant expectations in literature as well as in mines and railways. In 1836, one M. Châtel published the ‘Code de l’humanité,’ which was to regenerate society. He announced himself as Primate of the Gauls, drew around him a few disciples, who remained faithful during fifteen years, when the delusion came suddenly to an end—the primate had become a postmaster.

Some books, like human beings, come into the world with fortune for their nurse, others encounter difficulties at the very outset, and barely escape strangulation. According to Pliny, several thousand men were placed at the service of Aristotle during the time that his great work was in preparation, to furnish him with information and observations on all sorts of natural objects—men whose business it was to take care of cattle, fishing-grounds, and apiaries. The monarch under whose auspices it was composed gave him 800 talents (L.79,000) towards the expenses. Was ever a book brought out under more favourable circumstances?

When Amari wrote his history of Sicily, he submitted it to the censorship at Palermo, and obtained leave to publish. The permission from some cause was, however, revoked before the work appeared, and the author received orders to send the whole of the copies to the police. Unwilling to make such a sacrifice, he packed the books in a case, and shipped them on board a French vessel, and at the same time sent a similar case to the authorities filled with vegetables and rubbish. He then, with a false passport, sailed for Marseilles, and eventually published his book at Paris with the imprint ‘Palermo’ on the title-page. It has since gone through a second edition.

Some writers have said the inventing of a title, or composing of a preface, cost them more trouble or thought than any other part of their work; it might not be unfair to suppose that the subject-matter was very indifferent, or the preface very good. True it is, however, that many books do exhibit strange freaks of invention on the part of their authors, as a few specimens will exemplify. In ‘The Arte of Vulgar Arithmetickie,’ published in 1600 by Thomas Hylles, we find ‘the partition of a shilling into his aliquot parts’ thus exhibited:—

‘A farthing first findes fortie-eight,
An halfepeyn hopes for twentie-four,
Three farthinges seekes ouer 16 streight,
A penny pulis a dozen lower:
Dicke dandiprat drewe 8 out deade,
Two-pence tooke 6 and went his way,
Tom trip and goe with 4 is fied,
But goodman grotte on 3 doth stay;
A testerne only 2 doth take,
Moe parts a shilling cannot make.’

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APPEARANCES.

It is considered a sound rule not to sacrifice reality for appearances. To be good is held as better than only to seem good. Appearances, in as far as they may serve, and often do serve, as a means of cloaking some evil reality, are not, upon the whole, in good esteem among mankind. It is a word seldom mentioned without some expression of contempt or reprobation. Yet it may be questioned if we could, in this world, quite dispense with appearances.

To lead a life free of gross improprieties is undoubtedly the first requisite. If, however, while doing this, we allow much of our conduct to be interpretable into something opposite, is the result a matter of indifference to society? The thoughtless lady who flirts, or, as the common phrase is, allows herself latitudes, and who is yet studious to be substantially correct, answers, Yes; or perhaps she goes no farther than to say, Being in my own mind conscious of perfect rectitude, I have nothing to say to society on the subject, and it has no title to interfere, so long as I commit no actual transgression. This is specious, and seems to exclude reply. Most people give way to its force, yet do not act or speak as if they felt it to be quite right. It is wrong in this way: such conduct tends to become a screen to actual error; for if the virtuous appear to act exactly as the vicious do, how can we know where vice exists? It is our duty even to appear pure and irreproachable, because, when all that are pure present only the symptoms of purity in their external behaviour, it is the more difficult for the erring to conceal their guilt. They are forced into hypocrisy, which is not merely a homage to virtue, but a means of recruiting her ranks from the bands of vice, seeing that there is an additional pain and trouble in being wicked. All hypocrites would be, or have the advantages attendant on being, what they pretend to be. Can we doubt that, under a system of perfect freedom, they would be something worse than they are?

It thus appears that there is a philosophy in those little decorums of society which minds of a bold and sprightly character are so apt to deride, and which many persons, without the least ill intention, are so often seen to disregard. Every great cause must have its banner. Under every banner there will be a few rogues and cowards. But how much worse would it be with an army to have no ensign at all? It might then have the whole force of the enemy mingling in its ranks, and unresistedly hewing it in pieces.

When we hear of people keeping up appearances, we usually either condemn or laugh. Very often the condemnation or the ridicule is just, but not always so. There is much to object to in endeavours to attain or keep up a style of living different from that which is

suitable to our actual means or our actual place in society. Let this error be abandoned to the unsparing satire of those who delight in exposing human weakness and frailty. But all keeping up of appearances is not of this nature. A family is often invested with a rank which its income will scarcely support in proper style, yet which it must support, or forfeit that rank altogether. Even in particular professions there is this hard necessity. The style is part of the very profession itself, something without which it cannot be practised. There is also such a thing as a decline of worldly prosperity, where to appear poor would be to become so even more rapidly than is strictly unavoidable. In such cases, if a family does not basely, by incurring debt, throw the actual suffering upon others—if it only pinches itself at one time, that it may make a decent show at another—if it only spares in its own grosser necessities, that it may appear on a footing of equality with those of its own nominal social rank, or escape the pity which it is heavenly to give, but bitter to receive, there surely is no offence committed. I must own I never could exactly see grounds for the mirth which prosperous citizens will sometimes indulge in regarding the 'appearances' of the struggling professional man, or the fallen-off family of rank. Such efforts, seeing that they involve much self-denial, that they tend to what is elegant rather than to what is gross, to what is elevated rather than to what is low, seem to me more creditable than otherwise. In our external life, observances become habits, and habits become principles. We all of us live not merely for and in ourselves, but partly for and in others. To be threatened with a fall from our sphere or special field of life, is to anticipate one of the greatest of evils, a sort of half death. It is not wonderful that men and women should make such a struggle to avoid it. But in fact efforts of this kind are connected with some of the best properties of our nature. The father eager to give his family the benefits of his own rank—the children willing to submit to any sacrifice, rather than see their parents lowered in the eyes of their equals: the whole resolvable into that sense of decency and sensibility to public esteem, without which this social scene would be a howling wilderness. No, there is surely no proper subject of merriment or of reprobation in these things.

There are in this empire two kinds of cities and towns—those which are passing through a career of mercantile prosperity, and those which rest at one point of prosperity, or are perhaps slowly falling off. It is not uncommon to hear the denizens of the parvenu town indulging in mirth at the expense of the meagre and ill-supported gentility which they observe in their ancient neighbour. Perhaps this neighbour has only a cathedral, or the county courts, to look to as a source of income: it keeps up a brave spirit, but cannot give

anything better than tea-drinkings. Its better class are formal and refined in their manners, and even its poor have a clean delicate air about them, dressing much better than they eat or drink. All this is matter of mirth to the unthinking members of the more thriving community, who feel that, if they are less refined, they have at least more of the substantialities of life at their command. It seems to be a great prize to them that the genteel town is only a town of 'appearances.' But is there in this any true ground for so much self-congratulating merriment? I will admit there is, when it is established that the material is superior to the spiritual—that gross, full-feeding habits are more laudable than a taste for neat apparel—that a profuse, and often ostentatious expenditure, unregulated by taste, is better than a tasteful moderate expenditure, in which a sacrifice of immediate appetites is made for the sake of some ultimate gratification in the esteem of our fellow-creatures. It is a point of ambition with a Scottish artisan to have a suit of superfine black clothes in which to go to church and attend funerals. It may be said that this is keeping up an appearance beyond his station; but if he only saves for this appearance what a less intellectual operative of some other country would spend on excesses in meat and drink, enjoyed out of sight, is he not rather to be admired than condemned? I have known something of country towns, where there is considerable poverty within doors and in reality, while at the same time the bulk of the population make a principle of appearing as well dressed as possible; and my feeling on the subject is, that to laugh at such things is to laugh at virtue itself. The whole moral being of the individual anchor perhaps in some frail remains of well-saved clothes, or in the possession of some tolerable house handed down from some more comfortable ancestor. Take away this poor fiction from them, and their self-respect is diminished. They feel that they are regarded as falling into a lower category, and into that lower category they fall accordingly. No one, having a just sense of human frailty, would wantonly remove, or wish removed, even such slight edifications as these, but, on the contrary, rejoice to see them carefully maintained.

To sum up—It will always be proper to exercise the greatest care in discriminating between what is good and what is bad in appearances. Their being necessary to the support of morality, will not make them more amiable in those who lack the reality of goodness. Their being respectable in persons to whom loss of external grade or the failure to support it is social death, will not justify the ambitious citizen in forfeiting the real comfort of his family in an effort to live in the manner of those who possess better means. But, after the possibility of such abuses is admitted, and the fact itself deprecated, we must still keep in view that one of the essentials of a good life is a regard to Appearances.

R. C.

a burning sun never penetrated. Innumerable rows of osier-willows were planted on the banks, used in the art of basket-making, the osiers being of the finest and whitest kind, while everywhere and all around extended beds of watercresses. Yet it was not altogether the streamlets or the beautiful trees which made this spot so peculiarly refreshing: nowhere did grass appear so rich and green as in this quiet valley; it looked always as if it had just rained, the earth sending up the delicious perfume, and the thrush singing meanwhile, as it does after a shower in summer weather. Yet was there nothing indicative of damp or marsh land; all was healthy and hilarious-looking, and no plants thrrove here indigenous to unhealthy soils. Narrow planks of rough wood were thrown across the bright waters, which had to be crossed many times before reaching the dwelling-place of Taffy Lewin, the presiding genius of the place. This dwelling-place was a thatched cottage, containing three rooms; and Taffy herself, when I first saw her, almost realised my idea of the superannuated or dowager-queen of the fairies: she was then seventy years of age, and one of the least specimens of perfectly-formed humanity that I have ever beheld. So agile and quick was she in all her movements, that a nervous person would have been frequently startled; while her little, black, bead-like eyes sparkled in a most unearthly manner when her ire was aroused. She always wore a green skirt and a white calico jacket, her gray hair being tucked back beneath her mob-cap: she was, in short, the prettiest little old fairy it is possible to imagine; and as neat, clean, and bright-looking in her exterior, as if an enchanter's wand had just conjured her up from amid the crystal streams and watercress beds.

'And so it is from *hence* the fine watercresses come that I have enjoyed so much each morning at breakfast?' said I to the friend who accompanied me on my first introduction to Springhead, for so the valley was named.

'Yes,' she answered; 'and Taffy Lewin is the sole proprietress and gatherer of the cresses, for which she finds a ready sale in the immediate neighbourhood, her musical but clear and piercing cry of "Watercress fresh gathered—fine cress," being as well recognised, and duly attended to, as the chimes of our venerable church clock.'

'And has the old dame no other means of support?' quoth I; for the glimpse I had obtained of the interior of the cottage in the midst of this 'greenerie' certainly hinted that the trade of gathering this simple root was a most lucrative one; not only order and neatness, but comfort apparently reigning within.

'She disposes of the produce of these fine walnut-trees,' answered my friend; 'and she has also a companion residing with her, who manufactures the most beautiful baskets from these delicate osiers, which always fetch a high price. Taffy pays a very low rent to the gentleman who owns this valley and the adjacent lands; and excepting, I believe, a small sum in the savings' bank, to which she only resorts on emergencies, I do not know that she has any other means of support either for herself or her companion. Her story is a singular one, and I think you would like to hear it after we have made our purchases of baskets from poor Miss Clari.'

Miss Clari, as she was called, was a middle-aged female of plain appearance; and my interest and pity were excited on observing, from her lustreless eyes, that she was an imbecile. She was, however, animated with the spirit of industry. Her long and thin fingers rapidly and dexterously plied their task: she took no notice of us, but continued chanting in a low sad voice the words of a quaint French ditty. When Taffy ap-

TAFFY LEWIN'S GREENERIE.

THOUGH nearly threescore years have intervened, the remembrance is still fresh on my memory of a certain spot which excelled all others I have since looked upon in its bright emerald hue and verdant freshness. It was on the outskirts of a village, which was only redeemed from positive ugliness by most of its tenements being ancient, though stretching away in a long straight line, and without either water or trees to vary the monotonous aspect of the turnpike-road. Turning abruptly from this road into a narrow lane, seemingly never-ending, and sloping gently downwards, a pleasing surprise was afforded on emerging into a deep valley, where the interminable winding of many sparkling tiny rivulets kept up a continual murmur, enchanting to listen to on a hot summer's day. Here were many fine old walnut-trees also, beneath whose thick-spreading boughs the rays of

proached her, she looked up and smiled: such a smile it was; I have never forgotten it.

'We have only these two baskets left, ladies,' said Taffy Lewin; 'for Miss Clari cannot make them fast enough for the sale they have; and yet, poor dear soul! she never ceases, save when she sleeps, for her fingers go on even when she is eating.'

'And are you not afraid that such close application may injure her health?' said I.

'La, miss, try and take it from her, and see how she wanders about with the tears silently coursing down her cheeks, and her fingers at work all the same. Bless her dear heart! if it *hurt* her, Taffy Lewin wouldn't let her do it.'

'Is she your daughter, Taffy?' inquired I.

'My daughter!' cried the little dame, her black beads twinkling ominously. 'No, she is no daughter of mine; there is gentle blood flows in *her* veins, and she was not *born* what you see her now. But take your baskets, ladies; Miss Clari is no gossip, as ye see, and I have work to do; for we eat not the bread of idleness here.'

I paid for the exquisitely-wrought baskets, and we quickly took our departure. On our homeward route my friend imparted the following particulars:—

When Taffy Lewin was a young woman, she had entered the service of a family named Drelincourt as assistant nursery-maid; but the head nurse soon after giving up her place, Taffy was promoted to it. This situation was by no means a pleasant one, as Taffy soon found out, the children being spoilt, and unruly to the greatest degree; but the wages were high, and Taffy was a friendless orphan, and so she thought it wisest to persevere. There were eight children, six girls and two boys. Mrs Drelincourt was in very delicate health, and the squire himself devoted to field-sports and boon companions. Drelincourt Hall was indeed nearly always full of company, the lady not being able to exist without the excitement of society suited to her taste any more than her husband could. Extravagance and recklessness were visible in all the domestic arrangements; and report said that not for many years longer was it possible to carry on this game.

A few years witnessed great changes, however, at the old hall: Mrs Drelincourt was gathered to her fathers, and five out of the eight children were carried off, a boy and two girls only being left; these three children seeming to concentrate in their own persons all the unmanageable propensities of their departed brothers and sisters.

Mr Drelincourt was stunned by the overwhelming force of the bereavement he had sustained, and he found his only present consolation and contentment in lavishing redoubled affection on his remaining children, and in gratifying their childish whims; much to their own detriment, poor things! He was not an ill-meaning, though a weak man, and idly disposed; avoiding trouble of all kinds, and determinately blind to anything that promised to occasion it; so he spoiled his children, and lived beyond his income, because it was pleasant to do so, and he hated to be bored! After establishing a gentleman at Drelincourt in the capacity of tutor to his son, Mr Drelincourt betook himself to the continent, whither his physician recommended him for change of scene, and more complete restoration of his shattered spirits.

Mr Drelincourt returned home, after some months' absence, with a second wife, having espoused a widow lady. This lady had one child by her first marriage, a little girl of ten or twelve years old, who accompanied her mother to the new home provided for them. This second union greatly displeased and surprised Mr Drelincourt's family and connections; for the lady, though suitable in point of years, and of a most gentle disposition, was altogether penniless; the small stipend she had enjoyed in right of her deceased husband ceasing on her marrying again. Thus Mr Drelincourt had not only a wife added to his already heavy encumbrances,

but a wife's child also on his hands; when, in truth, he had not wherewithal to make provision for his own two daughters. The Drelincourt estates were strictly entailed in the male line; but should Mr Drelincourt not leave a son to inherit the burthened landed property, it passed into stranger hands; and fearful was the contemplation of such a contingency with a helpless family of females, and nought but debts and disgrace for their inheritance!

However, the two Misses Drelincourt were brought up as if they were heiresses; and with dispositions full of pride and arrogance unchecked, it may easily be supposed that the introduction of a stepmother and a new sister was highly disagreeable; they having been told all the circumstances.

Clari St Eude, Mrs Drelincourt's daughter, was a plain, timid girl. Having been nurtured in retirement and comparative poverty, she shrank from the display of wealth around her now; but doubly she shrank from the cold demeanour of her new associates, who took no pains to conceal their contempt and aversion for the interloper. The Misses Drelincourt and their brother Henry found that open impertinence would not be tolerated, even by their doting father, when offered to his wife; but in venting all their jealousy and petty spleen on the poor unoffending Clari, who never resented and never complained, the case was far different. Ah, it is not in *open* warfare or unkindness that the heaviest cross is to be borne: it is hypocrisy and concealment we need dread.

This young girl, Clari St Eude, had little outwardly to prepossess the stranger in her favour: she was of a nervous temperament, easily alarmed, and chilled by an unkind word or look; but she had a clinging affectionate heart, and a forgiving temper. Her mother's position was a trying one, and Clari knew this, child as she was; nor would she for worlds have increased it by a hint that she had cause of sorrow or repining. Mrs Drelincourt struggled for peace, preserved and fostered it by every means in her power; nor was it probable that, even had she been otherwise disposed, Mr Drelincourt would have listened to or credited complaints against his own spoiled offspring.

Although Taffy Lewin's services as a nurse had for some time been dispensed with, she retained her comfortable chair in the commodious nursery, where the tiny woman got through oceans of needlework. Now, though Taffy certainly did feel a species of regard for Blanch and Laura Drelincourt, and also for Master Henry—nurslings spared out of a fine flock—she was by no means blind to their many defects and unamiable qualities, though she had long found all remonstrance useless. To this cheerful, sunny nursery of bygone days, often crept the pale and sickly stranger, Clari St Eude; hour after hour she would sit in silence by Taffy's side, until the kind-hearted little nurse began to pity, and then to love her, and finally won the confidence of the nervous, sensitive girl, who wept on her motherly bosom, and told her 'she wished mamma had not married the rich English gentleman, for she loved their Provence home better far than this.'

Clari inhabited a large sombre apartment all alone, and quite away from the rest of the family. This was a sore trial to the timid girl, though she never confessed her nameless fears, and struggled hard to master them; and as it was 'convenient' that she should occupy this chamber, her mother disliked to offer objections, nor was she, indeed, fully aware of her daughter's nervous sufferings. Clari tried to step sedately and composedly into that huge dark bed, with its black, hearse-like plumes, after she had extinguished her candle, and the darkness and silence were absolute: she tried to reason with herself, and to analyse the cause of her trepidation, for she was not aware that her physical debility accounted in a great degree for such mental weakness. Henry Drelincourt, with boyish mischief, had soon found out that 'Miss Wheyface' was a great coward; and it was one of his favourite amusements to play off

practical jokes, and try to frighten her; while she, on her part, tried by all means in her power not to let the cruel boy know that he but too often succeeded.

At this juncture Mr and Mrs Drelincourt were absent from home for a few days, when, one morning, Miss Norman, the governess, who presided at the breakfast-table, remarked how singular it was that Miss St Eude, usually the first to make her appearance, had not yet come down. The brother and sisters looked at each other, and began to titter, and there was evidently a joke of some kind amongst them, which they exceedingly enjoyed. But as their hilarity and free-masonry increased, so did Miss Norman's indefinable apprehensions—Clari not coming, and mischief mysteriously brewing!

At length Miss Norman sought Clari's chamber; but it was fastened, and no answer was returned to her repeated summons; but a low, moaning noise proceeded from within. After consulting Taffy Lewin, the door was burst open, and poor Clari was found in the agonies of a brain-fever. Taffy, from former experience, well knowing the imminent danger of the hapless sufferer, medical advice was summoned, and Mrs Drelincourt was instantly recalled. The doctors spoke of some sudden shock the nerves of their patient had sustained, but of what kind, or under what physical influence, it was impossible to say: the room was a dreary one, the young girl was of a highly-nervous, excitable temperament, and nervous disorders often took strange turns—frightful dreams, or ill-arranged reading, sometimes produced distressing effects. Clari St Eude recovered rapidly from the fever; but the brain was irretrievably injured. The light of reason was never re-illuminated: all efforts were useless; there was hopeless darkness within.

But how came all this about?—what had happened? The chamber-door was well secured within, therefore no trick could have been played off, said Mr Drelincourt, even had any one had the mind to do so. It was very mysterious. Miss Norman had her suspicions, and she named them to Mr Drelincourt; but he dismissed her from his home and service: Taffy Lewin kept hers within her own bosom, and watched and waited. When the young Drelincourts were questioned, they answered with bravado, 'What!—are we invisible, or fairies, to fly through the keyhole?' It did indeed appear foolish to think that any one could have entered the chamber, it being well known that Miss St Eude always slept with her door locked; so that it was at length considered an extraordinary natural visitation, and poor Clari's affliction ceased to be the topic of conversation.

The Misses Drelincourt and their brother became much subdued after this sad event, and never willingly approached or saw the unfortunate girl. She lived now entirely with Taffy Lewin in the nursery. Taffy's compassion and devotion to her charge were without limits. Whatever Taffy Lewin's thoughts were on the subject of Miss St Eude's sudden attack, she never divulged them, even to Mrs Drelincourt. That exemplary lady's patience and resignation were fully shown forth by her piety and submission under this heavy and bitter affliction; for Clari was her only child, and a most beloved one. It was Taffy who suggested an occupation being found for Miss Clari, seconded by medical advice. It was indeed a long time before it took a useful or tangible form; but with perseverance, and kindness, and judicious treatment, at length there appeared hope that the incessantly-working fingers of the poor young lady might be moulded so as to benefit herself by creating amusement. At that time probably they had little thought of the future blessing this might prove to the bereaved.

Years passed on, and the old mouldering hall of the Drelincourts still reposed amid its dark pine-woods—unchanged without: within, all was not as it had been. The haughty and beautiful Blanch Drelincourt had married, without the knowledge of her friends, a person who supposed her to be the daughter of a wealthy

man, and that a fortune must be forthcoming. He was undeeceived too late, and found that he had to support a vain and penniless wife with an increasing family. Henry Drelincourt's education had been an expensive one, and his ruinous and profligate habits were more expensive still. It seemed clear to every one that the debts and disgrace so rapidly accumulating would leave to the heir of Drelincourt little more than the name. This young man came to pass a few weeks at his father's, to recruit his health, which had been shattered by a course of dissipation and recklessness. His sister Laura was now his only companion; and frivolous and unamiable as Laura Drelincourt was, she possessed one redeeming point, rendering her less selfish and domineering; and this was, a devoted affection for her brother.

She was never wearied of tending and studying his whims and caprices, which were not a few; and when an alarming infectious fever made its appearance in the village, and from thence spread to the hall—her brother and father being simultaneously attacked—Laura fearlessly devoted herself to the duties required in her brother's sick chamber; Mrs Drelincourt's whole time and attention being taken up with her husband. Mr Drelincourt fell the first victim to the ravages of the fearful epidemic, while death among the retainers was busy in several cases. Henry was only pronounced out of danger when his sister Laura was attacked, and her life despaired of for many days. Mrs Drelincourt, now released from attendance on her husband, nursed the suffering Laura as if she had been her own child, and with the same feelings of maternal anxiety and solicitude. Laura's life was spared; and she seemed deeply penetrated with the unselfish and tender care she had experienced from her stepmother. There was a sense of shame and deep self-abasement in her manner, which seemed to say even more forcibly than the circumstances demanded—'I have done you wrong; you are heaping coals of fire on my head!'

When the brother and sister were permitted to see each other again, the fatal truth flashed across Laura's mind for the first time, that Henry, although spared from the violence of the fever, had received a mortal blow, from which he never would recover; his constitution, already prematurely broken, was sinking rapidly: it was too evident that he had not many weeks to live. Nor did Mrs Drelincourt endeavour to raise false hopes in the sister's bosom, but rather to strengthen and enable her to bear the inevitable doom approaching. She supported, she tended and fostered, the dying man with Christian love and motherly compassion; and he writhed in agony beneath her kindness—the secret weighing on his mind being evidently unsupportable, while he, too, murmured, 'This is indeed heaping coals of fire on my head.'

It was after a long private conference between the brother and sister, wherein recent agitation had left the invalid more weakened than usual, that Henry, faintly requesting his gentle nurse to come beside him, murmured, 'Mother—it was the first time he had ever called her so—'I wish you to bring poor Clari here; I wish to see her.' Clari—almost forgotten during the late scenes of sorrow enacting in the hall—left wholly to Taffy's care, had entirely escaped contagion; and in the quiet distant nursery plied her simple amusement of weaving osiers, by degrees promising to become an expert basket-manufacturer. Clari came with her afflicted mother to Henry Drelincourt's side; and with her pale face, and vacant smile, and expressionless eyes, gazed on the dying man, taking up one of his thin wasted hands, and twining the fingers round her own, muttering, 'Oh, pretty—pretty!'

Henry, in his turn, gazed on the hapless girl with a prolonged and agonized look: the big round tears coursed down his sunken cheeks—blessed tears!—as he turned towards Mrs Drelincourt, and with clasped hands and streaming eye ejaculated, 'Can you forgive me?' She seemed not to understand his meaning, and returned

an inquiring and astonished look, evidently thinking, poor lady, that her patient was light-headed.

'Do you not understand me? *Look at her: I did it!*' he added in hollow whispers, sinking back pale and exhausted. The truth now for the first time flashed on the unhappy mother's mind; speech was denied her; and she could only fold her child in her arms, and again and again embrace her with low, pitying moans. But the poor girl had caught the sound of Henry's words, '*forgive;*' and with smiles disengaging herself from her mother's arms, she knelt down beside him; and passing her long slender fingers caressingly over his wan face, she looked up at her mother, and repeated gently, '*Forgive—mother—forgive!*'

Before another day had flown, Henry Drelincourt was no more: he died in his sister Laura's arms, with one of his hands clasped in his stepmother's. He had heard her words of forgiveness: and there was another present who tremblingly besought pardon too—and unfolded a tale which Henry had not power to do—and this was the weeping Laura, from whom Mrs Drelincourt heard the following sad confession of heedless, unprincipled folly:—

It seemed that when they were children, during inclement weather they had had access to a large room, unused, and filled with lumber of various descriptions—antique dresses, ancient pictures, &c. &c. They delighted to rummage the huge closets and cabinets, and one day, in removing an oak chest, which their united strength scarcely sufficed to do, they struck against the panelling of the chamber, which gave way, and discovered an opening: this opening proved to be a narrow passage between the walls, and terminated in a hitherto unknown entrance to the room occupied by Clari St Eude. What a discovery for these mischief, trick-loving imps! They found the panel in this room could easily be pushed aside, closed again, and no suspicion, no trace left of intruders. Breathless with excitement and delight, they restored the oak chest to its place; and big with their wonderful secret, the young conspirators frequently met in the 'rubbish chamber' to organise their plans, which were no less than a determination to play off some 'real good trick' on that 'obstinate minx Clari,' the very first opportunity that offered.

Too soon the opportunity presented itself: the fatal trick was played off—some ghastly tableau represented with the aid of phosphorus lights. The simple, weak-minded sleeper awakened to this scene of apparent horror with the perfect remembrance of her well-secured chamber-door; and the frightful sequel ensued which has been already narrated. Henry Drelincourt had indeed powerful reasons for preserving their direful secret, nor had his cautions been lost on his weaker and more talkative sisters. Taffy Lewin's suspicions had indeed been powerfully aroused, although they of course took no tangible form; but she watched and waited, nor was she surprised when the repentant and sorrowing Laura repeated the sad tale to her.

But now the heir of Drelincourt was dead, and the estates must pass away into stranger hands; and what was to become of Mrs Drelincourt, her helpless daughter, and the equally helpless Laura? There was no provision whatever for them; they knew not where to turn, or where to seek shelter or daily bread. The gentleman who succeeded to the Drelincourt property was an impoverished man, with a large expensive family; he was good-natured, and felt for their destitute condition, but frankly confessed that it was not in his power to do much for them. On visiting the hall, he had several interviews with Taffy Lewin; and having young children, he earnestly desired to retain her in the capacity of nurse, the commendations he received from Mrs Drelincourt being of so high a nature.

But Taffy Lewin's decision was already made: she had related to the new owner the sad history attached to Clari St Eude, and expressed her firm determination never to desert this helpless being: 'For she will soon,

very soon, have only me; her mother is not long for this world, sir.' Taffy went on to say that she had saved a little money, and meant to return to her native village, and establish herself there, where, by needle-work, and Clari's basket-making, she hoped to earn a decent livelihood.

'And what is to become of Mrs Drelincourt in the meantime, my good Taffy?' asked Colonel Howard, the new proprietor, 'and of Miss Laura also?'

'As to my lady,' answered Taffy Lewin, 'have a little patience, sir. Poor thing! let her rest her bones in the old church at Drelincourt; it won't be long she needs *this* shelter, *that* is awaiting her full soon. She has failed rapidly since master departed and Master Henry; the shock altogether was too much for her. As to Miss Laura, she must go out a-governessing, or something of that kind: young ladies often do—and she can play music, and draw trees, and work most beautifully all sorts of fancy kickshaws.'

'Ah, my worthy Taffy,' answered the colonel smiling, 'I fear much that no one will be inclined to receive Miss Laura Drelincourt in the capacity you suggest. But should your fears prove true with respect to Mrs Drelincourt, which I sincerely trust they may not—Taffy shook her head—why, then, all we can do is this; it is the only plan I can suggest or follow out:—My brother is the proprietor of land in the close vicinage of your native place, and I know of a little spot that you can retire to; at my representation he will let you have it cheap, for he is a kind fellow. I must give what I can towards assisting you to maintain these two helpless girls, though it seems to me Miss Clari is the most likely one to help herself.'

This, and a great deal more, said Colonel Howard, to all of which Taffy Lewin thankfully acceded. Sooner even than the tiny woman had anticipated, poor Mrs Drelincourt sank into her grave; and Taffy, accompanied by her two charges, bade adieu for ever to the gray venerable walls which had witnessed such chequered scenes. At Springhead Taffy established herself forthwith; her quick little eyes saw its wonderful 'capabilities'; and 'What a God-send were the osiers!' said she; and what with needlework, and watercresses, and basket-making, Taffy had need to dip but lightly into her hoard of savings.

Laura Drelincourt did not long continue to reside with her faithful nurse: her sister Blanch was left a widow, with no means of supporting her family. Taffy Lewin appealed to Colonel Howard, intreating him to permit Laura to share with her destitute sister the stipend he had originally intended for the use of the former and Clari. Taffy said that Clari and she could support themselves well; Laura was miserable at Springhead; Blanch and her children were starving; and it was far better and happier for them all that the sisters lived together, and managed for themselves. Colonel Howard immediately agreed to Taffy's request; and thus poor Clari was left solely dependent on the good little soul, who is indeed her only friend and earthly stay.

'As to Miss Drelincourt and her sister,' continued my friend, 'they set up a boarding-school for young ladies; but it did not answer; and when Taffy last heard of them, they were living at a cheap village in Wales on Colonel Howard's bounty—a sad fall for these proud, arrogant ladies. Taffy's sole anxiety is respecting the future fate of her unfortunate charge, should it please Providence to remove herself first from this transitory scene. The Misses Howard not long ago paid a visit to Springhead, and assured the tiny woman that she might set her heart at rest on that score, for Miss Clari should be their care if death deprived her of her present faithful protectress. They will not prove false to their promise; they are my most valued friends; and when I pay my annual visit to Drelincourt Hall, I inhabit the chamber formerly occupied by poor Miss Clari, still known as "Miss Clari's Room." Taffy refuses all pecuniary aid; she is in want of nothing, she says, but a

thankful heart. And it offends the honest pride of the Fairy Queen to offer assistance.'

Thus my friend concluded her reminiscences; and I never since then see watercresses on the table, or beautiful basket-work, without associating them in my mind with the memories I retain of the good Taffy Lewin and her 'greenerie.'

TRACINGS OF THE NORTH OF EUROPE.

COPENHAGEN.

HAVING passed with little trouble or difficulty through the customhouse formalities, we entered the city, and soon found ourselves established in comfortable apartments in the Hôtel Royal. This is a house on the usual large scale of the continental hotels, being a quadrangle surrounding a courtyard, and accessible from the street by a *port-cocher*. It is conducted by a gentleman—the term is in no respect inapplicable—named Leobel, who speaks English, and seems indefatigable in his friendly exertions for the benefit of his guests. I believe there are other good hotels in Copenhagen, but I have heard Mr Leobel's always admitted to be the best.

The first plunge into a large city is confusing. In our perfect ignorance of the relative situations of the streets and public buildings, we know not which way to turn without guidance. It is a good plan in such circumstances to go at the very first to the top of some height, natural or artificial, from which a view of the whole may be obtained. In Copenhagen there is a certain Trinity Church, situated obscurely in the densest part of the town, but furnished with a singular tower of great altitude, and so spacious, that the ascent is not by a stair, but by a spiral carriage-way, up which, it is said, Peter the Great of Russia used to drive a coach-and-six. Our little party immediately proceeded thither, and, ascending to the top—where, by the way, there is an observatory—were gratified with a comprehensive survey of the city and its environs. We soon ascertained that Copenhagen is built on flat piece of ground, with no hills near it; that towards the sea, on the south and east, it is a congeries of batteries, docks, stores, and arsenals; that its west end, contrary to a flimsy theory on the subject, is the meaner and more ancient part; and that it is chiefly confined within a line of fortifications, but that these are now formed into public walks, here and there enlivened with windmills. The only arresting object beyond the bounds of the city is a slightly-rising ground, about two miles to the westward, crowned by a palace (Fredericksberg). The chalk formation, which prevails here, as over Denmark generally, is usually tumescent and tame of surface; hence there are few points in the environs of Copenhagen calculated to arrest attention.

A large irregular space in the centre of the town—called *Kongens Nye Torv*; that is, the King's New Market—gives a key to the whole, because from it radiate the leading thoroughfares, in which the shops and best houses are situated—Ostergade to the west, Gothersgade to the north, while to the east proceed the Amalie Gade, the Bred Gade, and others—broad modern streets, containing many fine buildings, and terminating on the citadel of Frederickshavn, the grand defence of the city in that direction. To be town of only 127,000 inhabitants, and the capital of so small a state as Denmark, Copenhagen contains a surprising number of goodly public buildings, particularly palaces; so much, indeed, is this the case, that the houses for the residence of the people appear as something subordinate, and put half out of sight. These palaces convey a striking idea of the wantonness with which former rulers have used, or rather abused, the means extorted from the industrious part of the community. Will it be believed that four palaces were set down in the last century, in a cluster, divided only by the breadth of so many cross-

ings; and that, after this was done, another was built (Christiansborg), which measures upwards of 600 feet in one direction, and is so huge a building, that Somerset House would appear but a fragment of it? These stately edifices are now given up to the service of the public as museums, picture-galleries, and libraries, while the existing sovereign is contented to live quietly in one of his equally numerous country palaces on an allowance of about sixty thousand a year. The effect, however, is, that Copenhagen is a place positively fatiguing from the multitude of its sights. One of those conscientious travellers who get a list of show-places from a friend, or from Murray's Handbook, and go through the whole as a duty, would be like to die here of pure exhaustion of spirits before he had got three-fourths way down the paper.

Notwithstanding the multitude of fine edifices, the city is deficient in sprightliness. The English ambassador, Keith, in 1771, spoke pathetically of the dulness of Copenhagen, and the same character yet clings to it. A certain plainness marks even the best of the population on the street. The shops, not fitted peculiarly, as in England, for the show of goods at the windows, and often inaccessible from obscure side-passages, contribute little gaiety to the street scenery. Equipages are few and homely. There is a great abundance of male figures in some sort of uniform, for the functionaries of the state, civil and military, are a legion; but these persons are also, in general, of very moderate appearance. One quickly remarks that nine out of every ten men, of whatever kind, have cigars in their mouths; and another circumstance, perhaps a corollary to the last, attracts observation—namely, the great number of young men wearing spectacles. While, however, one remarks an inferiority to England in so many respects, he is forced to confess in one important particular a comfortable superiority; and this is in the aspect of the humbler classes. Here, as in most other continental towns, there is scarcely any trace of that horde of abject miseries which is so prominent in every British city. The labouring people are generally clad decently, many of them, particularly the peasant women, gaily. As a matter of course—as indeed the grand cause of this peculiarity—there is no drunkenness seen amongst them. On the whole, the Danes, as seen in their metropolis, appear an innocent, amiable people—a little stolid, perhaps, but remarkably inoffensive and respectable.

It is, I believe, a general distinction between England and continental countries, that in the latter elegancies and fineries are first attended to, and things conducive to daily comfort only in the second place, while in England the comfortable and the ornamental go hand in hand together. Hence it is that, with all their fine palaces, which are indeed almost objects of the past, the people of Copenhagen have not even yet learned how to pave their streets, to introduce water into their houses, or to establish gas-lighting. They make a causeway of small, round, waterworn stones, like eggs placed on end, which tortures the feet, and causes every passing wagon to produce a noise so great, that conversation is drowned in it. They form a side pavement of the same materials, with a border of hewn granite slabs; the whole being far too narrow for the passing crowd, so that, there being, after all, little more than a choice between the egg pavement on the side and the egg pavement in the middle, the multitude is chiefly seen plodding its way along the causeway, among wheelbarrows, wains, and carriages. The diffusion of water, and the introduction of gas, are objects advocated by an enlightened few; but, as usual, municipal privileges and pedantic government regulations obstruct the blessing. It was a curious thing for me to tell the people of Copenhagen and Stockholm that they were, in this and some other matters, behind the small towns of Scotland which had so many as a thousand or twelve hundred inhabitants.

The first object to which our party bent their steps

was the Castle of Rosenberg, an old palace in the northern section of the city, surrounded by some fine gardens, which are open to the public. Rosenberg is understood to be a production of the genius of Inigo Jones: it reminds one of the order of buildings which we in England call Elizabethan, and certainly was built by Christian IV. of Denmark at the beginning of the seventeenth century. It is now simply a museum of the antiquities of the Danish royal family—that is, the furniture, dresses, ornaments, &c. which have belonged to those princes and their children, even to the toys of some of them, in the course of the last three or four centuries. Such a multitude of curious and elegant objects, recalling the royalty of past ages, perhaps nowhere else exists. They are so arranged in a suite of ancient state apartments, that you pass from one age to another in proper chronological succession, and find you have been reading the Danish history of several centuries in the course of an hour's lounge. The most conspicuous sovereign of the series is the builder of the house, who was in truth a noted monarch in his day, an active, hard-headed man, very warlike, very sensual, yet not devoid of a kind-hearted regard for the good of his people. He was the brother-in-law of our James I., whom he once visited with a dozen ships of war in his train; on which occasion he kept the English court for some time in such a whirlwind of conviviality, that Shakspere is supposed to have been induced by it to pen the well-known passage in Hamlet, beginning,

‘This heavy-headed rival, east and west,
Makes us traduced and taxed of other nations,’

and likewise to describe the usurping uncle as a drunkard. You see here King Christian's audience-chamber, a handsome old panelled room, full of little pictures, and having a small aperture in the door, through which it is said the king could, from his sitting-room, observe the conduct of his courtiers while they were waiting for him. In glass-cases are ranged a bewildering multitude of antique gold boxes, cups, baptismal basins, goblets, and drinking-horns, together with some elegant decorated swords, and other weapons. The object singled out for special observation is the celebrated silver horn of Oldenborg; not, it seems, that which Dousterswivel speaks of as given to Count Otto of Oldenborg by a mountain spirit, but one which is said to have been made for Christian I. in 1447. The singularly rich decorations and figurings on the outside are certainly in the style of that period, if I may judge by the mace preserved at St Andrews—a rich product of the Parisian workshop of the time of Charles VII. In a small room Christian IV. slept in a hammock; the rings by which it was suspended are still seen in the ceiling. Portraits of his favourite ladies hang around. In another room there is a great variety of drinking-glasses; some of them of the beautiful Venetian manufacture, said to be exceedingly rare and valuable. One of the richest articles in the whole collection is a set of horse-furniture which Christian presented to his son on his marriage, and which cost a million of francs. The very buckles are set with diamonds! An upper floor contains the grand hall of the palace, styled the *Riddersal*, or Knights' Chamber: it has a silver throne at one end, and much historical tapestry along the walls. One comes away with a strong sense of the prodigality in which the royalty of Denmark indulged during its days of absolute authority, when the people were condemned to slavery, at once the sole workers and the sole tax-payers in the country. I may remark that a party is shown through this palace by a well-bred gentleman-like man, who speaks in French, if required, for a fee amounting to 6s. 9d. sterling. Everything is explained with precision, and nothing but what is historically true is stated. An enlightened visitor is thus left with a very different impression from what he would acquire in any similar show-house in England, where probably an old housekeeper, unfit for anything else, would be found placed as a cicerone, full of childish legends and

myths, which she would relate as unchallengeable facts.

Before turning to any other Copenhagen sight, I may take the reader to a place much allied in character to the Château Rosenberg—namely, the cathedral of Roskilde, which I did not visit till my return from the north. A railway of about sixteen English miles—the only thing of the kind as yet introduced into the country—enabled me to be deposited there in an hour. We found a huge ungainly brick church rising in the midst of a village which has something of the withered look of Versailles. The inside is as plain as the outside is coarse, and there is little trace of the Gothic architecture to be seen. Yet there are here some exceedingly curious, and even some beautiful objects. The altar-piece is a complicated exhibition of ancient Dutch wood-carving, representing the principal events in the life of Christ. It is said to be at least three hundred years old. Along the sides of the space enclosed for the Communion-table are two series of still more ancient wood-carvings, representing Bible events—the Old Testament on one side, and the New on the other. The quaintness of many of the figures, and the homely ideas embodied by the artist, are exceedingly amusing—for example, Adam writhing in painful sleep, as the Almighty is pulling Eve bodily out of his side; Noah calmly steering something like an omnibus, with seven faces looking out at as many windows; and Elijah going up into the air in a four-wheeled vehicle marvellously resembling the ill-constructed wains which still rumble through the streets of Copenhagen. Having dwelt long on the curious and minute work here displayed, we proceeded to view the sarcophagi of the Danish sovereigns of the last two centuries, all of which are placed in this church. I found the aisle in the right transept in the course of being repaired and adorned with frescoes, for the reception of the coffin of Christian IV., and a grand statue of the monarch by Thorvaldsen. As yet, he reposes in the half-lit vault below, with his queen by his side, and his naked sword lying rusted and out of order upon his coffin. The length of the weapon surprises the curious visitor, but is explained by the uncommon stature of the royal owner—for Christian, it seems, was a man of six feet five inches. The coffin is otherwise distinguished only by a number of plain silver ornaments.

The marble tombs of Christian V. and Frederick IV., and their queens—contemporaries of our William III. and Queen Anne—are placed in a quadrangular arrangement behind the altar, and are certainly magnificent structures of their kind, being formed of pure marble, and adorned with many figures, all in the finest style of art. Medallion portraits of the royal personages, and sculptures referring to events in their lives, are among the ornaments of these mausolea, the costliness of which tells the same tale as the Copenhagen palaces, of a time when the king was everything, and the people nothing. In beholding one of them, which seems to rise from the floor rather like some magical exhalation than a work of human hands, the idea occurred to me, ‘Certainly this is making the very best of the sad case of death which it is possible for human nature to do, as far as its mere material elements are concerned.’ In the left transept, a beautifully fitted-up chamber, as it may be called, in the Grecian style, are sarcophagi of two earlier sovereigns, not much less splendid. The series of monarchs thus liberally treated were all of them bad, selfish kings, who had little feeling for their people, over whom they maintained absolute rule. A more virtuous series, commencing with Frederick V.—the contemporary of our George II.—are disposed of less magnificently, most of them being placed in simple velvet-covered coffins on the floor. Amongst these, one dull-looking ark in black velvet attracts attention by its plainness. It contains the ashes of the imbecile Christian VII., whose queen Matilda passed through so sad a history. In the vicissitudes of subsequent ages, I should say that the plain monuments have the best chance of preservation.

The cicerone here shows a pillar on which are three marks: one indicating the stature of Christian I.—the first prince of the existing dynasty, and a contemporary of our Edward IV.; he was, it seems, six feet ten inches in height, and his sword, which hangs on the wall, is long enough to reach up to the chin of a man of ordinary size; a second denotes the stature of Christian IV.; a third, strikingly lower, betokens the height of the late amiable king, Frederick VI.

Some other aisles contain the sarcophagi of distinguished noble families of Denmark. I was arrested for a little by one which has a door of iron grated-work, bearing a figure of the devil as large as life, with horns, tail, and claws. The explanation is, that the family reposing within is named Trolle, a famous one in Danish history. Trolle is the name of one of the beings of Scandinavian superstition; and this being is figured in the armorial-bearings of the house as a man having his head placed in the middle of his body. Latterly, I suppose, as these superstitions became obscure, the malignant Trolle was confounded with the devil; and hence the figure on the grating as an object bearing reference to this noble family. The English visitor is disposed to pause under a different feeling over the slab beneath which Saxo-Grammaticus reposes, when he recollects that Shakespeare obtained the foundation of his Hamlet in the pages of that historian. I find it stated in Feldborg's 'Denmark Delineated,' that when James VI. of Scotland came to Copenhagen in the course of his matrimonial excursion, he met in Roekilde Cathedral the celebrated Dr Hemmingen, and discussed with him in Latin the substantial presence of the body and blood of Christ in the eucharist. Dr Hemmingen had been placed here, as in an honourable banishment, for his Calvinistic notions on this subject. The Scottish monarch was so much pleased with his cast of opinion, that he invited him to dinner, and at parting bestowed upon him a golden beaker.

The royal collection of pictures in the Christiansborg palace is a large one, occupying twelve stately rooms; but it contains only a few good pictures, and seldom detains a visitor long. While I was in Copenhagen, a small collection of the productions of living Norwegian artists was open to public inspection for a small fee, the proceeds being applicable to the relief of the Danish soldiers wounded in the Sleswig-Holstein war. Several of the landscapes, particularly one by a Mr Gude, representing the Hardanger Fjord, struck me as works of merit; and there was one conversation-piece, representing an old peasant reading the Bible to his wife, which seemed to me not less happy in its way. It is remarkable that the northern nations have not yet produced any painter of great reputation, but that in sculpture they have surpassed all other European nations besides Italy. The great distinction attained by Thorvaldsen has thrown a glory over Denmark, of which the Danes are justly proud. He was the son of a poor Icelandic boat-builder, and was born in Copenhagen. On his attaining to eminence in Rome about thirty years ago, his country at once awakened to a sense of his merits; and when he afterwards visited it, he was received with honours such as are usually reserved for some soldier who has saved his country, or added stupendously to its laurels. He ultimately settled in Denmark, where he died in 1844, leaving to his country many of his best works in marble, casts of all his great works, besides his pictures, curiosities, furniture, and the sum of 60,000 Danish dollars. The consequence has been the erection of the **THORVALDSSEN MUSEUM**, beyond all comparison the most interesting object in Copenhagen. It is a quadrangular building in what is called the Pompeii style, with a court in the middle; in the centre of which, within a simple square of marble slabs, rest the remains of the great artist. In the halls and galleries within are ranged the sculptures, casts, &c. under a judicious classification, each apartment being adorned with frescoes more or less appropriate to the objects contained in it. The finest object

in the whole collection is undoubtedly the cast of a colossal figure of Christ, which Thorvaldsen executed, along with the twelve apostles, and a kneeling angel bearing a font, for the Frue Kirk in Copenhagen. The stranger sees the marble originals of all these figures in the church with admiration; but it is admitted that the cast of the Christ has a better effect than the original, in consequence of its superior relative arrangement. The Saviour is represented in the act of saying, 'Come unto me all ye that labour and are heavy laden'; and there is a mixture of human benevolence with divine majesty in the attitude and expression, which perfectly answers to the text. The tendency seems to be to an admission that this is the finest embodiment of the idea of the Saviour of the world which that world has ever seen; and I shall not be surprised if this opinion be confirmed. Many of the artist's mythological figures—particularly those realising ideal beauty, his Psyches, Venuses, Dianas, and Apollos, the cast of his noble frieze of the triumphal march of Alexander, and some of his subjects embodying the poetry of human life—are eminently beautiful. The busts, which are numerous, are less interesting, and in most instances inferior as works of art. The representations of the artist himself, in sculpture and painting, are many, and calculated to give a perfect idea of the man—a massive figure, with a massive head, blue eyes, a pale complexion, and a gentle, but thoughtful expression of countenance. After dwelling to weariness on the creations of the man's genius, it is pleasant to walk into the rooms which contain his simple household furniture, books, favourite pictures, and other intimate memorials of his personal existence. It is equally agreeable to pause in the midst of the contemplation of his works, and observe the groups of admiring countrymen, from the noble to the peasant, who pass through the rooms to enjoy the spectacle of an intellectual triumph in which they feel that they have a part. Finally, one pauses with speechless emotion over the plain enclosure in the courtyard, which pronounces only the words **BERTEL THORVALDSEN** over one whom these countrymen can never cease to revere. On the outside of the building there are frescoes representing—*first*, the national reception of Thorvaldsen on his final return to Copenhagen; and, *second*, the public joy on the introduction of his works into their country. I heard some criticise these frescoes severely; but I could never get so far as criticism in their case. Every such attempt is anticipated with me by a melting of the heart in sympathy with this worthy people, over the glory which Thorvaldsen has conferred upon them in the eyes of their fellow-nations, and that genial kindly relation between them and their immortal compatriot, of which this invaluable museum is the monument.

The Danes are remarkably fond of amusement, and the means of affording this gratification at Copenhagen are ample. The principal theatre (*Konglige Theater*) is a handsome house of moderate size, where both the Opera and Ballet are respectfully presented. I was present one evening, when an operatic piece of Hans Christian Andersen, named *Brylluppet ved Como-Soen*, apparently of very simple construction, was performed, and I thought both the singing and orchestra exceedingly good. There are several other playhouses, some of which are chiefly frequented by the humbler classes. On the outskirts of the town there is an establishment called a *Tivoli*, resembling Vauxhall, and to which, as the admission is only 4½d. sterling, immense multitudes resort. Here is found a little theatre for dancing and short vaudevilles, which the people witness standing in the open air. There is a *salon* for music, where the people are under cover, but without seats, unless they choose to ask for refreshments. In the open air are merry-go-rounds, an undulating railway, and machines for testing strength. In Denmark, a merry-go-round is the enjoyment of old as well as young. It is composed of a circular stage, bearing carriages like those of a railway, and going partly

upon wheels, while a brass band sounds vociferously in the centre. It was most amusing to us English to observe the gravity with which people of all ages took their places in this circumambient train. One curricule presents a decent shopkeeper with his wife, he with the baby on his knee, which he is endeavouring to awaken to a sense of its droll situation—the cigar kept firm in his mouth all the time; another exhibits a pair of young lovers in very amicable union; a third an aged couple, who might be grandfather and grandmother to the latter party. An inner circle of boys, whipping and spurring imaginary horses, complete the whimsicality of the machine, as it goes grinding and thundering on to the sound of the band. I do not envy the man who can turn away contemptuously from such a sight as this. The simplicity of intellect betrayed by such tastes one might certainly wish to see improved; but yet there is something in being easily pleased which a benevolent nature cannot easily resist. I quite loved the people for the innocence of heart shown in their amusements.

A Sunday evening which I spent in Copenhagen on my return from the north afforded me an additional insight into the habits of the Danes in this respect. Sunday, it must be premised, is held all over Scandinavia much less strictly than in England, and its religious character is considered as terminating at six in the evening. What I had seen in Norway made me not quite unprepared for what I found at Copenhagen; nevertheless it was somewhat startling. The evening being fine, the whole of the broad shady walks between the west gate of the city and the palace of Fredericksberg, two miles off, were crowded with groups of people in their best clothes; not merely peasants and artisans, or even shopkeepers, but persons of superior condition, though perhaps not in such great proportion. The peasant women, with their gaudy gold-laced caps and ribbons, gave a striking character to the scene. There were no drunk or disorderly people—all perfectly quiet and well-behaved. Along the side of the road are numerous tea-gardens, some of them having little theatres, others merry-go-rounds and nine-pins, and so forth. These were all in full operation. It was astounding to see old women, identical in aspect with those who in Scotland sit on pulpit-stairs, and spend the Sunday evening over Boston's 'Fourfold State' and 'Crook in the Lot,' here swimming along in the circular railway to the music of a band. I tell, however, but a simple fact when I say that such was the case. Scores of little parties were enjoying themselves in the recesses along the walks. I observed that many of these were family parties, whose potations consisted only of tea. As the only variation to a laborious life for a whole week, it must have been intensely enjoyed. In one garden connected with a third-rate tavern there was a dancing saloon, with a clarionet, two fiddles, and a bass, to which a few lads and lasses were waltzing; and this seemed no solitary case. There was evidence of enjoyment everywhere, but not the slightest symptom of a sense that there was anything wrong in it. All seemed to be done openly and in good faith. I could not help contrasting the scene with the Sunday evenings of my own country. There the middle-classes spend the time at least quietly, if not religiously, at home; and having the power, use it, to forbid all public or acknowledged means of amusement to their inferiors. It is well known, however, that the taverns frequented by the common people are very busy that evening. It has been stated that in Glasgow, on the evening of the Sunday on which the Communion was administered last winter, one thousand and eighty public-houses were found in full business. The difference, therefore, between Denmark and Britain is mainly this—that in the one country amusements of a comparatively innocent nature are partaken of without a sense of guilt, while in the other enjoyments of a degrading kind are enjoyed clandestinely, and with the feeling of a reprobation hanging over them which must add to their anti-moral tendency.

We must pause, then, I conceive, before we express the feelings which are most apt to arise in our minds regarding the Scandinavian mode of spending the Sunday evening.

The Museum of Northern Antiquities may perhaps be admitted to divide the palm of interest with the Thorvaldsen Museum; but I postpone all reference to the subject till a proper groundwork shall have been laid by the description of my journeyings in Sweden and Norway.

R. C.

PIANOS FOR THE MILLION.

THERE seems to be an increasing disposition among us to regard music as an agent of civilisation, and therefore an increasing anxiety to diffuse a taste for the art throughout all classes of the people. The simple songs that are found in countries in an early stage of progress cannot constitute the music of a refined nation, any more than their rude ballads can be the staple, instead of the mere germ, of their poetry. Both, however, serve as an excellent foundation for the superstructures of taste; and to both we return occasionally from amid the complications of art, to snatch from them a healthy inspiration.

It is not in mere refinement that the operation of music is obvious and powerful: it humanises, and 'makes the whole world kin.' 'There is no free-masonry so intimate and immediate, I believe,' says a recent author when relating a conversation with Mrs Hemans, 'as that which exists among the lovers of music; and although, when we parted, I could not tell the colour of her eyes and hair, I felt that a confidence and a good understanding had arisen between us, which the discussion of no subject less fascinating could have excited.' It is in this point of view that music should be regarded by philanthropists: the science should be given to the masses of the people as a bond of sympathy between them and the upper stratum of society. But while many efforts are making in this direction, there is still great sluggishness in one important branch of the business: the lower classes have no good instruments, and have no great artists; the inspiration derived from a Jenny Lind or a Sontag never descends beneath a certain line in the social scale; and the pianoforte, the most useful of all musical instruments, has never served for a rallying-point in the domestic circles of the poor.

To deal with the former of these two difficulties is arduous—perhaps impossible. Even in this country, where everything bears a money value, including even the light that enters our houses, there are *some* galleries where the works of great painters are patent to the public. But the sister art is a monopoly of the rich, because the efforts of performers produce no permanent creations, but merely an evanescent sound, which may elevate the mind and linger on the memory, but can never be reproduced by the listener. A painter lives by the sale of works which survive even himself perhaps for hundreds of years; but a musician retails performances that are not prolonged even by an echo. The great singer, however, demands a higher reward than the great poet; and the great actor grows rich while the great dramatist barely lives. Who can help it? We give willingly what they demand: there is no compulsion in the case, and the day of sumptuary laws is gone by.

But this deprivation does not press so much upon the poor as upon a great portion of the middle-classes. We cannot find fault with musical artists for demanding half a guinea or a guinea from every one who chooses to listen to a few songs; because such sums are voluntarily paid, and all dealers, even those who deal in harmonious sounds, have the same right to sell them in the dearest market that they have to buy their wines and jewels in the cheapest. But unluckily the deprivation is felt by the very class which would benefit the most, and confer the most benefit, by being admitted on reasonable terms

to such exhibitions of high art. It is neither from among the poor nor the rich that great artists usually spring, but from that large middle-class in which the genius of individuals receives an impulse from pecuniary necessity. In that rank large sums cannot be paid for a song, and their claims to gentility will not permit them to class themselves even at a concert with the grade beneath them, permitted to listen for a lower price in organ-lofts and at the back of galleries. We do not say that there is no remedy even for this evil. The genius of the present age is fertile in expedients, and perhaps some plan may be hit upon to satisfy the exorbitant expectations of musical artists, by providing a larger and more frequent audience at prices better adapted to ordinary means. So long as the present system, however, continues, music cannot be expected to make any rapid progress among us; for the effect of the system is to degrade art to the level of fashion, and thus repress the noble and generous aspirations of genius.

But the difficulty arising from the enormous expense of such musical instruments as the piano is less complicated; and indeed it would appear at first sight to be very extraordinary that in an age of almost unbounded speculation and competition it should exist at all. There is nothing in the construction of the machinery of a piano which ought to prevent it from being found in tens of thousands of houses in this country from which it is at present entirely excluded. The existing piano, however, is a traditional instrument—an heir-loom of the wealthy; and for them alone it must be manufactured. Its case must be of expensive foreign woods, and its keys of ivory; its legs must be elegantly turned; its handsome feet must roll on brazen wheels adapted for the rich carpet; and generally it must be decorated with carvings in wood, such as of themselves, entirely superfluous as they are, add several pounds to the expense. The manufacturers say that all this is so because the instruments *must* be made exclusively for the rich, who would not purchase them if they were not elegant in form, and costly in material and workmanship. But this, we strongly suspect, is no longer true. Music has now descended lower in the social scale than it did in the last generation, and thousands of hearts are beating with the feeling of art and its aspirations, which were formerly cold and silent. The comparatively poor and the really economical do not buy pianos, simply because they are far beyond their means; and in England the cause of musical science and kindly feeling is deprived of the aid of a family instrument, which in Germany is found even in the parlour of the village public-houses.

Tables and chairs, bedsteads, and other articles of furniture, are manufactured on purpose to suit the means of the various classes of purchasers. Bedsteads may be had in London, and we presume elsewhere with equal ease, at 18s. and at L.50 a piece; and chairs which, in one form, cost L.2 or L.3 each, in another—of stained wood, with cane seats, extremely pretty and lasting—sell for 15s. the half-dozen. Why should not the less wealthy families have their own piano as well as their own chair or bedstead? And the humbleness of the materials, it should be remarked, would not necessarily involve any want of elegance in shape. The cheap chairs alluded to are sometimes very passable imitations of rosewood chairs—and they answer the purpose as well! Let us add, that the introduction of the new process of desiccation applied to timber would seem to render the present a very favourable juncture for such speculations as we hint at. Formerly, many years' warehousing would have been required to divest the wood of those juices which interrupt sound, and the trade in the material would thus be a monopoly of wealthy capitalists; but now, thanks to the science of the day, timber may be thoroughly dried in hours instead of years, and thus a ruinous interest on invested money saved.

Should this new manufacture, however, be com-

menced, the speculators must please to bear in mind that we do not ask for inferior instruments, but for cheap materials and plain workmanship. Some time ago an attempt was made to introduce watches with imitative gold cases: but the works were spurious imitations likewise; and these out-of-time-pieces, brought forward, if we recollect rightly, at 15s., sank speedily to 5s., and are now rarely seen at all. This should be a lesson to piano-makers for the million. They should further recollect, however, that an instrument, hitherto the prescriptive property of the rich and refined, must, however humble its materials, retain a certain elegance of form. A plain deal piano, for instance, even if the wood were suitable, would not be bought; but one made of birch, and French polished, with cheap keys, &c. would not disgrace a drawing-room. We remember seeing furniture of this timber in some of the small country inns in Russia; and it struck us as having an enormously-extravagant look, having all the appearance of satin-wood. This, however, we give merely as an illustration of our meaning. We put forth these paragraphs as nothing more than a hint to set thinking on the subject persons who possess the mechanical knowledge we cannot pretend to; and having so done, we take leave of the subject. L. R.

THE PRISONS OF PARIS AND THEIR TENANTS.

SECOND ARTICLE.

THE castle of Vincennes, within a few miles of Paris, has always been as terrible a place of detention as was the Bastille. Even in these days of comparative liberty and justice, Vincennes is made an engine of oppression; for throughout all political changes, the French government never scruples to seize and incarcerate *illegally* any one against whom it has a grudge.

The prisoners of Vincennes, till of late years, were seldom tried, and rarely knew what their offence was. The question they had to ask themselves was not, what is my crime?—but who is my enemy? who wants my fortune or my place? who covets my wife or my sister? who dreads my influence? Then the walls were so thick, the dungeons so deep, the guard so strict, that no cry for justice could reach the world outside.

An unhappy person destined to be the inmate of this castle was generally seized and brought there in the middle of the night. After crossing a drawbridge, which spans a moat forty feet deep, he found himself in the hands of two men, who, by the pale light of a lamp, directed his trembling steps. Heavy doors of iron, with enormous bolts, were opened and closed one after another; narrow, steep, winding stairs, descending and descending; on all sides padlocks, bars, and gratings; and vaults which the sun never saw! Arrived in his dungeon, the prisoner, who perhaps an hour before had been dancing and feasting at a court-ball, and still wore his suit of velvet and gold, was searched and stripped of everything but the bare clothes that covered him, and was then left with a miserable pallet, two straw chairs, and a broken pitcher—the parting injunction of the jailors being, that he was not to permit himself the slightest noise. ‘*C'est ici le palais de la silence!*’ say they—(‘This is the palace of silence!’) Those who were fortunate enough to see the light again, and lived to be restored to the world, were searched in the same way on leaving their dungeon, and were obliged to take an oath never to reveal what had passed in this state-prison, under the penalty of incurring the king's displeasure. As the king's displeasure would have immediately carried them back to Vincennes, we may believe that the vow was seldom violated.

The tragedy of the Duc d'Enghien, who, on the 21st of March 1804, by the dim light of a lantern, was shot in the fosse of the castle of Vincennes, is too well known to be dilated on here: but although everybody has heard of the lamentable death of this brave man,

and although the universal voice of mankind has pronounced his execution one of the darkest blots that stain the name of Napoleon Bonaparte, few people are aware that his arrest, or at least the pretence for it, originated in a simple police report, which was itself founded on a misunderstanding. The duke, who had emigrated to Germany, had there secretly married the Princess Charlotte de Rohan. What family reasons induced them to make a mystery of the marriage have never been disclosed; but the precautions he took to conceal his visits first awakened the suspicions of the police, and ultimately led them to report him as engaged in a counter-revolutionary intrigue. Another of the accusations brought against him originated in the mispronunciation of a name. It was reported that he was on intimate terms with General Dumourier, a man most obnoxious to the First Consul. It was too late discovered that the name of his associate was General Thumery. The German pronunciation had rendered these two names identical to the ears of the French agents of police. It is singular that the sole favour the duke asked for on arriving at Vincennes was a day's liberty on his parole, to shoot in the forest. The only tears shed at the sad ceremony of his execution were by the wife of the commandant, Madame Harel, who, by a romantic coincidence, happened to be his foster-sister.

One of the most celebrated prisoners of Vincennes in the eighteenth century was Masères de La Tude, who expiated a folly by twenty years of cruel captivity, spent partly here and partly in the Bastille. Ingenious, clever, indefatigable, and patient, the schemes he contrived to effect an escape, and to communicate with his neighbours in misfortune, would fill a volume. Nevertheless, although Madame de Pompadour, the person he had offended, was dead, he would probably have never recovered his liberty but for a lucky breeze of wind, which blew a piece of paper, on which he had described his sufferings, into the lap of an honest woman called Legros, who kept a shop in Paris. The good soul was so touched by the narrative, that, by dint of perseverance and money, she obtained the release of her protégé in 1784.

Not far from the chamber inhabited by La Tude was that of the unhappy Prévôt de Beaumont, who was guilty of the unpardonable rashness of denouncing the famous *Pacte de Famine*. 'I accused De Sartines,' says he in his memoir published after the Revolution, 'who was attorney-general under Louis XV., of occasioning the famines that desolated France for three years; and to punish me, he inflicted on me, for fifteen years, sufferings to which the martyrology of the saints can present no parallel. Torn from my family and friends, buried alive in a dismal dungeon, chained to the wall, deprived of light and air, perishing of hunger and cold, nearly naked, I endured horrors so repugnant to nature, that my surviving to relate them is nothing less than a miracle!'

Not only did the dire injustice of arbitrary will in those days tyrannise thus cruelly over men's bodies, but it did not scruple to destroy their minds. When a prisoner of state was considered dangerous from his courage, his patience, or his power of endurance, it was no uncommon thing to put him in a strait waistcoat, and carry him to Bicêtre. Here he was shut up in a cage, and bled, under pretext of curing him, till he died, or went really as mad as they said he was. Few survived and withheld this treatment; but amongst those who did was the Prévôt de Beaumont. He was found at Bicêtre by Mirabeau and his colleagues when they visited the hospital for the purpose of releasing those who had been unjustly confined there; on which occasion the infamies discovered are said to have been terrific. Many of the prisons in France are distinguished by the names of saints, which arises from the circumstance of their having been formerly religious houses. St Pelagie is the place to which persons were latterly sent for political offences: editors of newspapers, caricaturists, and people who would not be satisfied with

things as they are, formed a considerable portion of its population.

At the period of the First Revolution, the keeper of this prison was a man named Bouchotte, who, uninfected by the rage of cruelty that seemed to have seized on the population of Paris, distinguished himself by his courageous humanity. When the massacres of September were being perpetrated, and the furious mob were attacking all the jails, and slaughtering the prisoners, the jailors, far from making any resistance, generally threw wide their gates with a hearty welcome; but when the assassins reached St Pelagie, they found the house apparently abandoned; the gates were closed, all was silent within, and none answered to their summons. At length, having obtained implements, and forced an entrance, they found Bouchotte and his wife fast bound with cords. 'You are too late, citizens!' said Bouchotte; 'the prisoners, hearing of your approach, became desperate, and revolted. After serving us as you see, they have all made their escape!' Fortunately the mob was deceived; nor was it known till long afterwards that the whole scene was a scheme of this worthy man's to save the lives of the intended victims.

An American gentleman of the name of Swan resided for twenty years in this prison; for we can scarcely say he was confined there, since he might have been restored to liberty had he desired it. After a long suit with a Frenchman, in which the American was cast, he preferred going to jail to paying a demand he considered unjust. Every year his creditor paid him a visit, in hopes of finding him less obstinate; and the employés of the prison, as well as his fellow-captives, by all of whom he was exceedingly beloved, would intreat him to give way; but he only smiled, and bowing to his disappointed visitor, bade him adieu till that time next year. The love the prisoners bore him was well earned by innumerable acts of kindness and beneficence. He not only gave bread to the poorer debtors, but he restored many to liberty by satisfying the demands of their creditors. Mr Swan died at St Pelagie in 1830.

Clichy is also a prison for debtors, where a cell is shown which was for two years inhabited by a man of forty years of age, who had been sent there for a very singular sort of debt—namely, the money he owed for the wet nurse's milk which he had imbibed while an infant, the amount of the debt at the period of his incarceration having accumulated to twelve thousand francs!

A law formerly prevailed in France, that if a debtor escaped, the keeper became responsible for his debt. Of course this arrangement rendered evasion extremely difficult; nevertheless, to revenge some real or fancied injustice, a singular trick was played by a debtor, which greatly amused the Parisians. A certain Monsieur L—— having contrived to escape, presented himself one evening at the house of his astonished creditor.

'You see,' said he, 'I am free. You may seize me, certainly, and send me back to jail, but I can never pay you; whereas, if you will give me money enough to escape out of the country, you can claim your debt of the keeper who can.'

The creditor, who does not seem to have been very scrupulous, consented to this arrangement, on condition that he himself saw Monsieur L—— off by the diligence; which having done, and feeling himself safe, he on the following morning knocked at the gate of Clichy, and asked the keeper if he remembered him.

'Certainly,' said the functionary; 'you are the creditor of Monsieur L——.'

'Exactly,' answered the creditor; 'and you are doubtless aware that Monsieur L—— has effected his escape, and that you are now responsible to me for the six thousand francs he owes me?'

But instead of the face of dismay he expected, the officer began to laugh, and assured him that Monsieur L—— was safe in his room, and should immediately make his appearance, which, on being summoned, he did. The prisoner had his joke and his few hours of

liberty, and the creditor his disappointment, which his dishonest intentions well merited. So many debtors escape, that it was lately proposed to revive this law, now obsolete; but the suggestion was negative, under the apprehension that this trick of Monsieur L——'s might be repeated in right earnest.

There is a singular story told of a young man called Pierrot Dubourg, who was for some time a prisoner in the Luxembourg. Pierrot was a young farmer, who in 1788 resided about twenty miles from Paris. Handsome, gay, and prosperous in his circumstances, he was one of the happiest of men; the more so, that he had won the affections of a beautiful young girl called Geneviève, who had promised to become his wife. When the period appointed for the wedding approached, Pierrot told her that he must go to Paris for a short time, promising to bring her on his return all sorts of pretty things for her *corbeille*. Well, Pierrot went, but he did not return. Geneviève waited and waited, week after week, and month after month; till at last, overcome by an anxiety which was rendered more acute from a spice of jealousy, she determined to seek him in the great city herself. She knew the address of the house he lodged at on his arrival, and thither she directed her steps.

'Monsieur Pierrot Dubourg?' said the woman of the house; 'certainly he lodged here, but that is some months ago: he has been in prison ever since, and is not likely to get out, I fancy, for he was sent there by the Comte de Fersen!'

Further inquiry elicited the following particulars:—Pierrot, on his arrival in Paris, with plenty of money in his pocket, had fallen into the hands of a set of persons who had very soon relieved him of it, and indeed of everything he possessed besides. These were the servants of some of the profligate courtiers of those days, whose morals appear to have been of the same complexion as their masters'. The person who had introduced him into this nest of plunderers was the Comte de Fersen's coachman, and when Pierrot found himself ruined, it was to him he attributed the mischievous. Irritated and miserable at the loss, he one day relieved his vexation by falling foul of the offender just as he was mounting his box, full dressed, to drive his master to court. Of course the comte, who was in the carriage, was indignant, and poor Pierrot soon found himself in prison.

It might have been supposed that Geneviève would be very much grieved when she heard this story, but, on the contrary, she was very happy: her lover was not unfaithful, only unfortunate, and with a determined will she set about getting him free. But although she succeeded at last, the success cost her very dear, and strange to say, it cost the king of France very dear too. After addressing herself to the police and the judges, and after presenting a petition to the king, which remained unanswered, and kneeling in the dust as the queen passed to Versailles, who drove on without attending to her, Geneviève at length procured an introduction to the Baron de Besenval, the favourite of the Comte d'Artois, the king's brother, to whom she made many prayers and many visits; and then one morning Pierrot Dubourg found himself, he knew not why or wherefore, suddenly at liberty. As he stepped into the street, an old woman accosted him, and bade him follow her. After walking some distance, she begged permission to tie a handkerchief over his eyes, to which—his curiosity being greatly excited—he consented. When the bandage was removed, Pierrot opened his eyes in a magnificent apartment, where nothing met his view but satin, velvet, gold, and glass, and before him stood a lady attired like a princess, but masked. Alas! it was the old story of Claudio and Angelo. Furious with rage, Pierrot struck her, and then, ashamed of the unmanly act, he was about to rush from the room; but she stopped him, and after telling him that she gave him back his vows, and renounced his love, she handed him a packet containing her peasant's dress, and all the presents he had made her in their happy

days: and so they parted; and when Pierrot returned home, and they asked him what had become of Geneviève, he said she was dead.

This happened in the reign of Louis XVI., and one might wonder how the humble Pierrot's disappointed love could influence the destiny of the king of France; and yet it did so. Pierrot had quitted Paris with his heart full of bitterness against the aristocracy; but more especially against the king, who had rejected Geneviève's petition; and against the queen, who had disdained her tears and prayers. After staying a short time in his formerly happy home, the contrast with the past, and the cruel recollections constantly suggested, became too bitter for him, and he wandered away, living an irregular sort of life, and mingling more and more with the violent republicans, to whom his only tie was, that they, too, hated the court and the courtiers. The course of his travels having at length brought him to St Menehould, he happened to be one day lounging in the streets, when, observing two carriages approaching, he stopped to see them pass. His surprise may be conceived when, on the driving-seat of one of them, dressed as a servant, he recognised the Comte de Fersen! Such a disguise could not be worn for nothing, and urged by hatred, he drew near the carriage, and looked in. There sat the queen of France, whilst the king, attired as a valet, was awkwardly endeavouring to perform the duties of his supposed office. It was Pierrot Dubourg who whispered to Drouet the postmaster who the travellers were, and it was he who accompanied Drouet's son in pursuit of the unhappy fugitives, who were overtaken at Varennes, and brought back to Paris. Pierrot Dubourg came too, and after losing sight of him for some time, we find him again filling the office of assistant executioner, in which situation he witnessed the beheading of his once-loved Geneviève, who was guillotined on the same day with Madame Dubarry.

Monsieur Arago, in his *Éloge of Lavoisier*, relates that this great chemist might possibly have escaped the death inflicted by his ignorant and ungrateful countrymen, who told him they had no more need of learned men, had he not been more anxious for the safety of others than his own. A poor woman in the neighbourhood of the Luxembourg had received him into her house, where she neglected no precautions for his safety and concealment; but his alarm for the consequences to his benefactress should he be discovered, distressed him so much more than his own danger, that he made repeated attempts to escape from her friendly roof, which she, by her vigilance, defeated. One night, however, he succeeded in eluding her watchfulness, and the next day saw him in the Luxembourg, whence he was removed to the Conciergerie, on his rapid way to the scaffold.

Condorcet, the great mathematician, is said to have lost his life by not knowing how many eggs there should be in an omelette. Aware that he was suspected by Robespierre—for though a republican, he had dared to pity the royal family—he disfigured his face and hands with mortar, and fled from Paris in the disguise of a mason. After passing twenty-four hours in a wood, hunger drove him to a little inn, where he ordered an omelette.

'Of how many eggs?' asked the servant.

'Twelve,' replied the philosopher at random. A mason ordering an omelette of twelve eggs awakened suspicion; he was searched, and a volume of Horace being found in his pocket, he was arrested. Unable to face the scaffold, Condorcet took poison, and died on the road to Paris.

Everybody knows that the horrors of the French Revolution were redeemed by many noble actions. We have told the story of Bouchotte at St Pelagie. Benoit, the keeper of the Luxembourg, also distinguished himself by many generous and courageous deeds. He saved the life of the Duchess of Orleans, the mother of Louis-Philippe, by refusing to give her up when summoned before the Committee of Public Safety. He declared

she was ill—dying—all but dead, and thus averted her fate till she had an opportunity of obtaining protection.

A lady called Jeanne Faurie also found a powerful friend in a jailor of the Luxembourg. She was young, and extremely beautiful, and although Rifauf was looked upon as one of the most inflexible of functionaries, her bright eyes melted his rigidity. He procured her pens, ink, paper, and books. ‘I know my character and my life are at stake,’ said he; ‘but speak! command me! Whatever you desire I will do.’ When he heard that she was on the list of persons to be executed, he gave her a disguise and all the money he had, and set her at liberty. For some time he concealed the lady’s flight; but when it could be no longer kept secret, he went to Benoit, confessed his fault, and demanded the punishment. Benoit, however, did not betray him; and Jeanne Faurie’s escape was not known till there was no danger in making it public. The Luxembourg was called the Reservoir of the Conciergerie, and Josephine Beauharouis was confined here before being transferred to the latter prison. It is related that when she afterwards resided in the Luxembourg as wife of the First Consul, she one day intreated Bonaparte to accompany her to the cell she had formerly inhabited. When there, she asked him for his sword, with which she raised one of the flags, and there, to her great joy, she found a ring given her by her mother, on which she set the highest value. She told him that when she was summoned to quit the prison, supposing she was going to the scaffold, she had contrived to conceal the jewel, which she could not bear to think should fall into the hands of the public executioner.

Amongst the names inscribed on the keeper’s register of the Luxembourg, are those of the ministers of Charles X. in 1830, and also that of Louis-Napoleon, the present President of the French Republic, who was confined here after the unsuccessful affair of Strasburg.

NEW THEORY OF POPULATION.

THE idea of Mr Malthus, that population has a tendency to increase faster than the means of subsistence, unless some powerful and obvious checks be interposed to keep down the race to the level of subsistence, has been recently met by Mr Doubleday with a denial and an effort at refutation. From an article by Mr Hickson in the last number of the ‘Westminster Review,’ we learn that Mr Doubleday endeavours to show grounds for believing that, while there are powerful tendencies to increase beyond the limits of subsistence, there are likewise tendencies to a decrease, which must result in preserving what may be called a balance between the quantity of food and the number of people. Mankind, from Adam downwards to our own day, have gone forward and backward in numbers by a series of fits and starts—they have by no means been going on as a constantly-increasing quantity. Look at the countries in the East mentioned in the Bible—Egypt, Judæa, Asia Minor, Persia, Assyria. Once densely peopled, they are now either desolate, or inhabited by a poor decaying remnant of the proud races which formerly inhabited them. Egypt would soon expire as a nation if not constantly recruited by fresh arrivals from abroad. Neither China nor India is so populous as it was two thousand years ago. The cultivated aboriginal races of America, who left monuments of their greatness, long since disappeared, and were succeeded by tribes of Indians, who are now rapidly disappearing. The history of the world presents many other instances of an entire disappearance of populations.

No doubt war, pestilence, famine, vice, and misery, have all played an important part in sweeping away nations, or in reducing the numbers of their people; but Mr Doubleday holds it to be demonstrable that redundancy of population is prevented in a less continuous degree by these causes, than by one which Mal-

thus altogether overlooks—one, in fact, which militates against his theory. The mention of this check, which is only of recent discovery, will come upon most persons as a surprise: it is *comfort*—easy circumstances, allied with cultivated feeling; and, to all appearance, the easier the circumstances, the less the increase. Mr Doubleday thinks it would not perhaps be going too far to say, that by carrying these influences a certain length, the race might become extinct. As proof, he refers to the gradual dying out of families among the aristocracy and baronetage—two orders of persons who, above all others, might be expected to be prolific in descendants:—

‘Thus it has been,’ proceeds this writer, ‘that the peerage of England, instead of being old, is recent; and the baronetage, though comparatively of modern origin, equally so. In short, few, if any, of the Norman nobility, and almost as few of the original baronets’ families of King James I., exist at this moment; and but for perpetual creations, both orders must have been all but extinct. * * * Of James I.’s creation in A.D. 1611, only thirteen families now remain; a decay certainly extraordinary, and not to be accounted for upon the ordinary ideas of mortality and power of increase amongst mankind.’

Commenting on these facts, the reviewer observes:—‘Several instances from humbler, but still wealthy, or at least comfortable classes of society, are given by Mr Doubleday, tending to the same conclusion, that an ample provision of the means of subsistence does not necessarily act as a stimulus to population, but often seems to have a directly contrary tendency; as if ease and abundance were the real check of population, and a certain amount of poverty and privation were essential to any considerable increase. Thus he mentions the case of the free burgesses of the wealthy corporation of Newcastle-upon-Tyne, a body, in 1710, of about 1800, possessing estates and endowments, and exclusive privileges, amply sufficient to protect every individual among them from want; and shows that, although all the sons of every citizen were free by birth, their numbers would have diminished had they not been recruited from without; and that, even with the aid of contested elections, when freemen by purchase were admitted for the sake of votes, the entire body of burgesses remained nearly stationary for upwards of a century. This, too, while the poorer corporation of Berwick-upon-Tweed doubled the number of its free citizens during the same period.

‘The examples of the corporation of Durham and Richmond in Yorkshire are adduced to the same effect; but we need not go so far north for corroborative evidence of the same class of facts. In the corporation of London, all the children of a citizen, whether male or female, enjoy the right of freedom by inheritance; and as many of the exclusive privileges of this body have not yet been done away, women still exercise in the city various avocations in their own name (such, for instance, as the trade of a town carman), from which the rest of the inhabitants of the metropolis, non-freemen, are excluded. Until recently, the freedom of the corporation of London was essential to a share in the administration of revenues amounting to upwards of a million per annum, and is still indispensable to a large portion of them. We may reasonably conclude that it was an object of some importance to the ancient citizens of London to keep the patronage connected with such large funds in their own hands, or to leave it in the hands of their own posterity. This object, however, has been so entirely defeated, that if we now inquire into the origin of the present holders of the good things in the gift of the London corporation and the trading companies, we find they are nearly all north-countrymen, who have elbowed their way into the city from Scotland or the provinces, and that the descendants of such men as Sir William Walworth and Sir Thomas Gresham are nowhere to be found.

‘During the forty years from 1794 to 1833, the admissions by patrimony to the freedom of the corporation of London were only 7794 out of a total of 40,221 admitted—a third of the number having been strangers who purchased their freedom, and one-half sons of strangers obtaining their freedom by apprenticeship.’

Mr Doubleday’s explanation of these phenomena is to the effect, that it is not misery, but comfort, which

deadens the principle of increase. It is notorious that the poorest parents have, as a general rule, the greatest number of children. Only feed people on potatoes and salt, oatmeal-porridge, or any other plain fare, and let them at the same time maintain a struggle to get even that, and sure enough their firesides, or the places where the fire should be, will be garnished by as plenteous a crop of youngsters as you could wish to behold! How these children are fed it is often so difficult to comprehend, that one is almost driven to the conclusion that they somehow live and have strength to romp about on the mere element—fresh air. It is very clear that nature abhors all sorts of codling and pampering:—

'It is a fact, admitted by all gardeners as well as botanists,' says Mr Doubleday, 'that if a tree, plant, or flower be placed in a mould either naturally or artificially made too rich for it, a plethoric state is produced, and fruitfulness ceases. In trees, the effect of strong manures and over-rich soils is, that they run to superfluous wood, blossom irregularly, and chiefly at the extremities of the outer branches, and almost, or entirely, cease to bear fruit. With flowering shrubs and flowers the effect is, first, that the flower becomes double, and loses its power of producing seed; next, it ceases almost even to flower. If the application of the stimulus of manure is carried still further, flowers and plants become diseased in the extreme, and speedily die; thus, by this wise provision of Providence, the transmission of disease (the certain consequence of the highly-plethoric state, whether in plants, animals, or in mankind) is guarded against, and the species shielded from danger on the side of plenty. In order to remedy this state when accidentally produced, gardeners and florists are accustomed, by various devices, to produce the opposite, or depletive state; this they peculiarly denominate "giving a check." In other words, they put the species in danger in order to produce a corresponding determined effort of nature to insure its perpetuation—and the end is invariably attained. Thus, in order to make fruit-trees bear plentifully, gardeners delay, or impede, the rising of the sap, by cutting rings in the bark round the tree. This, to the tree, is the production of a state of depletion, and the abundance of fruit is the effort of nature to counteract the danger. The fig, when grown in this climate, is particularly liable to drop its fruit when half-matured. This, gardeners now find, can be prevented by pruning the tree so severely as to give it a check; or, if grown in a pot, by cutting a few inches from its roots all round, so as to produce the same effect. The result is, that the tree retains, and carefully matures, its fruit. In like manner, when a gardener wishes to save seed from a gourd or cucumber, he does not give the plant an extra quantity of manure or warmth. He does just the contrary: he subjects it to some hardship, and takes the fruit that is least fine-looking, foreknowing it will be filled with seed whilst the finest fruit are nearly destitute. Upon the same principle, it is a known fact, that after severe and long winters, the harvests are correspondingly rapid and abundant. Vines bear most luxuriantly after being severely tried by frost; and grass springs in the same extraordinary manner. After the long and trying winter of 1836-37, when the snow lay upon the ground in the northern counties until June, the spring of grass was so wonderful as to cause several minute experiments by various persons. The result was, that in a single night of twelve hours the blade of grass was ascertained frequently to have advanced full three-quarters of an inch; and wheat and other grain progressed in a similar manner.'

It is shown by facts, that in the animal economy a low physical state, of course along with air and exercise, is equally favourable. In proportion, therefore, as conditions adverse to this simple principle are encouraged, so will the ratio of increase be limited. Indulgent idleness, want of out-door exercise, codling with cordials, dosing with medicines, tight-lacing, late hours, mental excitement, and fifty other things, induce the physical weakness and irritability which renders the production of offspring an impossibility. Causes of this kind, operating along with those artificial restraints, the validity of which Malthus is so far right in recognising, are mainly concerned in keeping population within bounds. It would then appear, that so long as there is an abject, struggling poor, ignorant and ill-fed, there will be

a vigorous growth, a dangerous population—dangerous, because redundant as respects their capacity and will to work. On the other hand, by an universal spread of education, by the cultivation of rational tastes and habits, and by the simple mode of living which such tastes would engender, there will ensue something like a medium between a relatively-redundant and a comparative extinction of population.

THE IRISH BARON.

AN ANECDOTE OF REAL LIFE.

AT the beginning of the present century a certain regiment was ordered to Ireland, and was very soon dispersed over various districts. One detachment was sent to Ballybrag, and when the officer in command and his two subalterns met at the wretched pothouse (for it was scarcely an inn) where they were to mess, and began to discuss their prospects of amusement, they were quite thrown out. There was no visiting, no hunting, no shooting, no billiard-table, no horses to ride, no milliners to flirt with, not so much as even 'a bridge to spit over.' In those days military men had rarely a literary turn, but books became of so much importance, that they read over the few they possessed, and sent to the nearest town, which was very distant, for more. Active amusement, however, was what they chiefly desired; and one evening the countenances of all three became animated, during a listless ramble, at the sight of a boy in a crownless hat, torn coat, and nether integuments held on by a single button; he was shouting forth 'The County Tyrone,' as he dangled a brace of trout in one hand, and switched the air with a long wand he held in the other, his curly hair blowing over his bright rosy countenance in the fresh breeze, the picture of health and careless happiness.

'Hollo! my fine fellow! where did you catch these trout?'

'Please your honour, in the Junnagh, just beyant.'

'Beyant! where's that?'

'Just behind them hills there's plenty. If I had but a fishing-rod, and something more sensible nor a crooked pin!'

'What a handsome intelligent boy! What's your name?'

'Patrick O'Sale, please your honour.'

'Well, Paddy, you'll show us the troutng stream, and I'll give you a shilling.'

Patrick O'Sale had heard of a shilling, but had never yet seen one; so his gratitude was unbounded: he not only showed them the stream, but made rush-baskets for the fish they caught, told them tales, sung them songs, and, in short, by his good-humour and intelligent fun, very much enlivened their stay at Ballybrag. He was very proud of the notice of these gentlemen, was happy to be employed in doing anything for them, and when the route came, manifested so much genuine sorrow, that they resolved to adopt him, and make him, in fact, a *fils du régiment*. He accordingly began his military career as a fifer in the —th regiment, and when older, entered the ranks, and became servant to his first friend, Captain B——. Very soon he distinguished himself by his extraordinary intelligence and orderly conduct, which promoted him to the rank of sergeant; twice he headed a forlorn-hope, and upon all occasions showed so much bravery and prudence, that upon the first vacancy he was unanimously recommended for an ensigncy, which he obtained, retaining as an officer the good opinion he had before possessed of all his former comrades. He was a remarkably handsome man, and, we need scarcely observe, a very clever one also, taking advantage of all that fell in his way as to education, &c. But alas! no one is perfect; and Patrick O'Sale was vain and extremely ambitious: so, not wishing to remain where his very humble origin was so well known, he exchanged into another regiment, and very soon became equally popular with his new companions as he had been with his old friends of the —th.

The peace reduced him and many others to half-pay, and with it and his handsome person he resolved to take his chance of fortune. He settled himself in a town on the north coast of France, and looked about for a wife. Not long had he to wait: his proficiency in French, which his quick capacity enabled him to pick up easily, opened many doors which were shut against his higher-born but less talented compatriots; and ere long, the widow of a hotel-keeper, twenty years his senior, gave him to understand that he needed but to propose. Whether this was in all respects the prize he looked for it is hard to say; but they married, and lived together three years, during which time he behaved to her with affectionate kindness; and when she died, she left him all that was in her power, which, although much less than he had hoped for, made up, together with his half-pay, a reasonably good income. This, although it would have been mere pittance to most men, seemed a fortune to our adventurer; and with it he started for Paris, where he made so good a figure, that a young and handsome widow manifested the same admiration his former less distinguished wife had done. We need not enter into a description of the affair further than to say that it terminated as the other had done—in marriage. While arranging the preliminaries, the lady objected to his name.

'O'Sale!' cried she (*eau sale!*—dirty water!); 'never can I follow such a name into a drawing-room!'

'I am very sorry, but it is my name.'

'Is there no *title* in your family?'

'No,' stoutly answered the quondam Paddy.

'What, then, is the name of your father's estate?'

He thought of the cabin in which he had passed his childhood—the pig, his playmate that had paid its rent—his father, in his long frieze coat, with a hay-band round his hat—and his mother, attired in the fluttering rags which so many of the Irish seem to think impart an airy smartness to their dress; perhaps, too, he thought with regret of the warm hearts that had beat beneath them, so fond, so proud of him; and the 'sunshine' of his own 'breast,' that, in spite of his almost uninterrupted good-fortune, had never bounded so lightly since: but at anyrate he answered with admirably-acted quiet dignity, 'It is, alas! no longer in our family.'

'But,' persisted the lady, 'you were born near some village—in some parish that had a name?'

'The village of Ballybrag was not far from our residence.'

'A la bonne heure—that will do excellently well! Call yourself the Baron de Ballybrag.'

'Call myself?'

'Mais oui, why not? I shall not object to be named De Ballybrag.'

She accordingly had her cards printed 'La Bonne de Ballybrag,' and her husband, who, after all, had a fondness for his patronymic, left his with his acquaintances as the Baron O'Sale de Ballybrag. One of these I preserve as a memento of the odd characters and adventures which so frequently make real life resemble a romance.

CHEMICAL INQUIRIES.

Experience had long taught the Scotch that oats, such as they grow in their climate, are a most nutritious food; but the habits of the more influential English, and the ridicule of a prejudiced lexicographer, were beginning to make them ashamed of their national diet. Chemistry has here stepped in, and by her analysis of both, has proved not only that the oat is richer in muscle-forming matter than the grain of wheat, but that oatmeal is in all respects a better form of nourishment than the finest wheaten flour. But what is more, chemistry has brought us acquainted with the value of parts of the grain formerly considered almost as waste. The husk or bran of wheat, for example, though given at times to pigs, to millers' horses, and other cattle, was usually thought to possess but little nutritive virtue in itself. Analysis, however, has shown it to be actually richer in muscular matter than

the white interior of the grain. Thus the cause of its answering so well as food for cattle is explained; and it is shown that its use in bread (whole-meal bread) must be no less nutritive than economical. The true value of other kinds of food is also established by these inquiries. Cabbage is a crop which, up to the present time, has not been a general favourite in this country, either in the stall or for the table, except during early spring and summer. In North Germany and Scandinavia, however, it appears to have been long esteemed, and various modes of storing it for winter use have been very generally practised. But the cabbage is one of the plants which has been chemically examined, in consequence of the failure of the potato, with the view of introducing it into general use, and the result of the examination is both interesting and unexpected. When dried so as to bring it into a state in which it can be compared with our other kinds of food (wheat, oats, beans, &c.), it is found to be *richer in muscular matter than any other crop we grow*. Wheat contains only about 12 per cent., and beans 25 per cent.; but dried cabbage contains from 30 to 40 per cent. of the so-called protein compounds. According to our present views, therefore, it is pre-eminently nourishing. Hence if it can but be made generally agreeable to the palate, and easy of digestion, it is likely to prove the best and easiest cultivated substitute for the potato; and no doubt the Irish kol-cannon (cabbage and potatoes beat together) derives part of its reputation from the great muscle-sustaining power of the cabbage—a property in which the potato is most deficient. Further, it is of interest—of national importance, we may say—that an acre of ordinary land will, according to the above result, produce a greater weight of this special kind of nourishment in the form of cabbage than in the form of any other crop. Thus twenty tons of cabbage—and good land will produce, in good hands, forty tons of drum-head cabbage on an imperial acre—contain fifteen hundred pounds of muscular matter; while twenty-five bushels of beans contain only four hundred pounds; as many of wheat only two hundred, twelve tons of potatoes only five hundred and fifty, and even thirty tons of turnips only thousand pounds. The preference which some farmers have long given to this crop, as food for their stock and their milk-cows, is accounted for by these facts; while of course they powerfully recommend its more general cultivation as food for man. Again:—In many parts of our island furze or gorse grows up an unheeded weed, and luxuriates in favourable spots without being applied to any useful purpose. In other districts, however, it is already an object of valuable though easy culture, and large breadths of it are grown for the feeding of stock, and yield profitable returns. Chemical researches show its nutritive property to be very great. Of muscle-building materials it contains, when dry, as much as 30 per cent., and is therefore in this respect superior to beans, and inferior only to the cabbage. Under these circumstances we can no longer doubt the conclusions at which some experimental feeders had previously arrived, nor the advantage which might be obtained from the more extensive cultivation of gorse on many poor and hitherto almost neglected soils.—*Edinburgh Review.*

INDIAN POST-OFFICE.

There has been a great outcry against the post-office as well as the police in Gangetic India. Newspapers are charged by weight, so that before they can pass for single postage they must make use of the smallest-sized sheet to be found in the meanest provincial town in England; the paper must be as thin as a bank-note. In our rainy season, if near full weight, it absorbs moisture so rapidly as to be charged double postage at its journey's end: the postage on a daily paper, from moderate distances, amounts to L5 a year. The mails are carried in leather bags on men's heads, and so negligently made up, that they occasionally reach their destination in a state of pulp. Thousands of rupees are annually abstracted from letters, and every variety of misconduct prevails. At the presidencies, the salary of the postmasters is from L2000 to L3000—the heads of the departments are civilians, who have been judges or collectors of revenue, and never saw the inside of a post-office till they came to preside over it. At out-stations, officers in the army get postmasterships as perquisites, the duties in every case being performed by subordinates. The subject has been a standing grievance time out of mind, but there is not the slightest appearance of its meeting with attention.—*Bombay Times.*

RICE.

It is a subject of wonder to many why the article 'rice,' which has for a long time been so extremely plentiful, and consequently cheap, does not enter into more general consumption in this country. I think the true answer is this:—'Because very few amongst us know how to prepare it for table'; for not one cook in ten can ever plain boil it fit to be seen and eaten, and not one in twenty (strange as it may appear) can make a 'rice-pudding.' Now the first may be accomplished by using only so much water as the rice will absorb in boiling, by which each grain will be kept free and separated, and the mass not made into starch or paste, as is generally the case; and the second can be perfected by putting one teacupful of rice to one quart of milk, adding sugar to suit the taste, a small quantity of chopped suet, butter, or dripping, grating a little nutmeg on the top, and baking as usual. This will be found one of the cheapest, lightest, and most delicious puddings that can be eaten, and very superior to a 'rice-pudding,' as generally made with eggs, &c. which not only add to its expense, but destroy the character of the dish. In most parts of Ireland, where, during the summer season, milk can be had for almost nothing, the above simple recipe would, I think, be invaluable, and no doubt generate a taste for this most wholesome grain, to the especial benefit of the poorer part of the population.—*Daily News.*

AMERICAN WHITEWASH.

The following recipe is used for preparing the celebrated stucco whitewash used on the east end of the president's house at Washington:—Take half a bushel of good unslacked lime, slack it with boiling water, covering it during the process to keep in the steam. Strain the liquor through a fine sieve or strainer, and add to it a peck of clean salt, previously dissolved in warm water, three pounds of good rice, ground to a thin paste, and stirred while boiling hot; half a pound of powdered Spanish whiting, and a pound of clean glue, which has been previously dissolved by first soaking it well, and then hanging it over a slow fire in a small kettle, within a large one filled with water. Add five gallons of hot water to the mixture; stir it well, and let it stand a few days, covered from dirt. It should be put on quite hot; for this purpose it can be kept in a kettle on a portable furnace. It is said that about one pint of this mixture will cover a square yard upon the outside of a house, if properly applied. Brushes more or less may be used according to the neatness of the job required. It retains its brilliancy for many years. There is nothing of the kind that will compare with it either for inside or outside walls. Any required tinge can be given to the preparation by the addition of colouring matter.—*Mining Journal.*

A FRENCHMAN'S DESCRIPTION OF AN ENGLISH PUBLIC DINNER.

Nothing is more curious than one of these repasts, which recall to mind the feasts described by Homer. Enormous pieces of beef, whole sheep, monstrous fishes, load an immense table bristling with bottles. The guests, clothed in black, calm and serious, seat themselves in silence, and with the air which one takes at a funeral. Behind the president is placed a functionary called the toast-master. It is he who is charged to make the speeches. The president whispers to him the *mot d'ordre*, and 'Gentlemen,' says he with the voice of a Stentor, 'I am about to propose to you a toast which cannot fail to be received by you with great favour—it is the health of the very honourable, very respectable, and very considerable Sir Robert Peel, &c. &c.' The guests then, shaking off their silent apathy, rise all at once, as if they were moved by springs, and respond to the invitation by thundering forth frantic cries. While the glasses are being emptied, three young girls with bare shoulders slip from behind a screen and play a tune on the piano. The toasts do not cease until the guests, having strength neither to rise nor to remain seated, roll under the table.—*M. Eugène Guinot in the Siècle (Paris paper).*

FIRES IN CHIMNEYS.

A French gentleman, M. Maratuch, has found by experiments, if three frames of wire are placed near the base of the chimney, about one foot apart, whilst no flame will pass through them, the draught will not be impeded. As most of the soot lodges on the uppermost wire, but little on the second, and none on the third, he suggests that a brush be applied daily to keep them clean, and the chimney will never want sweeping.

AUTUMN LEAVES.

SISTER, hear ye not the rustling
Of the sere leaves as they fall?
Teach they not—thus dropping, dying—
A lesson worth the heed of all?
Nature preaching, ever teaching,
A lesson worth the heed of all.

Once these leaves were fresh and verdant,
Warmed by sunshine into birth;
Now chilled by nipping blasts of autumn,
They drop unto their mother earth.
For wise reason, but a season!
They drop unto their mother earth.

Some linger still, but yellow, faded,
No more with green the boughs adorn;
No shelter yield where erst they shaded;
Reft of their kindred, lone, forlorn.
Lifeless seeming, lustless gleaming,
Reft of their kindred, lone, forlorn.

So, though thou'rt now arrayed in satin,
And pearls are glistening in thy hair;
Anon thou'l have a warmer garment—
Gray hairs instead of pearls thou'l wear:
Weeds arraying, grief betraying,
Gray hairs instead of pearls thou'l wear.

Then, sister, let us muse and ponder
On these leaves from nature's page;
And prepare, while yet in season,
For a pure and happy age:
Undespairing, be preparing,
For a pure and happy age.

I would not damp thy smile of gladness,
Or cast a shadow o'er thy youth;
But ever shun the paths of folly,
Cleave to virtue and to truth:
Self-denying, faith relying,
Cleave to virtue and to truth.

For neither youth, nor health, nor beauty,
Can from Time's stern clutches save;
But all must drop, like leaves of autumn,
To the cold and silent grave:
Aye we're dropping, never stopping,
To the cold and silent grave.

SUSAN PINKERTON.

THE POISON OF THE VIPER.

The poison of the viper consists of a yellowish liquid secreted in a glandular structure (situated immediately below the skin on either side of the head), which is believed to represent the parotid gland of the higher animals. If a viper be made to bite something solid, so as to void its poison, the following are the appearances under the microscope:—At first nothing is seen but a parcel of salts nimly floating in the liquor, but in a very short time these saline particles shoot out into crystals of incredible tenuity and sharpness, with something like knots here and there, from which these crystals seem to proceed, so that the whole texture in a manner represents a spider's web, though infinitely finer and more minute. These spiculae, or darts, will remain unaltered on the glass for some months. Five or six grains of this viperine poison, mixed with half an ounce of human blood, received in a warm glass, produce no visible effects, either in colour or consistence, nor do portions of this poisoned blood, mixed with acids or alkalies, exhibit any alterations. When placed on the tongue, the taste is sharp and acrid, as if the tongue had been struck with something scalding or burning; but this sensation goes off in two or three hours. There are only five cases on record of death following the bite of the viper; and it has been observed that the effects are most virulent when the poison has been received on the extremities, particularly the fingers and toes, at which parts the animal, when irritated (as it were by an innate instinct), always takes its aim.—*F. T. Buckland.*

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TRACINGS OF THE NORTH OF EUROPE.

ELSINORE—GOTTENBURG.

I LEFT Copenhagen for Elsinore on the last day of June, with two companions, in a *char-a-banc*; a rough but not inconvenient kind of carriage drawn by two horses. We took the route by Fredericksborg (different from the Fredericksberg already mentioned), in order to visit that most distinguished of all the Danish palaces. The king was living in it at the time; but this was understood to present no difficulty. The life of Frederick VII. is remarkably modest and unobtrusive. Allowing his ministers to govern according to the best of their judgment, he is content to live in the manner almost of a private gentleman. It was stated that at this time, when half the sovereigns of Europe were in the agonies of a revolutionary crisis, the attention of the Danish monarch was chiefly engrossed by some ancient sepulchral tumuli found in his neighbourhood. So great is his disrelish of royal state and parade, that he can only with difficulty be induced to come occasionally to town to give audiences and attend reviews. Yet Denmark is a year old in a constitution which grants something approaching to universal suffrage. Very probably the Sleswig-Holstein war is what has secured this internal peace. Uniting in this external object, the people have escaped as yet the danger of falling together by the ears about progress and reaction. So for once a democratic movement has not been attended by a crop of folly and outrage.

The country passed over in our drive is composed of the tame undulations usual in the chalk formation, varied only by a few lakes and some fine woods. We snatched an interval required for resting the horses to see the queen-dowager's palace at Lundby, which we found to be a plain building situated amongst some pleasant groves, but in no way remarkable, except that the domain was open at all points to any one who chose to leave the high road by which it is skirted. We walked over the grounds, and penetrated into the garden, asking no leave, and meeting no resistance or challenge—a proof not so much, I apprehend, of any special liberality in the royal possessor, as of great harmlessness in the people; for certainly without *that*, no such indulgence could be extended. The inferiority of the place in point of trimness to similar places in England, and the meagre show of plants in the garden, were remarkable. That fastidious mowing, and paring, and cleaning, which is continually going on round a country residence in England, is unknown in the north of Europe.

All along our way to Fredericksborg I observed heaps of granite and gneiss boulders, ready to be broken up for the repair of the roads. They were to me an interesting set of objects, as being my first introduction to

the grand Drift Formation of the north. To most readers it will be enough for the present to say that they are masses of stone belonging to the granitic and gneissic countries of northern Sweden and Finland, which have been carried southward, probably for the most part by icebergs floating in the sea by which this region was once overspread. They are found imbedded in the clayey and gravelly covering of the country, or encumbering its surface; and now the farmers are allowed something for carting them to the roadsides, that they may be pounded down by the disciples of Macadam. The *kirb-stones*, which form the only approach to a pavement in Copenhagen are from the same source. I examined many of the wayside heaps, as well as those presented in gravel-pits, and found a few with traces of striation, denoting their having undergone rubbing in the transport; but these were rare objects. The cultivated land seems now pretty well cleared of them; but they still abound in forest ground. The sand of the aforesaid gravel-pits is in many places stratified, marking the deposition by water; but I nowhere could detect shells.

At length the pinnacles of Fredericksborg began to appear over the dull landscape, and we speedily found ourselves seated in the village inn at a very tolerable dinner. When this was concluded, we sauntered to the palace, which we found to be a huge brick edifice of the Elizabethan style, forming three sides of a square, with detached masses and courtyards, the whole closely surrounded by water. It is one of the many memorials of the magnificence of the fourth Christian, but was built on the site of a former palace; and amongst the few traces of the original left, is a small island covered with shrubbery. The shrubbery had been planted by Frederick II., the father of Christian, in commemoration of the son having been born on the spot; and under a feeling with which we can all sympathise, the reforming king left this shrubbery untouched. It is said that the new palace took fifteen years in building. Here, again, one wonders that so small a state could at that time furnish funds for the erection of such sumptuous edifices. The unchecked authority exercised by its princes is the only explanation of the mystery. They seem to have regarded palace-building as a legitimate amusement for their leisure hours, and to have been under no sort of scruple as to the sufferings of their people in furnishing the requisite funds. A Danish king, in the last century, told his young queen, in a fit of gallantry, that if she should kill a deer in the chase, he would build a palace on the spot. Such, I am told, was the actual origin of one of the numerous palaces which now adorn the country. To find ourselves now in this gray, old-fashioned château, and be told that the king lived in it, seeing as we did no trace of any state or pageantry whatever, and scarcely any mark of the

place being inhabited at all, raised some curious speculations in our minds as to the change of the relations of monarch and subject since the days of Christian IV.

The grand sight of Fredericksborg is the royal chapel, forming the lower floor of one side of the square. It is a superb specimen of that mixture of Grecian and Gothic which prevailed at the end of the sixteenth century; no grandeur of plan, but infinite ornament of detail, gilt reliefs (especially on the ceiling), carvings, and fine inlaid woodwork. The pulpit has pillars of silver, and the altar-piece glows with golden images and sculptures. 'The Swedes,' says Feldborg, 'took away twelve apostles in silver, leaving the figure of Christ, which was formed of the same metal, to preach the Gospel at home, as they wickedly expressed themselves, but declaring that his apostles should do so abroad.' The screened recess for the royal family still contains a range of chairs with wrought seats, which must be coeval with the chapel, as they contain Christian's initials. There is even still the same charity-box at the door, into which this grand old prince must have popped his donations as he passed to worship; for it, too, bears his initials. The coronations of the Danish kings take place here, and this has led to an unfortunate modernisation being effected at one end of the chapel for the accommodation of the throne, with seats for the knights of the Order of the Elephant. In every other particular it is preserved exactly as it was in the days of the founder. I may remark that the shields of the living Elephantine knights adorn the gallery. When they die, these symbols of their glory are removed to a clean, well-kept crypt beneath one of the angles of the palace, where the whole series for the last two centuries may be seen. This is at once a curious historical study and a touching lecture on the transitoriness of all human grandeur.

Over the chapel, and therefore occupying the same area, is the Banqueting-Hall, certainly a most magnificent apartment, being no less than 150 feet long, and of proportionate breadth, though generally thought to be a little deficient in height. This large room is beautifully paved with diced marble, and is covered all over with gilt and painted ornaments, particularly in the ceiling, while each space of wall between two windows contains a portrait of some monarch which had been presented to the Danish sovereigns. The ceiling alone, which is said to have been the work of twenty-six carvers for seven years, might detain a curious visitor for a day, since there is scarcely a familiar animal, or a trade, or art, which is not represented in it. In one compartment you may study the business of *Distillatio*; in another that of *Impressio Librorum*, and so forth. One sees in this and similar places many valuable memorials of the things of a former age, which he cannot but regret to leave after only a hasty and superficial inspection. I am convinced that a painstaking and leisurely person, who could take accurate drawings of such objects, would, in the course of a few years' rambles over Europe, acquire the means of producing almost a complete resuscitation of our mediæval ancestors in their dresses, habits, and all other external circumstances.

When we had satisfied our curiosity with the Fredericksborg palace, we returned to the inn, and speedily resumed our *char-a-banc*, but with fresh horses. I observed with some surprise that the driver, in passing out of the town, deemed himself at liberty to take a short cut through the half-ruinous gateways and rain-bleached courts of the palace, notwithstanding the presence of royalty within the mansion. We found some fine woods extending from the palace in this direction, and peopled with deer. A short drive brought us to another palace, called Fredensberg, more modern than the last, and with some pretensions to notice. But we were too much satiated with such sights to care for an inspection of Fredensberg, and we therefore passed on to Elsinore, where we arrived betimes in the evening.

An Englishman usually approaches this town with

his mind full of Shakspeare and Hamlet, and an eager expectation to see places hallowed by association with the name of him of the inky cloak: supply naturally follows demand, and hence it is not surprising to find that a place called 'Hamlet's Garden' has been 'got up' in the neighbourhood, and established as the scene of the murder of the royal Dane. Not being disposed to have much faith in the reality of a northern prince of the fourth century before the Christian era, I entered Elsinore with comparatively sober feelings. It is a very ordinary-looking mercantile town of 8000 inhabitants (yet the fourth in Denmark), situated on a low plain beside that Sound which has originally given it consequence. Not much less than a hundred vessels of all flags lay in the calm sea in front, waiting for wind, or till they should pay their dues to the king of Denmark. It is admitted that L.150,000 per annum are thus extorted under favour of the canon of Cronberg Castle, which raises its huge form near by, like the beggar in 'Gil Blas,' whom the reader may remember described as having his gun presented on a pair of cross-sticks to enforce a demand neither less nor more justifiable. It is certainly surprising that a system so little different from the predatory practices of the Rhenish barons of the fourteenth century should still be found in vigour. I am afraid that my only true English associations with the place referred to things at which the Shakspearian enthusiast will scoff—to wit, James VI. dating during his honeymoon from Cronberg, 'quhair we are drinking and driving ower in the auld maner,' and his descendant, Queen Matilda, here sighing over the lost peace which was never more to be hers.* The mind is sometimes strangely perverse and wayward, and I often find myself interested in things for reasons sufficiently trivial. For instance, while passing through the fosses and walls which surround this hardy fortress, and while my companions were probably lost in admiration of its stately proportions, I could not help recalling a passage in Spottiswoode the historian, where, speaking of James's winter in this castle, he mentions with complacency there being no such thing as a quarrel between the Scotch and the Danes all the time, a circumstance the more wonderful, says he, 'since it is hard for men in drink, at which they were continually kept, long to agree.' After all, Cronberg is only a great quadrangular palace in the centre of a set of ordinary fortifications. The casemates in the walls are usually, however, a subject of curiosity, in consequence of a legend thus related by a native writer:—'For many ages the din of arms was now and then heard in the vaults beneath the Castle of Cronberg. None knew the cause, and there was not in all the land a man bold enough to descend into the vaults. At last a slave who had forfeited his life was told that his crime should be forgiven if he could bring intelligence of what he found in the vaults. He went down, and came to a large iron door, which opened of itself when he knocked. He found himself in a deep vault. In the centre of the ceiling hung a lamp which was nearly burnt out; and below stood a huge stone-table, round which some steel-clad warriors sat, resting their heads on their arms, which they had laid crossways. He who sat at the head of the table then rose up: it was Holger the Dane [a hero of the fabulous age]. But when he raised his head from the arms, the stone-table burst right in twain, for his beard had grown through it. "Give me thy hand," said he to the slave. The slave durst not give him the hand, but put forth an iron bar, which Holger indented with his fingers. At last he let go his hold, muttering, "It is well! I am glad there are yet men in Denmark."† What is curious, there is a similar traditional story in Scotland, referring to a person called the last of the Pechs;‡ and, if I am not mis-

* The sad story of Queen Matilda, who was sister to our George III., is related in full detail in an interesting book recently published, 'Memoirs of Sir Robert Murray Keith,' 2 vols.

† Thiele's Collection of Popular Danish Traditions.

‡ See Popular Rhymes of Scotland, third edition, p. 229.

taken, the Irish have the same legend, varied only as to the person and the locality.

Behind the town, at the base of an ancient sea-bank, lies a plain modern house called Marienlyst (Mary's Delight), which was built for the residence of the late Frederick VI. when crown-prince, and which is surrounded by a garden and pleasure-grounds open at all times to the people of Elsinore. English strangers are taken hither to see 'Hamlet's Garden'—the very scene of that foul murder which the mad-seeming prince studied to avenge; also to muse over a cicerone-made *Hamlet's grave*. I took a ramble here, to enjoy the physical beauties of the place, which are considerable, and to obtain a view of some celebrity from a platform above the house, where we command a long reach of the Sound and of the opposite coast of Sweden. A less hackneyed subject of curiosity is the geological character of the bank behind Marienlyst. It is a terrace of clayey sand extending for miles along the coast, at one uniform height in the fore part of about ninety-six feet above the waters of the Sound, the front descending at the usual angle of a talus of loose matter (38 degrees), to the low plain on which the town is situated. This bank has already attracted the attention of native geologists as a marine formation, the top being understood to have once been the beach of the sea, which had subsequently rolled on the low plain, cutting and carrying away matter from the bank rising above, so as to leave the talus which we now see. What struck me, however, with the greatest interest, was the perfect resemblance of the ground, in all its features and relations, to ancient sea-banks and terraces in Britain, even to the elevation of the terrace above the mean level of the sea—a point from which the Baltic, it will be recollectec, scarcely departs.

On the evening of the 1st July I departed from Elsinore in the Gyller steamer, which makes regular weekly voyages between Copenhagen and Christiania, calling at Elsinore and Gottenburg to receive and set down passengers. The accommodations in the vessel are sufficiently comfortable; but the weather proving rough, my actual experiences were anything but agreeable, more particularly as I was here, for the first time, exposed to a near association with one of the most odious habits of the northern nations. I do not like to speak too plainly on such a subject; but it is remarkable, even as a physiological fact, how much salivation goes off amongst some nations as compared with the generality of mankind; and the fact of a neighbour on this occasion effecting a vociferous discharge from his throat about every minute during all the time I was awake, was scarcely less curios than his carelessness about what came of the discharge was disgusting. Early in the morning I came on deck to see the low rocky coasts of Sweden looming through the thick rain and haze. On getting into the arm of the sea which leads up to Gottenburg, I was enabled to observe the rounding of the surface of the whole of the rocks along the shore, and gazed with admiration on a phenomenon, the explanation of which has proved so puzzling. Even here the perfect independence of the effect on any connection with the sea as a cause was apparent, for the smoothed surfaces everywhere descended unbroken below the waves. For a long time nothing was to be seen on land but a tract of undulating rocky ground devoid of all asperities; but at length we began to obtain glimpses of an extensive swampy plain, where the sea terminated in the embouchure of a copious river—the Götha (pronounced *Yutta*) Elv. Here we found seated the thriving mercantile town of Gottenburg. We landed in heavy rain, amidst which we had to make our way on foot to the Götha Kellare (pronounced *Chellara*), the best inn in the place, but one strikingly beneath the character of the town. The whole affair was a most dismal initiation into Sweden; but it was soon made up to me by the welcome which I experienced from a kindhearted schoolfellow and friend settled in the neighbourhood.

Under more agreeable circumstances next day, I became aware that Gottenburg is a regularly-built town of about 30,000 inhabitants, containing a remarkable proportion of good private houses—much permeated by canals, which are crossed by rather hard-favoured stone-bridges—exhibiting on the inland side some beautiful environs, throughout which are scattered many handsome mansions belonging to the most eminent merchants. Gottenburg contains several British mercantile houses, and is very much an English town, unless that my own countrymen may be said more particularly to take the lead in its society. Iron-founding and machine-making, cotton-spinning, sailcloth-making, and sugar-refining, are the chief branches of industry, all of them conducted under the protection of prohibitory duties, the Swedes being willing to buy these articles at high prices from Englishmen who will consent to make them in Sweden, rather than purchase them cheaply in England. Accordingly, several of the Gottenburg firms are understood to be realising incomes in striking disproportion to those common among the natives; one, for instance, having cleared so much as £50,000 in a year; though here, it must be remarked, the result was helped by a patent. These settlers are probably compensating in some degree for their monopolies by the impulse which they give to the indigenous population, noted in all time for the slowness of their movements, and their dislike to adopt new fashions and methods. There is a good, moreover, to be gained from commixtures of the people of two countries, in as far as it tends, by making them acquainted with each other, to extinguish mutual prejudice. As might be expected, some of the manufactures thus forced into prominence in Sweden are conducted under considerable disadvantages as compared with those of England. For example, a cotton manufacturer in Sweden cannot get a supply of his materials equably over the year, all communications being shut up during the seven months of winter. The consequent necessity of laying up a stock to serve through the winter, entailing a greater outlay of capital, is so much against him. On the other hand, he may save in the wages of his labourers. These trades are in the meanwhile prosperous; but I have a strong sense of the precariousness of any prosperity depending on protection, and believe that it would be well for the protégés to consider that the self-sacrificing whim of their Swedish customers may some day give way to an admission of the rational principle—that the cheapest market is, in all circumstances, the best.

At the time of my visit to Gottenburg, one of the leading matters of local interest was the erection of an Exchange upon an unusually handsome scale. I had an opportunity of inspecting the building, when it was all but finished, on my return from the north, and I must say that I have rarely seen any edifice presenting a more elegant interior. There are, besides the Exchange-room on the street-floor, a ball-room and supper-room, also the apartments required for a restaurant and coffee-house up stairs; and the whole are decorated in a style of taste far beyond any similar place in England that I am acquainted with. The outlay, I was told, would be £60,000 sterling; a remarkable sum to be given for such a purpose in so small a town. Verily, I thought, if some of my friends, who speak of Sweden as little better than the Frozen Regions, were to be transported into the midst of the fairy palace here erected in one of its second-rate towns, their ideas about these northern countries could not fail to undergo a change. They might turn, it is true, to the hotel, and remark with some bitterness, derived from their own experiences, that Gottenburg, while going a century ahead in an Exchange, was lingering two centuries behind in its accommodations for strangers. I had afterwards some pleasure in looking over the Chalmers School, an institution founded by a Scotch gentleman of that name in order to give young men an education in the mechanical and physical sciences. It is a large establishment, conducted in a most efficient manner, and attended by

abundance of pupils. Here, again, Gottenburg is a-head of many other places of greater pretensions. Mr Keiller's iron-foundry, where 170 people are employed, and where everything seemed in the best order, occupied an hour agreeably. Another was well devoted to Messrs Carnegie and Company's porter brewery at Klippen, a suburb of Gottenburg. The favourite beverage of London is here produced of excellent quality; and I was informed that it is extensively used in Sweden, though it might be more so but for a liquor more recently introduced—Bavarian beer—which is much better adapted to the means of the generality of the people. I likewise paid a visit to Messrs Gibson and Son's establishment at Jönsered, a few miles from town, where, in a charming rural situation, iron-foundry and sailcloth-making are conducted on a large scale, the whole population concerned being about 700. The entire arrangements seemed admirable, but none more so than the general fact of the near and constant association of the people with beautiful natural scenes, in which they could, at their leisure hours, rove without restraint. When a factory can be conducted in such local circumstances, the noted drawbacks usually attending huge agglomerations of labour in a great measure vanish; and one can only wish that so were they all.

I had now to consider with some friends by what means I should prosecute my designed tour of Sweden and Norway, and much was the cogitation and discussion on this subject before a plan could be determined on. Driving one's self, with as little baggage as possible, in a light carriage called a *carriole*, peculiar to the country, was what my friends advised. Clever, pleasant Mr Enkstrom, the English consul, who entered into the arrangements as if they had been a duty of his post, could not imagine anything better. But I could not see how a middle-aged person, who had never driven a carriage in his life, was to get along with any comfort over the rough roads and through the vast spaces of this northern land, exposed to all weathers, and destitute of all knowledge of the language of the people by whose aid alone could he stir even a step. I therefore expressed my willingness to be somewhat obliging to myself in the way of expense; and it was finally settled that I should have a four-wheeled and hooded carriage for two horses, together with a servant to drive and act as my interpreter or *tolkan*. The former was speedily obtained at a sum equivalent to 1s. 8d. English a day—a plain, old, barkened, battered machine as ever met my eyes, yet warranted to be of great strength, as had been often shown in Norwegian tours heretofore. As to a *tolkan*, the case was more difficult. The man whom all regarded as the *fucile princeps* of his class, by name Jacob Carlblom, was absent under an engagement. So were some others. At length a person named Quist was heard of, and brought under examination. He proved to be a fine-looking, robust man of about five-and-thirty, who had been a dragoon in the Swedish army, but was now usually employed about a wine-merchant's establishment. Little English did the honest fellow know, and he had never been far into Norway; yet, all things considered, he seemed far from ineligible. An amiable, simple character shone in his face, and he riveted the favourable opinion which this excited amongst us all by the interest he expressed about the welfare of his wife, and the stipulation he seemed resolved to make that a portion of his wages should be paid to her weekly during his absence. I therefore engaged Quist; nor was there ever occasion to regret doing so, for he justified every favourable anticipation. It was now, then, determined that I should set out on my travels at an early hour next morning, taking the road to Christiania, which is distant 215 English miles from Gottenburg. It was thought that I might reach that city in little more than three days, provided that *forebod* notices were sent on before to warn the station-house keepers to have horses in each instance ready for me. This is a custom peculiar to the north, where the rarity of travellers teaches that it is more economical to force horses

from the farmers when they are wanted, than to have them kept by innkeepers for regular service. There is, therefore, a government regulation compelling the farmers to be ready, when called upon, to furnish horses at a certain rate of remuneration; and equally enforcing that the innkeepers shall, on receipt of warning, or when directly called on by travellers, have horses at their doors within two hours. It is a tyrannical system, to which I never could reconcile myself; but no one is heard complaining of it. On the present occasion, one of my friends procured for me a quantity of blank schedules, and, extending a few, sent them off by post along the road which I was to traverse next day, each being addressed to a special innkeeper. Thus we accomplished the purpose at a comparatively trifling expense. Had the post not been available, it would have been necessary to send a special messenger at a cost equal to half that incurred for the horses themselves.

R. C.

RECOLLECTIONS OF A POLICE OFFICER.

X. Y. Z.

The following advertisement appeared in several of the London journals in the year 1832:—‘If Owen Lloyd, a native of Wales, and who, it is believed, resided for many years in London as clerk in a large mercantile establishment, will forward his present address to X. Y. Z., Post-Office, St Martin's-le-Grand, to be left till called for, he will hear of something greatly to his advantage.’

My attention had been attracted to this notice by its very frequent appearance in the journal which I was chiefly in the habit of reading, and, from professional habits of thinking, I had set it down in my own mind as a *trap* for some offender against the principles of *meum* and *tuum*, whose presence in a criminal court was very earnestly desired. I was confirmed in this conjecture by observing that, in despair of Owen Lloyd's voluntary disclosure of his retreat, a reward of fifty guineas, payable by a respectable solicitor of Lothbury, was ultimately offered to any person who would furnish X. Y. Z. with the missing man's address. ‘An old bird,’ I mentally exclaimed on perusing this paragraph, ‘and not to be caught with chaff; that is evident.’ Still more to excite my curiosity, and at the same time bring the matter within the scope of my own particular functions, I found, on taking up the ‘Police Gazette,’ a reward of thirty guineas offered for the *apprehension* of Owen Lloyd, whose person and manners were minutely described. ‘The pursuit grows hot,’ thought I, throwing down the paper, and hastening to attend a summons just brought me from the superintendent; ‘and if Owen Lloyd is still within the four seas, his chance of escape seems but a poor one.’

On waiting on the superintendent, I was directed to put myself in immediate personal communication with a Mr Smith, the head of an eminent wholesale house in the City.

‘In the City?’

‘Yes; but your business with Mr Smith is relative to the extensive robbery at his West-end residence a week or two ago. The necessary warrants for the apprehension of the suspected parties have been, I understand, obtained, and on your return will, together with some necessary memoranda, be placed in your hands.’

I at once proceeded to my destination, and on my arrival, was immediately ushered into a dingy back-room, where I was desired to wait till Mr Smith, who was just then busily engaged, could speak to me. Casting my eyes over a table, near which the clerk had placed me a chair, I perceived a newspaper and the ‘Police Gazette,’ in both of which the advertisements for the discovery of Owen Lloyd were strongly underlined. ‘Oh, ho,’ thought I; ‘Mr Smith, then, is the X. Y. Z. who is so extremely anxious to renew his acquaintance with Mr Owen Lloyd; and I am the honoured individual selected to bring about the desired

interview. Well, it is in my new vocation—one which can scarcely be dispensed with, it seems, in this busy, scheming life of ours."

Mr Smith did not keep me waiting long. He seemed a hard, shrewd, business man, whose still wiry frame, brisk, active gait and manner, and clear, decisive eye, indicated—though the snows of more than sixty winters had passed over his head—a yet vigorous life, of which the morning and the noon had been spent in the successful pursuit of wealth and its accompaniment—social consideration and influence.

"You have, I suppose, read the advertisements marked on these papers?"

"I have, and of course conclude that you, sir, are X. Y. Z."

"Of course conclusions," rejoined Mr Smith with a quite perceptible sneer, "are usually very silly ones: in this instance especially so. My name, you ought to be aware, is Smith: X. Y. Z., whoever he may be, I expect in a few minutes. In just seventeen minutes," added the exact man of business; "for I, by letter, appointed him to meet me here at one o'clock precisely. My motive in seeking an interview with him, it is proper I should tell you, is the probability that he, like myself, is a sufferer by Owen Lloyd, and may not therefore object to defray a fair share of the cost likely to be incurred in unkennelling the delinquent, and prosecuting him to conviction; or, which would be far better, he may be in possession of information that will enable us to obtain completely the clue I already almost grasp. But we must be cautious: X. Y. Z. may be a relative or friend of Lloyd's, and in that case, to possess him of our plans would answer no purpose but to afford him an opportunity of baffling them. Thus much premised, I had better at once proceed to read over to you a few particulars I have jotted down, which, you will perceive, throw light and colour over the suspicions I have been within these few days compelled to entertain. You are doubtless acquainted with the full particulars of the robbery at my residence, Brook Street, last Thursday fortnight?"

"Yes; especially the report of the officers, that the crime must have been committed by persons familiar with the premises and the general habits of the family."

"Precisely. Now, have you your memorandum-book ready?"

"Quite so."

"You had better write with ink," said Mr Smith, pushing an inkstand and pens towards me. "Important memoranda should never, where there is a possibility of avoiding it, be written in pencil. Friction, thumbing, use of any kind, often partially obliterates them, creating endless confusion and mistakes. Are you ready?"

"Perfectly."

"Owen Lloyd, a native of Wales, and, it was understood, descended from a highly-respectable family there. About five feet eight; but I need not describe his person over again. Many years with us, first as junior, then as head clerk; during which his conduct, as regards the firm, was exemplary. A man of yielding, irresolute mind—if indeed a person can be said to really possess a mind at all who is always changing it for some other person's—incapable of saying "No" to embarrassing, impoverishing requests—one, in short, Mr Waters, of that numerous class of individuals whom fools say are nobody's enemies but their own, as if that were possible!"

"I understand; but I really do not see how this bears upon—"

"The mission you are directed to undertake? I think it does, as you will presently see. Three years ago, Owen Lloyd having involved himself, in consequence of the serious defect of character I have indicated, in large liabilities for pretended friends, left our employment; and to avoid a jail, fled, no one could discover whither. Edward Jones, also a native of the principality, whose description, as well as that of his wife, you will receive from the superintendent, was discharged about seven

years since from our service for misconduct, and went, we understood, to America. He always appeared to possess great influence over the mind of his considerably younger countryman Lloyd. Jones and his wife were seen three evenings since by one of our clerks near Temple Bar. I am of opinion, Mr Waters," continued Mr Smith, removing his spectacles, and closing the notebook, from which he had been reading, "that it is only the first step in crime, or criminal imprudence, which feeble-minded men especially long hesitate or boggle at; and I now more than suspect that, pressed by poverty, and very possibly yielding to the persuasions and example of Jones—who, by the way, was as well acquainted with the premises in Brook Street as his fellow-clerk—the once honest, ductile Owen Lloyd, is now a common thief and burglar."

"Indeed!"

"Yes. A more minute search led to the discovery, the day before yesterday, of a pocket-book behind some book-shelves in the library. As no property had been taken from that room—though the lock of a large iron chest, containing coins and medals, had been evidently tampered with—the search there was not at first very rigorous. That pocket-book—here it is—belonged, I know, to Owen Lloyd when in our service. See, here are his initials stamped on the cover."

"Might he not have inadvertently left it there when with you?"

"You will scarcely think so after reading the date of the five-pound note of the Hampshire County Bank, which you will find within the inner lining."

"The date is 1831."

"Exactly. I have also strong reason for believing that Owen Lloyd is now, or has been lately, residing in some part of Hampshire."

"That is important."

"This letter," continued Mr Smith; and then pausing for a brief space in some embarrassment, he added—"The commissioner informed me, Mr Waters, that you were a person upon whose good sense and *discretion*, as well as sagacity and courage, every confidence might be placed. I therefore feel less difficulty than I otherwise should in admitting you a little behind the family screen, and entering with you upon matters one would not willingly have bruited in the public ear."

I bowed, and he presently proceeded.

"Owen Lloyd, I should tell you, is married to a very amiable, superior sort of woman, and has one child, a daughter named Caroline, an elegant, gentle-mannered, beautiful girl I admit, to whom my wife was much attached, and she was consequently a frequent visitor in Brook Street. This I always felt was very imprudent; and the result was, that my son Arthur Smith—only about two years her senior; she was just turned of seventeen when her father was compelled to fly from his creditors—formed a silly, boyish attachment for her. They have since, I gather from this letter, which I found yesterday in Arthur's dressing-room, carried on, at long intervals, a clandestine correspondence, waiting for the advent of more propitious times—which, being interpreted," added Mr Smith with a sardonic sneer, "means of course my death and burial."

"You are in possession, then, if Miss Caroline Lloyd is living with her father, of his precise place of abode?"

"Not exactly. The correspondence is, it seems, carried on without the knowledge of Owen Lloyd; and the girl states in answer, it should seem, to Arthur's inquiries, that her father would never forgive her if, under present circumstances, she disclosed his place of residence—we can now very well understand that—and she intreats Arthur not to persist, at least for the present, in his attempts to discover her. My son, you must understand, is now of age, and so far as fortune is concerned, is, thanks to a legacy from an aunt on his mother's side, independent of me."

"What post-mark does the letter bear?"

"Charing-Cross. Miss Lloyd states that it will be posted in London by a friend; that friend being, I no-

thing doubt, her father's confederate, Jones. But to us the most important part of the epistle is the following line:—"My father met with a sad accident in the forest some time ago, but is now quite recovered." The words *in the forest* have, you see, been written over, but not so entirely as to prevent their being, with a little trouble, traced. Now, coupling this expression with the Hampshire bank-note, I am of opinion that Lloyd is concealed somewhere in the New Forest.'

'A shrewd guess, at all events.'

'You now perceive what weighty motives I have to bring this man to justice. The property carried off I care little comparatively about; but the intercourse between the girl and my son must at any cost be terminated!—'

He was interrupted by a clerk, who entered to say that Mr William Lloyd, the gentleman who had advertised as 'X. Y. Z.' desired to speak to him. Mr Smith directed Mr Lloyd to be shown in; and then, snatching up the 'Police Gazette,' and thrusting it into one of the table-drawers, said in a low voice, but marked emphasis, 'A relative, no doubt, by the name: be silent, and be watchful.'

A minute afterwards Mr Lloyd was ushered into the room. He was a thin, emaciated, and apparently sorrow-stricken man, on the wintry side of middle age, but of mild, courteous, gentlemanly speech and manners. He was evidently nervous and agitated, and after a word or two of customary salutation, said hastily, 'I gather from this note, sir, that you can afford me tidings of my long-lost brother Owen: where is he?' He looked eagerly round the apartment, gazed with curious earnestness in my face, and then again turned with tremulous anxiety to Mr Smith. 'Is he dead? Pray do not keep me in suspense.'

'Sit down, sir,' said Mr Smith, pointing to a chair. 'Your brother, Owen Lloyd, was for many years a clerk in this establishment'—

'Was—was!' interrupted Mr Lloyd with greatly-increased agitation: 'not now, then—he has left you?'

'For upwards of three years. A few days ago—pray do not interrupt me—I obtained intelligence of him, which, with such assistance as you may possibly be able to afford, will perhaps suffice to enable this gentleman—pointing to me—to discover his present residence.'

I could not stand the look which Mr Lloyd fixed upon me, and turned hastily away to gaze out of the window, as if attracted by the noise of a squabble between two draymen, which fortunately broke out at the moment in the narrow, choked-up street.

'For what purpose, sir, are you instituting this eager search after my brother? It cannot be that—No, no—he has left you, you say, more than three years: besides, the bare supposition is as wicked as absurd.'

'The truth is, Mr Lloyd,' rejoined Mr Smith after a few moments' reflection, 'there is great danger that my son may disadvantageously connect himself with your—with your brother's family—may, in fact, marry his daughter Caroline. Now I could easily convince Owen'—

'Caroline!' interjected Mr Lloyd with a tremulous accent, and his dim eyes suffused with tears—'Caroline!—ay, truly *her* daughter would be named Caroline.' An instant after, he added, drawing himself up with an air of pride and some sternness: 'Caroline Lloyd, sir, is a person who, by birth, and, I doubt not, character and attainments, is a fitting match for the son of the proudest merchant of this proud city.'

'Very likely,' rejoined Mr Smith dryly; 'but you must excuse me for saying that, as regards my son, it is one which I will at any cost prevent.'

'How am I to know,' observed Mr Lloyd, whose glance of pride had quickly passed away, 'that you are dealing fairly and candidly with me in the matter?'

In reply to this home-thrust, Mr Smith placed the letter addressed by Miss Lloyd to his son in the hands of the questioner, at the same time explaining how he had obtained it.

Mr Lloyd's hands trembled, and his tears fell fast over the letter as he hurriedly perused it. It seemed by his broken, involuntary ejaculations, that old thoughts and memories were deeply stirred within him. 'Poor girl!—so young, so gentle, and so sorely tried! Her mother's very turn of thought and phrase. Owen, too, artless, honourable, just as he was ever, except when the dupe of knaves and villains.'

He seemed buried in thought for some time after the perusal of the letter; and Mr Smith, whose cue it was to avoid exciting suspicion by too great eagerness of speech, was growing fidgety. At length, suddenly looking up, he said in a dejected tone, 'If this is all you have ascertained, we seem as far off as ever. I can afford you no help.'

'I am not sure of that,' replied Mr Smith. 'Let us look calmly at the matter. Your brother is evidently not living in London, and that accounts for your advertisements not being answered.'

'Truly.'

'If you look at the letter attentively, you will perceive that three important words, "in the forest," have been partially erased.'

'Yes, it is indeed so; but what?—'

'Now, is there no particular locality in the country to which your brother would be likely to betake himself in preference to another? Gentlemen of fancy and sentiment,' added Mr Smith, 'usually fall back, I have heard, upon some favourite haunt of early days when pressed by adversity.'

'It is natural they should,' replied Mr Lloyd, heedless of the sneer. 'I have felt that longing for old haunts and old faces in intensest force, even when I was what the world calls prospering in strange lands; and how much more—' But no; he would not return to Wales—to Caermarthen—to be looked down upon by those amongst whom our family for so many generations stood equal with the highest. Besides, I have personally sought him there—in vain.'

'But his wife—*she* is not a native of the principality?'

'No. Ah! I remember. The forest! It must be so! Caroline Heyworth, whom we first met in the Isle of Wight, is a native of Beaulieu, a village in the New Forest, Hampshire. A small, very small property there, bequeathed by an uncle, belonged to her, and perhaps has not been disposed of. How came I not to think of this before? I will set out at once—and yet pressing business requires my stay here for a day or two.'

'This gentleman, Mr Waters, can proceed to Beau-lieu immediately.'

'That must do then. You will call on me, Mr Waters—here is my address—before you leave town. Thank you. And God bless you, sir,' he added, suddenly seizing Mr Smith's hand, 'for the light you have thrown upon this wearying and, I feared, hopeless search. You need not be so anxious, sir, to send a special messenger to release your son from his promise of marriage to my niece. None of us, be assured, will be desirous of forcing her upon a reluctant family.' He then bowed, and withdrew.

'Mr Waters,' said Mr Smith with a good deal of sternness, as soon as we were alone, 'I expect that no sentimental crotchet will prevent your doing your duty in this matter?'

'What right,' I answered with some heat, 'have you, sir, to make such an insinuation?'

'Because I perceived, by your manner, that you disapproved my questioning Mr Lloyd as to the likeliest mode of securing his brother.'

'My manner but interpreted my thoughts: still, sir, I know what belongs to my duty, and shall perform it.'

'Enough: I have nothing more to say.'

I drew on my gloves, took up my hat, and was leaving the room, when Mr Smith exclaimed, 'Stay one moment, Mr Waters: you see that my great object is to break off the connection between my son and Miss Lloyd?'

'I do.'

'I am not anxious, you will remember, to press the prosecution if, by a frank written confession of his guilt, Owen Lloyd places an insuperable bar between his child and mine. You understand?'

'Perfectly. But permit me to observe, that the *duty* you just now hinted I might hesitate to perform, will not permit me to be a party to any such transaction. Good-day.'

I waited on Mr William Lloyd soon afterwards, and listened with painful interest to the brief history which he, with childlike simplicity, narrated of his own and brother's fortunes. It was a sad, oft-told tale. They had been early left orphans; and deprived of judicious guidance, had run—William more especially—a wild career of dissipation, till all was gone. Just before the crash came, they had both fallen in love with the same woman, Caroline Heyworth, who had preferred the meeker, more gentle-hearted Owen, to his elder brother. They parted in anger. William obtained a situation as bailiff and overseer of an estate in Jamaica, where, by many years of toil, good fortune, and economy, he at length ruined his health and restored his fortunes; and was now returned to die rich in his native country; and, as he had till an hour before feared, unlamented and unintended save by hirelings. I promised to write immediately I had seen his brother; and with a sorrowful heart took leave of the vainly-rejoicing, prematurely-aged man.

I arrived at Southampton by the night-coach—the railway was but just begun, I remember—and was informed that the best mode of reaching Beaulieu—Bewley, they pronounced it—was by crossing the Southampton river to the village of Hythe, which was but a few miles distance from Beaulieu. As soon as I had breakfasted, I hastened to the quay, and was soon speeding across the tranquil waters in one of the sharp-stemmed wherries which plied constantly between the shores. My attention was soon arrested by two figures in the stern of the boat, a man and woman. A slight examination of their features sufficed to convince me that they were Jones and his wife. They evidently entertained no suspicion of pursuit; and as I heard them tell the boatmen they were going on to *Bewley*, I determined for the present not to disturb their fancied security. It was fortunate I did so. As soon as we had landed, they passed into a mean-looking dwelling, which, from some nets, and a boat under repair, in a small yard in front of it, I concluded to be a fisherman's. As no vehicle could be readily procured, I determined on walking on, and easily reached Beaulieu, which is charmingly situated just within the skirts of the New Forest, about twelve o'clock. After partaking of a slight repast at the principal inn of the place—I forgot its name; but it was, I remember, within a stone's-throw of the celebrated Beaulieu Abbey ruins—I easily contrived, by a few careless, indirect questions, to elicit all the information I required of the loquacious waiting-maid. Mr Lloyd, who seemed to bear an excellent character, lived, I was informed, at a cottage about half a mile distant from the inn, and chiefly supported himself as a measurer of timber—beech and ash: a small stock—the oak was reserved for government purposes—he usually kept on hand. Miss Caroline, the girl said, did beautiful fancy-work; and a group of flowers painted by her, as natural as life, was framed and glazed in the bar, if I would like to see it. Upon the right track sure enough! Mr Lloyd, there could be no longer a doubt, had unconsciously betrayed his unfortunate, guilty brother into the hands of justice, and I, an agent of the iron law, was already upon the threshold of his hiding-place! I felt no pleasure at the success of the scheme. To have bravely and honestly stood up against an adverse fate for so many years, only to fall into crime just as fortune had grown weary of persecuting him, and a longestranged brother had returned to raise him and his to their former position in society, was melancholy indeed! And the young woman too, whose letter

breathed so pure, so gentle, so patient a spirit!—it would not bear thinking about—and I resolutely strove to look upon the affair as one of everyday routine. It would not, do, however; and I was about to quit the room in no very enviable frame of mind, when my boat companions, Mr and Mrs Jones, entered, and seated themselves at one of the tables. The apartment was rather a large one, and as I was seated in the corner of a box at some distance from the entrance, they did not at first observe me; and several words caught my ear which awakened a strong desire to hear more. That I might do so, I instantly adopted a very common, but not the less often very successful device. As soon as the new-comers perceived me, their whispered colloquy stopped abruptly; and after a minute or so, the man said, looking hard at me, 'Good-day, sir; you have had rather a long walk?' and he glanced at my dusty boots.

'Sir,' I replied, enclosing my left ear with my hand in the manner of a natural ear-trumpet, 'did you speak?'

'A dusty walk,' he rejoined in a voice that might have been heard in a hurricane or across Fleet Street.

'One o'clock!' I replied, pulling out my watch. 'No: it wants a quarter yet.'

'Deaf as the Monument,' said Jones to his companion. 'All right.'

The suspended dialogue was but partially resumed.

'Do you think,' said the woman, after the lapse of about five minutes—'do you think Owen and his family will go with us? I hope not.'

'Not he: I only asked him just for the say-so of the thing. He is too chicken-hearted for that, or for anything else that requires pluck.'

Finishing the spirits and water they had ordered, they soon afterwards went out. I followed.

As soon as we had gone about a hundred paces from the house, I said, 'Pray can you tell me which is Mr Lloyd the beech-merchant's house?'

'Yes,' replied the man, taking hold of my arm, and hallooing into my ear with a power sufficient to really deafen one for life: 'we are going there to dine.'

I nodded comprehension, and on we journeyed. We were met at the door by Owen Lloyd himself—a man in whose countenance guilelessness, even to simplicity, seemed stamped by nature's own true hand. So much, thought I, for the reliance to be placed on physiognomy! 'I have brought you a customer,' said Mr Jones; 'but he is as deaf as a stone.' I was courteously invited in by signs; and with much hallooing and shouting, it was finally settled that, after dinner, I should look over Mr Lloyd's stock of wood. Dinner had just been placed on the table by Mrs Lloyd and her daughter. A still very comely, interesting woman was Mrs Lloyd, though time and sorrow had long since set their unmistakeable seals upon her. Her daughter was, I thought, one of the most charming, graceful young women I had ever seen, spite of the tinge of sadness which dwelt upon her sweet face, deepening its interest if it somewhat diminished its beauty. My heart ached to think of the misery the announcement of my errand must presently bring on such gentle beings—innocent, I felt confident, even of the knowledge of the crime that had been committed. I dreaded to begin—not, Heaven knows, from any fear of the men, who, compared with me, were poor, feeble creatures, and I could easily have mastered half-a-dozen such; but the females—that young girl especially—how encounter *their* despair? I mutely declined dinner, but accepted a glass of ale, and sat down till I could muster sufficient resolution for the performance of my task; for I felt this was an opportunity of quietly effecting the capture of both the suspected criminals which must not be neglected.

Dinner was just over when Mrs Lloyd said, 'Oh, Mr Jones, have you seen anything of my husband's pocket-book? It was on a shelf in the room where you slept—not the last time, but when you were here about three

weeks ago. We can find it nowhere; and I thought you might possibly have taken it by mistake.'

'A black, common-looking thing?' said Jones.

'Yes.'

'I did take it by mistake. I found it in one of my parcels, and put it in my pocket, intending of course to return it when I came back; but I remember, when wanting to open a lock of which I had lost the key, taking it out to see if it contained a pencil-case which I thought might answer the purpose; and finding none, tossing it away in a pet, I could not afterwards find it.'

'Then it is lost?'

'Yes; but what of that? There was nothing in it.'

'You are mistaken,' rejoined Owen; 'there was a five-pound country note in it, and the loss will— What is the matter, friend?'

I had sprung upon my feet with uncontrollable emotion: Mr Lloyd's observation recalled me to myself, and I sat down again, muttering something about a sudden pain in the side.

'Oli, if that's the case,' said Jones, 'I'll make it up willingly. I am pretty rich, you know, just now.'

'We shall be much obliged to you,' said Mrs Lloyd; 'its loss would be a sad blow to us.'

'How came you to send those heavy boxes here, Jones?' said Owen Lloyd. 'Would it not have been better to have sent them direct to Portsmouth, where the vessel calls?'

'I had not quite made up my mind to return to America then; and I knew they would be safer here than anywhere else.'

'When do you mean to take them away? We are so badly off for room, that they terribly hamper us.'

'This evening, about nine o'clock. I have hired a smack at Hythe to take us, bag and baggage, down the river to meet the liner which calls off Portsmouth to-morrow. I wish we could persuade you to go with us.'

'Thank you, Jones,' replied Owen in a dejected tone. 'I have very little to hope for here; still my heart clings to the old country.'

I had heard enough; and hastily rising, intimated a wish to look at the timber at once. Mr Lloyd immediately rose, and Jones and his wife left the cottage to return to Hythe at the same time that we did. I marked a few pieces of timber, and promising to send for them in the morning, hastened away.

A mountain seemed removed from off my breast: I felt as if I had achieved a great personal deliverance. Truly a wonderful interposition of Providence, I thought, that has so signally averted the fatal consequences likely to have resulted from the thoughtless imprudence of Owen Lloyd, in allowing his house to be made, however innocently, a receptacle for stolen goods, at the solicitations, too, of a man whose character he knew to be none of the purest. He had had a narrow escape, and might with perfect truth exclaim—

'There's a Divinity that shapes our ends,
Rough-hew them how we will.'

The warrants of which I was the bearer the London police authorities had taken care to get indorsed by a magistrate of the county of Hampshire, who happened to be in London, so that I found no difficulty in arranging effectually for the capture and safe custody of Jones and his assistants when he came to fetch his booty.

I had just returned to the Beauclieu inn, after completing my arrangements, when a carriage drove furiously up to the door, and who should, to my utter astonishment, alight, but Mr William Lloyd, and Messrs Smith, father and son. I hastened out, and briefly enjoining caution and silence, begged them to step with me into a private room. The agitation of Mr Lloyd and of Mr Arthur Smith was extreme, but Mr Smith appeared cold and impulsive as ever. I soon ascertained that Arthur Smith, by his mother's assistance, I suspect, had early penetrated his father's schemes and secrets, and had, in consequence, caused Mr William

Lloyd to be watched home, with whom, immediately after I had left, he had a long conference. Later in the evening an *éclaircissement* with the father took place; and after a long and stormy discussion, it was resolved that all three should the next morning post down to Beauclieu, and act as circumstances might suggest. My story was soon told. It was received of course with unbounded joy by the brother and the lover; and even through the father's apparent indifference I could perceive that his refusal to participate in the general joy would not be of long duration. The large fortune which Mr William Lloyd intimated his intention to bestow upon his niece was a new and softening element in the affair.

Mr Smith, senior, ordered his dinner; and Mr Lloyd and Arthur Smith—but why need I attempt to relate what *they* did? I only know that when, a long time afterwards, I ventured to look in at Mr Owen Lloyd's cottage, all the five inmates—brother, uncle, lover, niece, and wife—were talking, laughing, weeping, smiling, like distracted creatures, and seemed utterly incapable of reasonable discourse. An hour after that, as I stood screened by a belt of forest-trees in wait for Mr Jones and company, I noticed, as they all strolled past me in the clear moonlight, that the tears, the agitation had passed away, leaving only smiles and grateful joy on the glad faces so lately clouded by anxiety and sorrow. A mighty change in so brief a space!

Mr Jones arrived with his cart and helpers in due time. A man who sometimes assisted in the timber-yard was deputed, with an apology for the absence of Mr Lloyd, to deliver the goods. The boxes, full of plate and other valuables, were soon hoisted in, and the cart moved off. I let it proceed about a mile, and then, with the help I had placed in readiness, easily secured the astounded burglar and his assistants; and early the next morning Jones was on his road to London. He was tried at the ensuing Old-Bailey sessions, convicted, and transported for life; and the discretion I had exercised in not executing the warrant against Owen Lloyd was decidedly approved of by the authorities.

It was about two months after my first interview with Mr Smith that, on returning home one evening, my wife placed before me a piece of bride-cake, and two beautifully-engraved cards united with white satin ribbon, bearing the names of Mr and Mrs Arthur Smith. I was more gratified by this little act of courtesy for Emily's sake, as those who have temporarily fallen from a certain position in society will easily understand, than I should have been by the costliest present. The service I had rendered was purely accidental: it has nevertheless been always kindly remembered by all parties whom it so critically served.

R U I N S.

EVERYTHING is mutable, everything is perishable around us. The forms of nature and the works of art alike crumble away; and amid the gigantic forms that surround it, the soul of man is alone immortal. Knowledge itself ebbs and flows like the changing sea, and art has become extinct in regions where it earliest flourished. Kingdoms that once gave law to the nations, figure no more in the world's history, leaving nothing but a name, and Ruins.

Most of the ruins of the ancient world are remarkable as monuments of a political element now happily extinct. They are emblems of that despotic rule which, in the early history of mankind, was well-nigh universal; which delighted in rearing immense structures, like the Pyramids, of little utility, but requiring an enormous expenditure of labour; and contrasted with the capriciousness and violence of which, the most arbitrary of modern governments is liberty itself. But such ruins not only teach us to be grateful to Heaven for the blessings of political freedom, but reveal to us glimpses of a past which, but for them, would remain veiled in obscurity.

By a right use of them we discover, more or less perfectly, the history and the customs of races long dead. Buried Herculanum, once more given back to the sunbeams, reveals to us the domestic life of ancient Rome; the hieroglyphics of Egypt, the paintings and sculptures of Nineveh, tell us stories of their kings, and show us symbols of their splendour. What geology is to us in relation to the early earth, such are ruins in regard to its human habitants: they are their history in stone.

There is a peculiar grandeur and impressiveness in the ruins which date from the era of the old universal monarchies. So many centuries have rolled away since then, conquest and desolation have so often swept over their territories, and tyranny so decimated their inhabitants, that among them Decay assumes a grander form than elsewhere in the world. It is not single edifices dilapidated that meet our view, but whole cities desolate—whole cities so crumbled into dust, that the very sites of some of the greatest of ancient capitals have slipped from the world's memory. Egypt, Greece, Persia, the Assyrian realm, are great names, once filling earth with their glory, now all but obliterated from the roll of nations. We enter the regions where once sat those old Queens of the East, and look for some reflection of former greatness still lingering on the brows of the inhabitants. We look in vain. Cities are mean; poverty is everywhere; man is degraded, nature half desolate, and the testimony of our senses makes us sceptical as to the truth of history. But search yet further, and lo! silent and inanimate witnesses for the dead rise around. Amid the solitude and the desert, pillar and obelisk, palace and temple, cities immense even in their ruins, mark how the barren sands were once a garden, and the solitude was peopled by busy myriads. Those shattered colonnades, those fallen capitals and mutilated statues, once rose above the dwellings of Hundred-gated Thebes; those mounds of rubbish, now shunned even by the wild Bedouin, cover the wondrous relics of Nineveh; those silent mountains that look down on the lone, ruin-covered plain of Merdusht, once echoed back the shouts of royal Persepolis. Ruins are the voice of past ages chiding the present for its degeneracy. They are like sea-wreare on the shore at low water, marking how high the tide of civilisation once rose.

When we consider the remote period at which such edifices were constructed, we are at first surprised by two qualities which they exhibit, sometimes united, sometimes apart—magnitude and beauty. Magnitude always exerts a great influence on the senses; and without seeking to explain how such an effect is produced, it is evident from history that an admiration of the colossal is especially characteristic of the human mind in the early stages of its development. Accordingly, and perhaps also from a recollection of gigantic works before the Flood, the first undertaking of the united race of Postdiluvians was the vastly-imagined Tower of Babel. The first family of man in Europe—the Pelasgi—mute and inglorious in everything else, have left samples of an enormous architecture, whose ruins to this day exist under the title of Cyclopean. This peculiarity is not confined to the shores of the Mediterranean. In the remote East, and in the long undiscovered regions of the West, in Ceylon and in Mexico, the aboriginal races have left their sole memorials in similar masses of masonry. With them size seems to have been everything; it was magnitude which then fascinated the imagination. Even when men are well advanced in civilisation, the same spirit is perceptible among them, and a love of exaggeration, the frequent use of hyperbole, characterises the early literature of all nations.

From the exquisite beauty of much of the architecture, poetry, and sculpture that have come down to us from antiquity, the singular fact is apparent, that the fine arts reached perfection at a time when those conducive to the material comforts were still in infancy. In those days the race of man was yet young; and youth in the species, as in the individual, is the season of the Beautiful. It was a lively love and susceptibility to the charms of nature that peopled the woods and waters, the sunny skies and the sparkling sea, with deities in sympathy with man—that saw in the rainbow a messenger from heaven to earth, and in the thunder of the tempest the wrath of the Most High. The vague ever excites interest; and the mysterious phenomena of nature contributed to fix their attention on her aspects, and consequently on her beauties. Cœlum and Terra, heaven and earth—in one word, Nature was the great goddess of paganism. She was the great parent of their Pantheon—from her all other gods drew birth; they were personifications of her powers, and, till the days of the Greeks, it was under forms of her that they were worshipped. This susceptibility to beauty in nature was the parent of the beautiful in art. In stone, in bronze, on the canvas, they strove to reproduce the perfection of form that they beheld in select nature—to attain the same harmony of parts—and thus to awaken in the beholder corresponding emotions of pleasure. Thus art, in different countries, varied with the aspects of nature. The monotonous vastness and horizontal lines of the scenery of Egypt, find a counterpart in the heavy and monotonous grandeur of its temples; and the unhandsome features of its inhabitants, in the half-Negro faces of its gods. In Greece, on the other hand, the variety in its architecture corresponds with the varied aspects of the country; and its exquisite sculpture is but a reflection of the noble lineaments of the people. The showy prettiness of Chinese decoration is typical of the Flowery Realm; and from the exuberance of animal life in Central Asia, springs the profusion of animal forms in the sculpture and architecture of India, Persia, and Assyria.

External circumstances also then fostered genius in architecture. Splendour was the glory of the kings of those days—partly from taste, but not less so from necessity. The moral faculties of their subjects were too weak to be alone regarded: their senses had to be appealed to. As, during the Heroic Age, the king distinguished himself from his army by his valour in the field, so, during peace, he had to distinguish himself from his subjects by his magnificence. The royal mansion, constructed of enduring granite or shining marble, represented the visibility of power; and the people felt that they could as soon shake the globe as overturn the lord of so much might: hence the palaces of Persia. Religion, too, availed herself of like means of impressing the unspiritual mind of the people; while superstition imagined that the gods were pleased by the splendour of the temples reared for their worship. Hence the stupendous temples of Luxor and Carnac, with their huge ornamented propylæ, and far-stretching avenues of pillars and sphinxes—and the countless other sacred structures of Egypt, whose very ruins have all but perished: hence, too, the rock-temples of Ellora and Elephanta, where the labour of the worshippers has hollowed out of the mountain rock a mansion for their deity, and has sculptured its sides with groups from Hindoo mythology. Even in the New World traces of a similar spirit are to be found; and doubtless the vast ruins recently discovered in Yucatan were designed to magnify the worship of the great sun-god of the ancient Indians.

The noblest source from which architecture can proceed was pre-eminently exhibited in the republics of Greece. The exalted race that peopled that favoured land had passed the stage of intellectual development in which magnitude is the chief object of admiration; and among them the great object of desire was beauty, and their chief characteristic was the love of the beautiful. Among them Despotism was not seen building palaces to exhibit its own glory; it was a people gratifying an elevating passion, and, while doing so, voluntarily adding majesty

to the state. Simple and unostentatious in their private dwellings, they lavished genius and splendour in the construction of their public buildings; for the state was but a concentration of themselves, and in its glory they felt they were all partakers. Nevertheless they desired beauty more for itself than for its concomitant splendour; and even in religion they were less worshippers of heaven than adorers of the beautiful. It is the loftiest of delights to say to the beautiful—"I am thy Maker!" and when kneeling before the matchless statues of their gods, the Greeks rather gloried in them as divine creations of their genius, than humbled themselves before them as emblems of their deities. Favoured by blood and climate, by the character of their country, and the advent to its shores of all the knowledge of the old East—the Greeks had a noble career before them; and well did they fulfil their destiny. Genius and power have long departed from the descendants of that lordly race; but mankind still flock to the Hellenic strand to gaze on the divine relics of the past. The sun of Greece has long set—but the land is still radiant with her ruins.

Egypt—that land of silence and mystery—as if to compensate for its total deficiency of written records, has left the greatest number of ruins. From the mouth of the Nile to above the Cataracts, reliques of former magnificence stretch away to the borders of the Desert; and even amid the now sandy wastes we stumble at times upon a ruin lordly even in its decay. It tells us the oft-told tale of the triumph of Time. We gaze on the ruin, and see in it a broken purpose—and the strain of our meditations is sad. We think of the mighty monarch its founder—proud of his power, and eager to use it; yet conscious of his evanescence, and resolved to triumph over decay ere it triumphed over him—dreading the forgetfulness of human hearts, and resolving to commit his glory to things less noble, but less perishable than they, and to make the silent marble eloquent with his praise. Those porphyry blocks have come from the far-off Nubian mountains, and earth must have groaned for leagues beneath their weight; the carving of those friezes, and the sculpture of those statues, must have been the labour of years. Alas for the captive and the slave! Hundreds have toiled and sunk on the plain around us—till the royal pile became a cenotaph to slaves. That vase-shaped capital, half imbedded in the sand, has been soiled with the sweat, perhaps dabbled with the blood, of poor goaded beings; and the sound of the lash and the groan of the victim have echoed in halls where splendour and gaiety were thenceforth to dwell. But long centuries have passed since then; and now indignation does not break the calm of melancholy with which we gaze on the broken emblems of departed power. The structure which was to exhibit the glory and resources of a monarch lies shattered and crumbling in fragments; and the lotos-leaf, which everywhere appears on the ruins, is an emblem of the oblivion that shrouds the name of the founder.

But many a ruin that still 'enchants the world' awakens other reflections than on the fall of power. It may be a concentrated history of its architect—it may be the embodiment of the long dream that made up his life. From the inspired moment when first its ideal form filled his mental eye, in fancy we see it haunting his reveries like the memory of a beautiful dream. In sorrow it has come like an angel to gladden his lonely hours; and though adversity crush his spirit, he still clings like a lover to the dream of the soul. At length the object of his life is accomplished; and the edifice, awful in its vastness, yet enchanting in its beauty, stands in the light of day complete. To behold beauty in mental vision is joy—but to place it before the eyes of men, and see them bow in admiration and love, and to know that it will live in their memories and hearts, elevating and gladdening, and begetting fair shapes kindred to its own—this is joy and triumph. The object which thousands are praising, and which will be the delight and glory of future ages, is his child—it is a part of himself. And yet now it has perished: the hand of man or of Time has struck it to earth. It is a broken idol—and we half feel the anguish at its fall which death has long ago spared its worshipper.

The joy, the inspiration of a lifetime—the creature and yet the idol of genius—lies shattered on the sand; and the wild palm-tree rises green and graceful above its remains. In this we behold the moral of ruins—it is Nature triumphing over Art.

A GOVERNESS'S RECOLLECTIONS OF IRELAND.

A NUMBER of years ago, when I was somewhat less fastidious in entering into an engagement than I have latterly become, I was induced to go to Ireland, to take charge of four young ladies in a gentleman's family. It was going a terribly long way from home, and that was an unpleasant circumstance to contemplate; but everybody told me that I should be so very kindly treated, that I did not long hesitate; and so accordingly behold me, in the first place, crossing the sea in a steamer to Dublin, and afterwards driving southwards inside the mail-coach, my spirits wonderfully up with the novelty of the scenery, and the beautiful weather, which seemed to welcome me to 'the first gem of the ocean.'

I do not wish to tell the name of the town to which I was bound, and need only say that it was a seaport, with some pretty environs, embellished with gentlemen's seats and pleasure-grounds. In one of these seats, a large and handsome mansion, surrounded by a park, and approached by an 'elegant' avenue, I was to take up my residence. 'A very pleasant affair I expect this is going to be,' said I to myself, as I was driven up to the door of the hall in a jaunting-car, which had been in attendance for me at the coach-office. 'Nice, kind people, for having been so considerate—and what a good-looking establishment—as aristocratic as anybody could wish!'

The Tolmies, as I shall call the family—of course using a fictitious appellation—were really a most agreeable set of people. The head of the house was much superior in station and character to a squireen. He possessed considerable property, had been in parliament, and was a man of respectable acquirements, with exceedingly accomplished manners. His lady had been a reigning beauty in her youth, and was still a person of fine appearance, though she seemed to have retired in a great measure from the world of fashion. She dressed highly, and occupied herself a good deal in doing nothing. With regard to her daughters, who were to be my pupils, they were obliging, light-hearted, and pretty. I liked them at first sight; nor did subsequent experience make any sensible alteration on this feeling.

The range of my duties was soon arranged. French, music, and drawing were to be the principal lessons; and to work we set in the best possible spirits. I must say, however, that a chill began to creep over me when I had time to look about me. Inside and outside the mansion there was a curious mixture of the genteel with the shabby. There seemed to be no exact perception of what was due to comfort, not to speak of respectability. Several panes of glass were broken, and not one of them was restored during my stay. Sometimes they were open, the holes admitting rain and wind, and sometimes they were stopped with anything that could be readily laid hold of. The glazier was always to be sent for; but this proved only a figure of speech.

My own room contrasted unpleasantly with, what till this time, I had been in the custom of thinking indispensable. On the night after my arrival I wished to fasten the door of my room, but found that it had no lock, and I was obliged to keep it shut by means of a piece of furniture. This did not more disconcert me than the discovery next morning that the room had no bell. I wanted a little hot water; but how was I to make myself heard? In vain I called from the top of the staircase; nobody came. At length I recollect that there was a bell at the hall door; so, throwing on a cloak, I descended to the lower regions, and tolled the entrance-bell. Great was the commotion at so unusual a sound at this early hour, and servants were soon on the spot wondering at the summons. The required hot water was brought to me in a broken china jug.

A day or two afterwards, on going into my apartment,

I was not a little astonished at observing that the house-maid had been using my toilet-apparatus, and was, at the very moment of my entrance, wiping her face with my only towel.

"Judy," said I, "that is taking too much liberty, I must say. Go fetch to me a clean towel at anyrate."

"A clane towel, did you say, miss? Why, this one is not a bit the worse^o me; for, you see, I washed my face afore I touched it."

"I don't care," I replied; "I must have a fresh one, so be so good as to bring it."

"Sure!" exclaimed Judy, "how can I do that, when there is only one for each of us?"

"Do you mean to tell me that there is only one towel for each room in the house?"

"Indeed I do, miss, and plenty; for we always washes them on Saturday night, and dries them too; and in that way everybody has a clane one on Sunday."

Finding from one of the young ladies that this was really the case, I could say no more on the subject. The next three days I dried my face with one of my cambric handkerchiefs.

If the stock of linen was rather scanty, it was not more so than the bed furniture and some other articles usually considered to be essential to comfort. For each bed in the house but one blanket could be produced, no matter how cold was the weather; and I certainly should have perished, if I had not taken the precaution of heaping my cloak and other articles on my bed every night on retiring to rest. How my young ladies managed I could not tell. Though well provided with frocks and other outside attire, they were desperately ill off for those articles which form the understratum of female apparel. Yet they were unconscious of their deficiencies, and as happy and gay as if they had possessed a draper's whole establishment.

The family had no lack of servants. There was a coachman, butler, lady's-maid, and several house and kitchen-maids. I never clearly understood the number of these female domestics. On the two or three occasions that I entered the kitchen, there were always some women sitting round the fire engaged in solemn conclave. One was pretty sure to be smoking a black stumpy pipe, while the others were warming their hands, and talking on some important piece of business. Such, I fancy, were the hangers-on of the family. They would go an errand at a pinch, or do any other odd job when required, for which, of course, they enjoyed the loose hospitality of the Tolmies—a true Irish family, always kind to the poor; God bless them!

One morning, at breakfast Mr Tolmie kindly suggested that the young ladies and I should have a holiday. "There is to be some boat-racing to-day down at the town," said he, "and you will all go and see it. My brother, the colonel, will be there, and pay you all proper attentions. So just take the car, and make a day of it. But don't forget the large umbrella; for you may perhaps have a shower before you reach home again."

The offer was thankfully accepted, and we went off in the car, Reilly the coachman driving us, and not forgetting the umbrella. We spent a very pleasant day; and the colonel, to do him justice, proved a most valuable cavalier. However, when the period for our return arrived, there was no Reilly to be found. After a world of searching, the faithless driver was discovered, not in the best balanced condition. That, however, is nothing to an Irishman, who can drive as well drunk as sober; so we got away in the car, not more than an hour behind our time. When we had proceeded several miles on our way homewards, we discovered that the large umbrella was gone.

"Reilly," said I, "where is the umbrella?" Reilly answered not a word, but drove on furiously. I could not get him to speak; and as my questions only caused him to drive with more frantic speed, I was fain to desist. When we reached the hall, we communicated the loss to Mr Tolmie, who did not express any anger on the occasion. "Be quite easy about the umbrella, my dears," said he, "for it will be quite safe. Reilly has only pledged

it for whisky, and we shall soon recover it." Next morning Reilly received an advance on his wages; and the whole day was spent by him in bringing back the umbrella.

I mention this trifling circumstance only to show the want of exact management both in master and man. Everything was done in a loose sort of way, as if it were a matter of indifference how matters went. After a windy night, we were sure to see the ground around the house littered with lime and broken slates; but I never saw the damages repaired. "Everything would do well enough, thank God!" Such was the consoling philosophy of these curious people. As long as the house hung together, and an outward appearance of gentility was maintained, there was little regard for substantials. Often we had very poor fare; but there was a tolerable show of plate; and if clean glasses were sometimes wanting, there were at least not bad wines, for those who liked to partake of these liquors.

I walked daily in the grounds with my young charges; and occasionally, to amuse ourselves, we visited the cottages of the humbler class of persons on the property. Mr Tolmie, who had been in England, where he admired the houses of the peasantry, was rather anxious to introduce the practice of keeping neatly-whitewashed cottages, and he gave strict orders accordingly. His injunctions in this respect were pretty generally obeyed; but unfortunately the whitewashing was all on the outside. While the exterior was white and smart, the interior—all within the doorway—was black, damp, and dirty. One of the cleanest-looking cottages was the lodge at the gate, inhabited by Larry the forester and his wife. In driving into the grounds, you would have said, "There is a comfortable little dwelling—it speaks well for the proprietor." Had you entered the cottage, how your feelings of gratification would have been dispelled! The truth was, that the interior possessed scarcely any furniture. The bed was a parcel of straw, hemmed in by a deal on the floor; the whole cooking apparatus was an iron pot; and a bottle, one or two pieces of earthenware, three wooden stools, and a deal-table, may be said to make up the entire list of household articles. Breakfast, dinner, and supper consisted of a pot of potatoes emptied on the table. Dishes at meals were out of the question, and so were knives, forks, or spoons.

Well, this family of husband and wife was one morning augmented by the arrival of a baby, for which, as I learned in the course of the day, little or no preparation in the way of apparel had been made, and the little stranger was accordingly clothed with such scraps of dress as the young ladies and I could gather together at a short notice—all which was declared to do beautifully, "thank God." The second or third morning afterwards, dreadful news was brought respecting baby: it had been attacked by a rat in the night-time, and very much bitten about the forehead. But the "ugly thief" had been scared away before he actually killed the infant, which was considered a "lucky escape, thank God for it." In spite of this untoward disaster, the child throve apace; and with never a shirt to its back, grew up as healthy, and plump, and happy as any of its unsophisticated ancestors.

The gleam of joy which the arrival of baby had given to Larry's cottage was destined to be of short duration. Larry, poor man, had been for some time suffering under what he called a "bad cowld," but which I apprehended was a bronchial affection, aggravated by want of medical care. At all events, from bad to worse, and when nobody was expecting such a melancholy event, Larry died. His wife did not discover her misfortune till she found in the middle of the night that her husband was lifeless, or in a swoon. Frantically, as we afterwards learned, she drew the body from the bed, laid it before the expiring embers of the fire—possibly with the view of catching a little warmth—and then went to alarm the neighbours. The first female acquaintance who arrived in the cottage was Alley Doyle. All was pitch-dark, and as Alley was hastening through the apartment to the bed where she supposed the dead or dying man lay, she stumbled, and fell over the corpse; and before she could recover herself,

316 others tumbled in, and increased the heap on the floor. The yelling and struggling which ensued I leave to the imagination of the reader! Not till lights were brought was the full extent of the catastrophe learned in all its grotesque horrors.

When it was discovered that Larry was dead beyond recall, his body was laid out on the top of the table; candles were placed according to custom; and forms being brought in, all sat down, and began a regular course of wailing, which lasted till the morning; and even then the uproar did not subside. On looking into the cottage in the forenoon, I was surprised to see, in broad daylight, four candles burning within, and all the shutters closed. The air of the house was hot and stifling from the number of breaths. Around the apartment sat the mourners, muffled up in blue-cloth cloaks; and nothing was heard but one monotonous chant, again and again repeated—“Sure he is not dead; for if I thought he was dead, I would go distracted now!” By this time Larry was in his coffin; but still on the table, and his face uncovered.

This miserable scene, so characteristic of Irish habits and feelings, continued till next day at twelve o'clock, when, by Mr Tolmie's orders, a hearse and cars were at the gate to carry the body of the deceased to the grave. Being anxious to witness the departure, but not wishing to intrude, I stood at a respectful distance from the cottage. This was likely, however, to prove rather a tiresome affair. One o'clock came—two o'clock came—and yet the funeral did not lift or move off. The lid of the coffin stood at the door, as if it were going to be a fixture. Astonished at the delay, I ventured forward to ask the reason. Nobody could tell, although hundreds of people were waiting.

“Where is the undertaker?” I inquired.

“There is none,” was the reply.

“Then who has charge of the funeral?” I again inquired of a person who seemed to be chief mourner.

“Nobody,” said he.

“In that case,” I observed, “I think it would be proper for you and the others to get the lid put on the coffin, and go away as soon as possible; for it is getting late, and there is a long way to go.”

“Ah, miss,” said the man, as if clinging to the semblance of authority, “I wish you would give the orders, and we would all do your bidding, and be thankful.”

Thus encouraged to take the upper hand, I requested some of the bystanders to follow me into the cottage, to fix down the lid on the coffin, and bear it to the hearse. All was done according to my orders; but such a scene I shall never forget—the widow dismally wailing when she saw the coffin borne off; the candles, with their long unsnuffed wicks, melting in their sockets from the heat; and the haggard faces of the mourners, worn out with their vigils. At my request all left the cottage; and in five minutes the mournful procession moved off.

It is customary in Ireland for women to accompany funerals to the grave; but on this occasion I endeavoured to dissuade the poor widow, exhausted by hunger, grief, and watching, from going in the procession. At this impious proposal I was beset by two viragos, who brandished their fists in my face, and dared me to prevent a woman from looking after her husband's corpse. I said that I had no objection to her going, further than that she was evidently unfit for the journey, and had not a farthing to buy any refreshment by the way. This announcement had a wonderfully cooling effect. The vixens ceased their remonstrances; and when the very discouraging intelligence of ‘no money—no drink’ spread through the miscellaneous groups who were now on the move, all gradually slunk away; and Larry's corpse was left to the charge of the kitchen-maid, the stable-boy, and the gardener and his sister.

I was thankful that even these few members of the procession proceeded to do their duty; and having seen the last of them, went home to the mansion, thinking of course that Larry would encounter no further difficulty in getting below the ground. Delusive hope! I did not know Ireland. Next morning I learned, that when the hearse arrived at the burying-ground, it was all at once

discovered that that very important particular, a grave, had been unaccountably forgotten. The party looked about and about, but no grave or apology for a grave could they cast eyes on; and, worse and worse, there was no shovel of any description wherewith a resting-place for the unfortunate Larry could be dug. So off the gardener trotted to borrow the necessary implements; and these being fortunately procured at a farmhouse not more than three miles off, a grave was at length prepared; and the coffin was entombed just about midnight, all right and comfortably, ‘thank God!’

I did not remain long in Ireland after this event. All the family were as kind as they possibly could be. But there were deficiencies in the *ménage* which the utmost stretch of politeness could not compensate. The rude disorder which prevailed was disheartening; and as my health began to leave me along with my spirits, I longed for *home*. I am now in that dear home, which no temptation, I trust, will ever again induce me to leave.

‘L'ACADIE.’

‘L'ACADIE, or Seven Years’ Explorations in British America,’ by Sir James E. Alexander,* is one of the latest published books of travel, and differs so much from other works of its class, that it comes before us with the effect of novelty. Sir James is a soldier, was on active service in the country he describes; and to military men, therefore, his volumes will be more acceptable than to the reading world generally. At the same time there is much pleasant, off-hand observation on matters of social concern; and the author's account of his proceedings while surveying for a military road through New Brunswick is in a high degree amusing and instructive.

We should be glad to think that officers of Sir James Alexander's standing partook of the sentiments we everywhere see expressed in the works respecting temperance and rational economy. Wherever it can be done appropriately, he gives a smart rap to smoking, drinking, and similar follies. At a public dinner he attended at New York, plates of cigars were handed round during the toasts, and almost all helped themselves to one; whereupon he observes—“One gentleman said he always smoked twenty-five cigars a day, and often forty. It is really astonishing that men of intelligence and education will cloud their senses, and ruin their constitutions, with this absurd habit, originating in youth in the desire to appear manly.”

We have long disquisition on desertions in Canada, the close neighbourhood of the United States offering a ready refuge to men who are disposed to break their allegiance. The monotony of garrison life and drunkenness are described as the principal causes of disgust with the service; and Sir James recommends employment, and the encouragement of temperance societies in regiments, as means for assuaging the evil. According to his account, deserters are not esteemed, and seldom do any good within the American territory. Many men, however, are either drowned in attempting to swim across to the States, or are captured. ‘The drowned bodies of deserters have been seen circling about for weeks in the Devil's Whirlpool below Niagara.’ An amusing story is told of the capture of a deserter:—“He left Amherstburg to swim across at night to the opposite shore. He managed to give ‘a wide berth’ to Boisblanc Island, on which there was a guard, and he breasted the stream gallantly; but getting among some other islands, he got confused; and instead of keeping the stream always running against his right shoulder, he got it on his left, and actually relanded on the British shore in the morning, thinking it was the American. A woman coming down for water was naturally a good deal surprised at the appearance of a man issuing, like Leander, from the flood close behind her, and exclaiming to her, ‘Hurrah! here we are on the land of

liberty!" "What do you mean?" she asked. "In the States, to be sure," he answered. The woman immediately saw the true state of the case, and saying "Follow me," he found himself in the guard-room."

In various parts of Canada bodies of Scotch are settled in clusters, or at least at no great distance from each other; and according to ancient habit, they endeavour to maintain some of their national customs. At one place Sir James had an opportunity during winter of engaging in the game of 'curling.' Instead of stones, however, which would have cracked with the frost, masses of iron of 56 to 80 lbs. weight, of the shape of curling-stones, were used. On St Andrew's Day he attended the dinner given by the Scotchmen at Kingston; and here he made the acquaintance of the chief of the MacNabs, who some years ago removed to Canada with 318 of his clan. The locality they selected was on the Upper Ottawa, in a romantic and agreeable situation near Lake Chats. Strange, to find a colony of the ancient Gael perpetuating the language and manners of their ancestors in the recesses of a Canadian forest! At the dinner in question, 'the MacNab' was distinguished by a very fine appearance, stout and stalwart, and he carried himself like the head of a clan. His manners, too, were particularly courtier-like, as he had seen much good society abroad; and he was, above all, a warm-hearted man, and a true friend. He usually dressed in a blue coat and trousers, with a whole acre of MacNab tartan for a waistcoat—at great dinners he wore a full suit of his tartan. On the jacket were large silver buttons, which his ancestors wore in the "rising" in 1745.'

Another anecdote of a different kind informs us that the commercial genius of the New World has found in rattlesnakes an object of regular traffic:—'My respectable old friend, T. McConnell the trapper, told me that he was in the habit of visiting Niagara for the purpose of killing the rattlesnakes for the sake of their fat, and that he has sometimes killed three hundred in a season, and thus:—He watched beside a ledge of rocks where their holes were, and stood behind a tree, club in hand, and with his legs cased in sheepskins with the wool on, to guard against bites. The snakes would come out cautiously to seek on account of food or to sun themselves, fearing to go far for their enemies, the pigs. The trapper would then rush forward and lay about him with his club; those which escaped to their holes he seized by the tail; and if they turned round and bit him in the hand, he would spit some snake-root (which he kept chewing in his mouth) on the wound: it frothed up, and danger would cease. The dead snakes were then roasted, hung up by the tail over a slow fire, and their fat collected, taking care there was no blood in it. The fat would sell for twelve dollars a bottle, and was considered of great value by the country people in cases of rheumatism and stiff joints.'

The survey of the great military road through the interior from Halifax, which was projected by government in 1844, formed a suitable opportunity for Sir James employing his skill in engineering; and he was accordingly engaged on a section of the undertaking. The road was designed to extend upwards of five hundred miles in length. Beginning at Halifax, it crossed Nova Scotia by Truro and Amherst; having arrived in New Brunswick, it pursued a pretty straight line by Boiestown and Lake Madawaska to the south bank of the St Lawrence, whence it went onward to Quebec. The main object of the line was to favour the transit of troops to Canada; but practically it would open new and vast regions for settlement, and greatly advance the prosperity of the colonies, New Brunswick in particular. Already a travelled road existed for a hundred miles or more at each end, and therefore the only trouble lay with the central divisions. The exploration of the portion from near Fredericton to Boiestown was assigned to Sir James Alexander; and his party was to consist of one officer, one assistant surveyor, one Indian guide, and eight attendants, woodmen, or lumberers.

The duty was of a very serious kind. It was to hew a track of six clear feet through the trees and brush, so as to permit the use of the measuring chain and compass with sights; and this being done, axemen were to follow and blaze the trees, by cutting a slice of bark off each tree along the proposed line. When it is considered that the line was to perforate woods which had never been traversed by civilised man; that for months the party would not see a town or village, if indeed, any human habitation; and that provisions and all other articles required to be carried on men's backs—for no beast of burthen could travel such entangled wildernesses—the difficulties will seem almost insurmountable. Yet even all this was found to be as nothing in comparison with that most fearful of all torments—the plague of insects. That a gentleman accustomed to ordinary refinements should have volunteered such an exploration, is only another proof of the sturdy heroism of the English soldier, who fears nothing in the cause of duty, or which can redound to the glory of his country.

Instead of tents, which would have been cumbersome, the party took three sheets of ticking, which, unrolling at night, they stretched on poles to windward, the poles being cut on the spot; and under lee of this shelter, and wrapped in blankets, they lay down to rest. There was no undressing or shaving except on Sunday, when, no work being done, the day was spent in religious exercises and general recreation. The fare was simple, chiefly salt pork, tea, and biscuits, and little cooking was necessary. The expedition started from the end of the line next Nova Scotia, so as to explore northwards to Boiestown; their departure being on the 28th of May, while yet the snow was not quite thawed and gone. Starting from their lairs at five in the morning after the first bivouac, all were speedily at their assigned duties. Sir James went ahead, axe on shoulder, and with a compass and haversack, exploring with the Indian André, and indicating the line of march. With intervals for meals, all went merrily on till five p. m., when the party camped for the night. 'The anxious inquirer may ask how many miles we got over in a day, suggesting "eight or ten?" and will doubtless be surprised to hear that a mile and a-quarter a day (though sometimes double that was accomplished), cut through the bush, was considered a fair day's work, and yet we were regularly at it from morning till night.'

The heat was usually about 60 degrees in the morning; at noon 75 degrees; and at sunset 65 degrees. This range of temperature would have been very pleasant in an open airy country; but in the stagnation of the woods the closeness was sometimes terrible to bear. Then came the savage accompaniments—'the minute black fly, the constant summer torment; the mosquito, with intolerable singing, the prelude of its sharp probe; the sand-fly, with its hot sting; the horse-fly, which seems to take the bit out of the flesh; and the large moose, or speckled-winged fly. The party were never,' adds Sir James, 'free from flies of some kind or other; and I have seen the five different kinds just enumerated "doing their worst" at the same time in our flesh, and the black pests digging into it, and elevating their hinder end like ducks searching below the surface of a pond.' To avert the attacks of these winged pests, all the members of the expedition wore gauze veils, tucked in carefully round the face and neck; but with this and all other precautions—such as constantly carrying a burning green stick, so as to raise a smoke—proved of comparatively small account. To vary the entertainment, a bear or wolf occasionally looked in upon the camp; but no accident was suffered from their visitations.

The country through which the line was tracked is generally level, of a good soil, and requires only to be cleared to be fit for the settlement of a large population. Several small rivers were forded by the party; and at different places picturesque falls made their appearance. One of the largest rivers reached was the Gaspereau on the 10th of July, which it was not easy to cross with

loads. Shortly after this, they entered on the scene of the great Miramichi fire of 1825, a conflagration of the pine-forests over many hundred square miles of country, and which is understood to have burnt to death five hundred people. The blackened stumps of the magnificent trees which were destroyed still remain on the ground, interwoven with a new vegetation, differing, as usual, from that which preceded it. After chaining about ninety miles, and when nearly knocked up with fatigue and privations, the party of explorers came in sight of the limit of their measurements. Here they got well housed, and their hunger was satisfied with the wholesome country fare in Mackay's Inn at Boiestown, on the Miramichi.

It is much matter for regret that the engineering explorations of Sir James Alexander and others on this proposed road should have ended in nothing being done. At an expense of £60,000, the road, it is said, might have been made; and made it probably would have been, but for the freak of making a railway instead. This new project, started during the railway mania of 1845, and which would have cost that universal paymaster, Great Britain, not more than three or four millions of money (!), did not go on, which need not to be regretted; but it turned attention from the only practicable thing—a good common road; and till this day the road remains a desideratum.

After the pains we have taken to draw attention to the work of Sir James Alexander, it need scarcely be said that we recommend it for perusal. In conclusion, we may be allowed to express a hope that the author, the most competent man for the task perhaps in the Queen's dominions, will do something towards rousing public attention to the vast natural capabilities of New Brunswick—a colony almost at the door, and that might be readily made to receive the whole overplus population of the British islands. To effect such a grand social move as this would not be unworthy of the greatest minds of the age.

THE TAXES ON KNOWLEDGE.

AN association, as we learn, has sprung up in London with the view of procuring the abolition of all taxes on knowledge—meaning by that phrase the Excise duty on paper, the tax on foreign books, the duty on advertisements, and the penny stamp on newspapers; the whole of which yield a return to the Exchequer of £1,266,733; but deducting certain expenses to which the government is put, the aggregate clear revenue is calculated to be about £1,056,000.

We have been requested to give such aid as may be in our power to facilitate the objects of the Anti-tax-on-Knowledge Association, having, as is pretty correctly inferred, no small interest in seeing at least one department of the taxation—the duty on paper—swept away. So frequently, however, have we petitioned parliament on this subject, and with so little practical avail, that we have made up our minds to petition no more. If the public desire to get cheap newspapers, cheap literary journals, and cheap advertisements, they must say so, and take on themselves the trouble of agitating accordingly. This they have never yet done. They seem to have imagined that the question is one exclusively between publishers and papermakers and the government; whereas, in point of fact, it is as much a public question as that of the late taxes on food, and should be dealt with on the same broad considerations. We are, indeed, not quite sure that publishers, papermakers, and other tradesmen intimately concerned in the question are, as a body, favourable to the removal of the stamp, the Excise, and other taxes on their wares. Generally speaking, only a few of the more enterprising, and the least disposed to maintain a monopoly, have ever peti-

tioned for the abolition of these taxes. This will seem curious, yet it can be accounted for. A papermaker, to pay the duty on the goods he manufactures, must have a large command of capital; comparatively few can muster this capital; hence few can enter the trade. London wholesaler stationers, who, by advancing capital to the papermakers, acquire a species of thralldom over them, are, according to all accounts, by no means desirous to see the duties abolished; for if they were abolished, their money-lending and thirlage powers would be gone. So is it with the great monopolists of the newspaper press. As things stand, few can compete with them. But remove the existing imposts, and let anybody print a newspaper who likes, and hundreds of competitors in town and country would enter the field. There can be no doubt whatever that the stamp and advertisement-duty, particularly the latter, would long since have been removed but for the want of zeal shown by the London newspaper press. If these, however, be mistaken opinions, let us now see the metropolitan stationers and newspaper proprietors petition vigorously for the removal of the taxes that have been named.

But on the public the great burthen of the agitation must necessarily fall. Never would the legislature have abolished the taxes on bread from the mere complaints of the corn importers; nor will the taxes on knowledge be removed till the tax-payers show something like earnestness in pressing their demands. The modern practice of statesmanship is, to have no mind of its own: it has substituted agitation for intelligence, and only responds to clamour. The public surely can have no difficulty in making a noise! Let it do battle in this cause—cry out lustily—and we shall cheerfully help it. If it wont, why, then, we rather believe the matter must be let alone.

Who will dare to avow that the prize is not worthy of the contest? We do not apprehend that, by any process of cheapening, the newspaper press of Great Britain would ever sink to that pitch of foulness that seems to prevail in America. The tastes and habits of the people are against it; the law, strongly administered, is against it. The only change we would expect by the removal of the stamp-duty, and the substitution of, say, a penny postage, would be the rise of news-sheets in every town in the kingdom. And why not? Why, in these days of electric telegraph, should not every place have its own paper, unburthened with a stamp? Or why should the people of London, who do not post their newspapers, be obliged to pay for stamps which they never use? As to the advertisement-duty—an exaction of 1s. 6d. on every business announcement—its continuance is a scandal to common sense; and the removal of that alone would give an immense impetus to all branches of trade. The taxes which press on our own peculiar sheet we say nothing about, having already in many ways pointed out their effect in lessening the power of the printing-machine, and limiting the sphere of its public usefulness.

DR ARNOTT ON VENTILATION AS A PREVENTIVE OF DISEASE.

DR NEIL ARNOTT has addressed a letter on this subject to the 'Times' newspaper. Any expression of opinion by him on such a subject, and more particularly with reference to the prevailing epidemics, must be deemed of so much importance, that we are anxious, as far as in our power, to keep it before the world. He commences by assuming, what will readily be granted, that fresh air for breathing is one of the essentials to life, and that the respiration of air poisoned by impure matter is highly detrimental to health, insomuch that it will sometimes produce the immediate destruction of life. The air acquires impurities from two sources in chief—solid and liquid filth, and the human breath. Persons exposed to these agencies in open places, as the manufacturers of manure in Paris, will suffer little.

It is chiefly when the poison is caught and retained under cover, as in close rooms, that it becomes notably active, its power, however, being always chiefly shown upon those whose tone of health has been reduced by intemperance, by improper food or drink, by great fatigue and anxiety, and, above all, by a habitual want of fresh air.

Dr Arnott regards ventilation not only as a ready means of rendering harmless the breath of the inmates of houses, as well as those living in hospitals and other crowded places, but as a good interim-substitute for a more perfect kind of draining than that which exists. 'To illustrate,' he says, 'the efficacy of ventilation, or dilation with fresh air, in rendering quite harmless any aerial poison, I may adduce the explanation given in a report of mine on fevers, furnished at the request of the Poor-Law Commissioners in 1840, of the fact, that the malaria or infection of marsh fevers, such as occur in the Pontine marshes near Rome, and of all the deadly tropical fevers, affects persons almost only in the night. Yet the malaria or poison from decomposing organic matters which causes these fevers is formed during the day, under the influence of the hot sun, still more abundantly than during the colder night; but in the day the direct beams of the sun warm the surface of the earth so intensely, that any air touching that surface is similarly heated, and rises away like a fire balloon, carrying up with it of course, and much diluting, all poisonous malaria formed there. During the night, on the contrary, the surface of the earth, no longer receiving the sun's rays, soon radiates away its heat, so that a thermometer lying on the ground is found to be several degrees colder than one hanging in the air a few feet above. The poison formed near the ground, therefore, at night, instead of being heated and lifted, and quickly dissipated, as during the day, is rendered cold, and comparatively dense, and lies on the earth a concentrated mass, which it may be death to inspire. Hence the value in such situations of sleeping apartments near the top of a house, or of apartments below, which shut out the night air, and are large enough to contain a sufficient supply of the purer day air for the persons using them at night, and of mechanical means of taking down pure air from above the house to be a supply during the night. At a certain height above the surface of the earth, the atmosphere being nearly of equal purity all the earth over, a man rising in a balloon, or obtaining air for his house from a certain elevation, might be considered to have changed his country, any peculiarity of the atmosphere below, owing to the great dilution effected before it reached the height, becoming absolutely insensible.'

'Now, in regard to the dilation of aerial poisons in houses by ventilation, I have to explain that every chimney in a house is what is called a sucking or drawing air-pump, of a certain force, and can easily be rendered a valuable ventilating-pump. A chimney is a pump—first, by reason of the suction or approach to a vacuum made at the open top of any tube across which the wind blows directly; and, secondly, because the flue is usually occupied, even when there is no fire, by air somewhat warmer than the external air, and has therefore, even in a calm day, what is called a chimney-draught proportioned to the difference. In England, therefore, of old, when the chimney breast was always made higher than the heads of persons sitting or sleeping in rooms, a room with an open chimney was tolerably well ventilated in the lower part, where the inmates breathed. The modern fashion, however, of very low grates and low chimney openings, has changed the case completely; for such openings can draw air only from the bottom of the rooms, where generally the coolest, the last entered, and therefore the purest air, is found; while the hotter air of the breath, of lights, of warm food, and often of subterranean drains, &c., rises and stagnates near the ceilings, and gradually corrupts there. Such heated, impure air, no more tends downwards again to escape or dive under the chimney-piece, than oil in an inverted bottle, immersed in water, will dive down through the water to escape by the bottle's mouth; and such a bottle, or other vessel containing oil, and so placed in water with its open mouth downwards, even if left in a running stream, would retain the oil for any length of time. If, however, an opening be made into a chimney flue through the wall near the ceiling of the room, then will all the hot impure air of the room as certainly pass away by that opening as oil from the inverted bottle would instantly all escape upwards through a small opening made near the elevated bottom of the bottle. A top window-sash, lowered a little, instead of serving, as many people believe it does, like such an

opening into the chimney flue, becomes generally, in obedience to the chimney draught, merely an inlet of cold air, which first falls as a cascade to the floor, and then glides towards the chimney, and gradually passes away by this, leaving the hotter impure air of the room nearly untouched.

'For years past I have recommended the adoption of such ventilating chimney openings as above described, and I devised a balanced metallic valve, to prevent, during the use of fires, the escape of smoke to the room. The advantages of these openings and valves were soon so manifest, that the referees appointed under the Building Act added a clause to their bill, allowing the introduction of the valves, and directing how they were to be placed, and they are now in very extensive use. A good illustration of the subject was afforded in St James's parish, where some quarters are densely inhabited by the families of Irish labourers. These localities formerly sent an enormous number of sick to the neighbouring dispensary. Mr Toynebee, the able medical chief of that dispensary, came to consult me respecting the ventilation of such places, and on my recommendation had openings made into the chimney flues of the rooms near the ceilings, by removing a single brick, and placing there a piece of wire gauze with a light curtain flap hanging against the inside, to prevent the issue of smoke in gusty weather. The decided effect produced at once on the feelings of the inmates was so remarkable, that there was an extensive demand for the new appliance, and, as a consequence of its adoption, Mr Toynebee had soon to report, in evidence given before the Health of Towns Commission, and in other published documents, both an extraordinary reduction of the number of sick applying for relief, and of the severity of diseases occurring. Wide experience elsewhere has since obtained similar results. Most of the hospitals and poor-houses in the kingdom now have these chimney-valves; and most of the medical men, and others who have published of late on sanitary matters, have strongly commended them. Had the present Board of Health possessed the power, and deemed the means expedient, the chimney openings might, as a prevention of cholera, almost in one day, and at the expense of about a shilling for a poor man's room, have been established over the whole kingdom.

'Mr Simpson, the registrar of deaths for St Giles's parish, an experienced practitioner, whose judgment I value much, related to me lately that he had been called to visit a house in one of the crowded courts, to register the death of an inmate from cholera. He found five other persons living in the room, which was most close and offensive. He advised the immediate removal of all to other lodgings. A second died before the removal took place, and soon after, in the poor-house and elsewhere, three others died who had breathed the foul air of that room. Mr Simpson expressed to me his belief that if there had been the opening described above into the chimney near the ceiling, this horrid history would not have been to tell. I believe so too, and I believe that there have been in London lately very many similar cases.'

'The chimney-valves are part of a set of means devised by me for ventilation under all circumstances. My report on the ventilation of ships, sent at the request of the Board of Health, has been published in the Board's late Report on Quarantine, with testimony furnished to the Admiralty as to its utility in a convict ship with 500 prisoners. My observations on the ventilation of hospitals are also in the hands of the Board, but not yet published. All the new means have been freely offered to the public, but persons desiring to use them should be careful to employ competent makers.'

'Having seen Dr Arnott's ventilators in operation in London and elsewhere, we can venture to recommend them as a simple and very inexpensive machinery for ventilating rooms with fires. The process is indeed generally known, and would be more extensively applied if people knew where to procure the ventilators. We have had many letters of inquiry on this subject, and could only refer parties to "any respectable ironmongers." But unfortunately, as it appears, there are hundreds of respectable ironmongers who never heard of the article in question, and our recommendation goes pretty much for nothing. Curious how a little practical difficulty will mar a great project! We trust that the worthy doctor will try to let it be known where his ventilators are to be had in town and country.'

AN OLD-FASHIONED DITTY.

I'VE tried in much bewilderment to find
Under which phase of loveliness in thee
I love thee best; but oh, my wandering mind
Hovers o'er many sweets, as doth a bee,
And all I feel is contradictory.

I love to see thee gay, because thy smile
Is sweeter than the sweetest thing I know;
And then thy limpid eyes are all the while
Sparkling and dancing, and thy fair cheeks glow
With such a sunset lustre, that c'en so
I love to see thee gay.

I love to see thee sad, for then thy face
Expresseth an angelic misery;
Thy tears are shed with such a gentle grace,
Thy words fall soft, yet sweet as words can be,
That though 'tis selfish, I confess, in me,
I love to see thee sad.

I love to hear thee speak, because thy voice
Than music's self is yet more musical,
Its tones make every living thing rejoice;
And I, when on mine ear those accents fail,
In sooth I do believe that most of all
I love to hear thee speak.

Yet no! I love thee mute; for oh, thine eyes
Express so much, thou hast no need of speech!
And there's a language that in silence lies,
When two full hearts look fondness each to each,
Love's language that I fain to thee would teach,
And so I love thee mute.

Thus I have come to the conclusion sweet,
Nothing thou dost can less than perfect be;
All beauties and all virtues in thee meet;
Yet one thing more I'd fain behold in thee—
A little love, a little love for me.

MARIAN.

DEER.

The deer is the most acute animal we possess, and adopts the most sagacious plans for the preservation of its life. When it lies, satisfied that the wind will convey to it an intimation of the approach of its pursuer, it gazes in another direction. If there are any wild birds, such as curlews or ravens, in its vicinity, it keeps its eye intently fixed on them, convinced that they will give it a timely alarm. It selects its cover with the greatest caution, and invariably chooses an eminence from which it can have a view around. It recognises individuals, and permits the shepherds to approach it. The stags at Tornapress will suffer the boy to go within twenty yards of them, but if I attempt to encroach upon them they are off at once. A poor man who carries peats in a creel on his back here, may go 'check-for-jowl' with them: I put on his pannier the other day, and attempted to advance, and immediately they sprang away like antelopes. An eminent deer-stalker told me the other day of a plan one of his keeper's adopted to kill a very wary stag. This animal had been known for years, and occupied part of a plain from which it could perceive the smallest object at the distance of a mile. The keeper cut a thick bush, which he carried before him as he crept, and commenced stalking at eight in the morning; but so gradually did he move forward, that it was five p.m. before he stood in triumph with his foot on the breast of the antlered king. 'I never felt so much for an inferior creature,' said the gentleman, 'as I did for this deer. When I came up it was panting life away, with its large blue eyes firmly fixed on its slayer. You would have thought, sir, that it was accusing itself of simplicity in having been so easily betrayed.'—*Inverness Courier*.

IVORY.

At the quarterly meeting of the Geological and Polytechnic Society of the West Riding of Yorkshire, held in the Guildhall in Doncaster, on Wednesday last, Earl Fitzwilliam in the chair, Mr Dalton of Sheffield read a paper on 'ivory as an article of manufacture.' The value of the annual consumption in Sheffield was about £30,000, and about 500 persons were employed in working it up for trade. The number of tasks to make up the weight

consumed in Sheffield, about 180 tons, was 45,000. According to this, the number of elephants killed every year was 22,500; but supposing that some tusks were cast, and some animals died, it might be fairly estimated that 18,000 were killed for the purpose.—*Yorkshire Gazette*.

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PRICE 1½d.

THE HALF-BOARDER.

BY MRS ALARIC A. WATTS.

WHEN a naturalist is desirous of describing any genus of peculiar interest in the world of nature, we generally find him selecting one of the kind as a specimen from which to draw his description of the whole race; satisfied that, although distinctions may exist in minor details between it and others of its species, the general characteristics will be found alike in all.

In endeavouring to sketch the principal incidents in the history of a class whose trials seem peculiarly interesting, because coming at a period of life usually exempted from them, I have pursued a similar course; and though the career of my heroine may present features peculiar to itself, as must ever be the case with personal history, her experiences will, I believe, be found to differ in no essential particular from those of the great body of her sisterhood. It can hardly be deemed necessary perhaps to begin the biography of the half-boarder from the hour of her birth; it may be sufficient to state that she is usually the eldest daughter of parents of the middle class, depressed into comparative poverty either by misfortune or imprudence, but blessed with the inalienable advantage of belonging to 'a good family,' and being enabled to boast of relatives of consideration in the world. Her earliest years are too often passed amid all the horrors of genteel but biting penury; in witnessing, daily, cares that have become familiarised, though not lightened, to her by frequent recurrence; and sharing anxieties which, though studiously concealed from her, experience has enabled her to divine, without suggesting any means of alleviating. Her duties are sufficiently multifarious: she shares the labours of

'The little maid some four foot high.'

by taking upon herself the lighter portion of the house work; and adds to this the heavier burthens of unremitting attendance on an ailing mother, and constant endeavours to divert the anxieties of a careworn father. She is the governess of such of her half-dozen brothers and sisters as are old enough to profit by her instruction, enlightening them with such gleams of knowledge as her own limited opportunities may have enabled her to acquire; and is at the same time the playmate and nurse of the younger members of her family. Thus matters usually stand until our heroine is about fourteen years old, when some pressing emergency induces the wife, notwithstanding her own repugnance, and the strong disengagement of her husband, to apply to his family for pecuniary assistance. The welldoing uncles or cousins, though at first astonished at the assurance of the world in general, and their own poor relation in particular, are not more hardhearted than is usual with persons who have all their lives enjoyed an uninterrupted tide of pros-

perity, and a family council is therefore held to consider what should be done in the matter. It is agreed at once, without a dissentient voice, that any pecuniary advances would be entirely out of the question; that they would only patch matters for a time, without being of any permanent service to the family; and, what is not the least objection, might afford an inconvenient precedent for similar applications in future emergencies: and it is finally determined that the aid which will prove eventually of most service to the family, at the least cost to themselves, may be afforded by assuming the charge of the education of the eldest child. The matron of the conclave is therefore deputed to make known to the applicant that, although they feel themselves precluded from complying with the specific request contained in her letter, yet that, being desirous of serving her family in consideration of the blood relationship subsisting between her husband and themselves, they have determined on relieving her from the burthen of Maria's education.

The first feeling of the anxious circle on the receipt of this announcement is one of unmixed disappointment. The father had not been without hopes of the success of the application, though he professes that the result is just what he had expected from the beginning. Maria is but young, and her education at this precise period is comparatively unimportant, while he is convinced that a compliance with the original request would have relieved him from all difficulty, and have enabled him satisfactorily to provide himself for his children's education; while the mother, though by no means so sanguine on this head, has nevertheless her own cause of disappointment in the cold and measured tone of the communication, which she feels with all the sensitiveness of misfortune. The matter, however, is talked over in all its bearings, and by degrees a brighter light seems to break in upon them.

The father begins to consider that, although the aid offered is not precisely that which he desired, it is nevertheless an important assistance; and the mother soon loses sight of the affront to her own *amour propre* in the chilling tone in which the favour is proffered, when she thinks of the advantages it promises to her child. Both parents remember having noticed particularly the young ladies of Miss Wilson's establishment at church, their superior gentility both of appearance and deportment, and forthwith follows a bright daydream on the advantage of Maria's becoming a day-boarder at that establishment—thus securing the double benefit of the good education for herself, without losing the advantage of the evening instruction for her sisters, and the solace of her society to them all. A letter of thanks for the consideration of the uncle or cousin is cheerfully penned, a card of the terms of Miss Wilson's school is procured and enclosed, and, for one entire evening, the whole family rejoice together in the midst of their cares at this stroke of good-fortune.

For a whole week no reply is vouchsafed to the letter, and they begin to feel anxious lest some stray word or unconsidered sentence should have given offence to the persons they are most interested in conciliating. At length, however, they are relieved on this head: a brief note arrives, in which the writer regrets that they cannot fall into the plan sketched out by the parents; but as their motive in consenting to undertake the charge of the child at all, is to give her the means of securing her own livelihood in a respectable manner, they are of opinion that that object will be best attained by removing her altogether from her own family, and placing her as half-boarder, for a term of years, in some well-known school, for which they are already on the look-out. The letter concludes by professing, with extreme humility, that should this arrangement not coincide with the parents' views, they would by no means desire its adoption; in which case, however, it is very clearly intimated, they would of course feel themselves relieved from any further responsibility in the matter.

The dictatorial tone and startling brevity of this communication fall like an ice-bolt on the assembled group. The first impulse of the father is to reject the offer altogether; but when he looks on the anxious countenance of his child, he feels that he has no right to sacrifice her permanent benefit to a mere consideration of feeling on his own part. He accordingly smothers his resentment at the manner in which the boon is offered, and tries to rejoice that the comforts of a respectable home, and freedom from home cares and menial drudgery, are by any means secured to his child.

An anxious consultation next ensues on the subject of her outfit: the family wardrobe is produced in the little parlour; the least mended of the under-garments are selected, and a clean white tucker is appended to the well-worn best frock; the Sunday bonnet is relined with an eighteenpenny sarsnet, and retrimmed with a three-penny ribbon; the cost of half-a-dozen home-made muslin collars is calculated; and the propriety of a new merino frock is finally canvassed and determined on. The father looks on with an aching heart and a moistened eye as the last article of absolute necessity is provided for by a cheerful surrender, on the part of the mother, of her own squirrel boa and scarlet shawl.

A few days elapse, during which our heroine endeavours to soften the loss her absence will occasion in the household by redoubled diligence on her own part. The fortnight's wash is anticipated by a few days; she works early and late to mend up all the stockings; the children are doubly tasked on the score of lessons; the sister next in age to herself is enjoined to be very attentive to poor mamma, and the younger children to render due obedience to her deputy. On the evening of the Saturday following the father brings home a letter from his munificent relative, announcing that a school having been found for the child, she is to repair, on the Monday following, by Dawney's Wimbledon Coach, where a place for her has been taken and paid for, to their country-house; and intimating that it will not be necessary for the father to be at the trouble of accompanying her himself, as her safety has been secured by an order already issued to the gardener to be in attendance at the end of the avenue on the arrival of the vehicle.

The intervening Sunday is a day of restless anxiety to the whole family. Advice on the minutest particular of her future conduct is affectionately bestowed on our heroine. A faint attempt at cheerfulness is maintained by the whole circle, till the arrival of night and darkness permits each individual to give free vent to the pent-up feelings by an unrestrained burst of tears. The heart

thus lightened of its load, they sleep calmly, and rise in the morning of separation conscious of a feeling of hope and cheerfulness, to which anxiety has kept them strangers since the first opening of the important negotiation.

The middle of Monday sees our heroine, for the first time in her life, surrounded by all the refinements of a well-appointed English gentleman's household. On her arrival she is conducted to the school-room of her young cousins, where she joins the party at dinner, and undergoes a somewhat unceremonious scrutiny on the part of the young ladies. They are good-natured, thoughtless girls, however; and though they do not fail to remark that her hands are rather coarse, and that she wants the self-possession of a lady, the circumstance is noted to each other in a carefully-subdued tone, and does not in any way influence their kindly dispositions towards her. They exhibit, by way of amusing her, their toys and trinkets, and question her of her own possessions and attainments; but meeting with little response on this head, they try another resource, and considerably propose some merry game. The young novice, alas, has never had time to play! but she feels their kindness, and does her best to participate in the gaiety around her. The lady-mother returns from her drive barely in time to dress for dinner; and thus the awful period of introduction to her is deferred until the accustomed hour of dessert summons the denizens of the school-room and nursery to the dining-room.

I wish that truth would enable me to endow my heroine with that best letter of introduction—personal beauty; but what girl of her age was ever even pretty? The beautiful roundness of the features of childhood is past, and the skeleton only of womanhood has succeeded it: hence the falling-in chest, the long, thin arms, the bony ankles, the squareness of figure, and, above all, the vacant or anxious school-girl face. It is utterly impossible to conjure up beauty out of such materials; they belong less to the individual than to the age, and nothing short of time itself can remedy the evil. But when, to such disadvantages, a frightened awkwardness of manner is superadded, as in the present instance, by the unaccustomed appearance of everything around, and the consciousness of a dubious position, it is hardly to be expected that the result could be of a nature greatly to conciliate the favour of an indifferent, not to say prejudiced, spectator; and the reader, therefore, will not be surprised to learn that a reception perfectly civil, though rather cold, is all that awaits the protégée in the halls of her benefactors. The hostess fills her plate with fruit, and the host, without asking her consent, adds a glass of wine; and then both turn to listen to the wit of their own offspring, and talk over the events of the day. In the course of some half-an-hour the gentleman exhibits signs of an inclination to take his siesta, and the rest of the party adjourn to the drawing-room, where a confidential conversation ensues between madam and the resident governess, in reference, apparently, to the dependent child, who, with the quick instinct of inborn propriety, retreats towards the other end of the room, where she endeavours to amuse the younger children; in which she is so eminently successful, that the stately manner of the lady gradually begins to relax. Previously to the arrival of coffee, she is heard to request some trifling service at the hands of her little relative; and before the conclusion of the evening, finds herself even addressing the child as 'my dear!' The rest of the circle take their cue from the lady-in-chief; and the young stranger, by degrees, feels herself on a footing of intimacy almost approaching to equality.

With the earliest dawn our heroine is wide awake, the

unaccustomed luxury of down pillows having, she thinks, prevented her from sleeping well. She wonders whether they are thinking of her at home, and how her sister performed her new duties; and ponders with some anxiety on her own future lot. Her father's relations have been very kind to her, far more kind, indeed, than she had expected; and she does not despair for the future. She is, however, rather annoyed at being obliged to admit the assistance of a servant in dressing her, and rejoices when the morning salutation with her cousins is over. However, a walk round the extensive grounds tends somewhat to brace up her nerves; and she receives a personal summons to attend her benefactress in her dressing-room without experiencing any serious trepidation. On her arrival in this sanctum she is desired to take a seat, and has to undergo a rather minute cross-examination as to her personal attainments, as well as in regard to her late habits and occupations. Her replies elicit no further remark than a caution, not harshly given, against bestowing any unnecessary confidences on these points upon the lady, her future governess, and the companions of her future home; whereof the advantages are forcibly pointed out to her, and a due appreciation of their benefits earnestly enjoined. Then follows the expression of a confident hope on the part of her monitor that the great expense incurred to secure for her all these benefits will be met by proportionate exertions on her part to profit to the very utmost by the advantages thus generously placed within her reach. This exordium brought to a close, and a dutiful acknowledgment returned thereto, she is next interrogated as to the extent and quality of her wardrobe, and replies with cheerful alacrity that she is well provided for on that score; but whether a hint dropped to the governess by the under-housemaid of the result of her observations at her toilet may have suggested a doubt on this head, or whether a feeling of curiosity is entertained by the lady as to what is considered a good provision by a poor relation, is uncertain, but the poor girl is required to produce the wardrobe, the extent of which does not preclude her from fulfilling the mandate in person. The carpet-bag is brought down, and hastily opened, and, with an involuntary gesture of distaste, as hastily closed. The services of the maid of the young ladies are in instant requisition, and an order is given to her to make a selection of the more ordinary garments from the wardrobes of her young mistresses. The damsel, though by no means approving of this wholesale appropriation of what she has been accustomed to regard as her own ultimatum property, obeys her instructions, and soon returns with an ample supply of half-worn garments, which, with an air of subdued sullenness, she places before her mistress. The lady, who fathoms at once the origin of her dissatisfaction, desires her, in a voice of some asperity, instantly to pack them up; and secures a more cheerful compliance with the mandate by an intimation that compensation will be made to her in another way. These preliminaries adjusted, luncheon and the carriage are ordered to be in readiness an hour before their usual time; the lady announces her intention of personally introducing her protégée to her new home; and then intimates that her presence may for the present be dispensed with.

At the hour appointed the carriage is announced, the lady sweeps in, followed by her young relative, and an hour's drive brings them to the end of their journey. The aristocratic peal of the footman remains unanswered for a period sufficiently long to admit of a brief investigation of our heroine's future home. It is a large, red brick house, old fashioned, but perfectly respectable in appearance, with a multiplicity of windows, carefully veiled by blinds from top to bottom. A small front garden intervenes between the house and the public road, and is surrounded by a low brick wall, surmounted by a lofty hedge of laurustinus, under which blooms a perpetual growth of the blue periwinkle. The box-edges of the parterres are more than usually luxuriant, and the gravel walk, though carefully swept, presents visible signs of the moss of ages. The brass-plate on the outer gate, and the ample steps leading into the house, are scrupulously clean. On either side of the entrance hall, which is spacious, and even

handsome, stand two large professional-looking globes, appropriate introductions to the world of knowledge beyond; while from the centre branches off a square flight of broad, well-carpeted oak stairs, which, if any criterion of the size of the rooms above, promise well for the domestic comfort of the establishment.

In the absence of a footman—a functionary not admissible in a seminary for young ladies—the party is conducted by a smart parlour-maid to a well-proportioned, though somewhat chilly drawing-room, handsomely furnished with chairs, guarded from use as carefully as 'the throne' of Lady Margaret Bellenden at Tillietudlem, and footstools which, though preserved by oil-silk covers, are yet guiltless of ever having been pressed by the foot of human being. The chimney-piece exhibits hand-screens as smart as gold paper and water-colours can make them, in which the conflicting styles of the pupil and the master, though ingeniously blended, are easily to be distinguished; and on the principal table stands a valuable work-box, which the lady of the house will not fail incidentally to remark was a present to her from her affectionate pupils. The room, in short, is redolent of professional decorations, from the Berlin wool and embroidery of the present day, to the bygone glories of filigree and shellwork. The visitors have only time to look around them, and select two chairs upon which they can sit with a good conscience, before the mistress of the house presents herself in the person of a very upright, ladylike woman, attired in black silk of glossy freshness, and leading by the hand a beautiful little girl, the pride of the school. The child (who is exquisitely dressed for exhibition) has been committed to her charge by its doting parents the day before they sailed for India, and she cannot, therefore, persuade herself to lose sight of her for an instant. This is said by way of apology; and the little piece of sentimentalism having produced its desired effect, the child is quietly dismissed to amuse herself at the other end of the room.

The important subject of terms and length of engagement having been adjusted at a previous interview, the patroness has little to do beyond introducing the new pupil to her new protector; and the identity of the family name unhappily preventing her début as the orphan child of a deceased schoolfellow, no alternative remains but to name her as Miss Maria Armstrong, a young person in whose welfare she feels a lively interest, the young lady being, in fact, a distant relative of Mr Armstrong himself, the offspring, she is sorry to add, of an imprudent marriage. How far her education may already have proceeded, the lady has had no means of ascertaining, never having seen any member of the family until the previous evening. She, however, without solicitude, confides the child to her maternal care, in the fullest confidence that whatever talents she may possess will receive the highest culture at her hands, and in the hope that the same will be met by a corresponding degree of diligence on the part of the young person herself, as on the exercise of these talents, be they great or small, her future wellbeing must depend. The lady believes that every necessary for the use of one in the position of her protégée has been provided; but should anything indispensable have been forgotten, she begs Mrs Sharp will have the goodness to procure it. She has only further to request, that no unnecessary intercourse with her own family may be encouraged on the part of the child; such communications, if of frequent occurrence, having a very obvious tendency to unsettle the mind, and unfit it for its manifold duties. With these sentiments Mrs Sharp entirely coincides. The lady rises, bestows a kiss on the little fairy—a shake of the hand and half-a-guinea on the young dependent—and a bow expressive of mingled cordiality and condescension on the mistress of the house—and then, with a measured step, regains her equipage; and, as the nursery rhyme has it—

• The carriage drives off with a bound.'

As the new-comer is only a half-boarder, it cannot of course be expected that the head of an establishment of pretensions equal to the one of which we are speaking

should herself introduce the stranger to her dormitory; and as the attendance of a housemaid might lead to unwarrantable expectations of future service, the little girl is deputed to convoy Miss Armstrong to the room over the kitchen, the left-hand closet of which will be found vacant for the reception of her clothes. When this is accomplished, should any time remain previously to the tea-bell, she had better inform herself of the names and localities of the various departments, with which her little guide will have pleasure in making her acquainted. The clothes are unpacked, and put away, and the tour of the house is hardly accomplished when the expected peal is rung. A rustling sound, accompanied by the shuffling of many feet, is heard in the distance; the little girl safely pilots her companion to the parlour door, leaving her to make her *entrée* alone, and then skips off to join her companions in the refectory. The young novice waits a few moments to gather both breath and courage, and then gently taps at the door; a voice from within desires her to enter, and she stands before half-a-dozen smart ladies at tea. A pause of a moment succeeds, which is broken by the governess, who thinks (aloud) that it will perhaps be the best plan for Miss Armstrong at once to enter upon her duties. She is therefore desired to proceed along the passage till she arrives at a green baize door, on opening which, a second door will introduce her to the apartments of the young ladies. She makes her exit from the parlour in the best manner she is able, and experiences but little difficulty in discovering the eating-room, from which issues a cheerful buzz of voices. She wisely resolves not to give her courage time to cool, and so enters without observing the preliminary ceremony of self-announcement. The sound of the opening door produces an instantaneous hush, and at the same time directs towards her the glance of four-and-twenty pair of curious eyes, besides a piercingly-black individual pair appertaining to the French governess at the head of the table. She stands perfectly astonished at her own temerity; then thankfully sinks into a chair pointed out by that lady on her left hand; accepts a cup of tea, which a choking sensation in the throat prevents her from swallowing, and is conscious of an unwilling suffusion of colour from the crown of her head to her very fingers' ends. Tea and the tea things at length despatched, the usual half hour supervenes previously to the period for preparing lessons, advantage of which is taken by madame to inquire the name, age, &c. of the new-comer; whilst the little figurante, whose position renders her a sort of *avant-courier* to the school-room of the proceedings in the drawing-room, is captured by one of the elder girls, who, on pretence of plaiting her hair, seats her on her knee in the midst of her own peculiar set, and proceeds to extract, with very commendable ingenuity, all the events of the day, reserving to herself the liberty of drawing her own inferences from the detail, copious or meagre, as the case may be. One circumstance connected with the arrival of the young stranger does strike the privileged set with inexpressible astonishment. If, as is asserted, she came in a private carriage, and that carriage the veritable property of her friends, and not a 'trumpery glass-coach'—how, then, could she be going to sleep in the room over the kitchen!—that chamber of Blue-Beard reputation, strongly suspected of harbouring mice, and convicted, beyond question, of being subject to a very disagreeable odour! The thing is pronounced impossible, and unworthy a moment's credit. In vain the child assures them, upon her word and honour, she helped to put away her clothes; the proposition is not to be believed for an instant. The informant, indignant at having her veracity impeached, calls aloud on Miss Armstrong to verify her assertion. The appeal is, however, happily overpowered by a simultaneous shuffle of the feet of the inquisitors; she is quietly slid from the knee on which she had been sitting, and the discussion proceeds in the absence of the witness. There certainly is something very unusual attending the new-comer: no note of preparation announced her advent; no cheerful congratulations had been offered to themselves on the

prospect of a new companion; no hopes expressed that they would do their best to make her home a pleasant one. And then the circumstance of her taking her *first* tea in the eating-room, to which she was not even introduced; such a mark of contumely had never before been suffered within the memory of the oldest school-girl present; and of this fact they were themselves eye-witnesses. It was inexplicable: they could not understand it. A single hour, however, suffices to solve the mystery: the period at length arrives for preparing lessons, and with it the housemaid to curl the hair of the younger children; and in this labour of love Miss Armstrong is requested to lend her assistance! A glimmering light as to her real position flashes across the minds of the bewildered spectators. But when she is further required to attend the children to their respective rooms, and light the candles preparatory to the arrival of the elder girls, the matter is put beyond a doubt: she is—she must be—a half-boarder!

Reader, picture to yourself, I beseech you, the estimation in which a Christian slave is held by a follower of the true Prophet, a Nazarene by a Jewish rabbi, a Pariah by a holy Brahmin of immaculate descent, and you may then have some faint, some very faint idea, of the depths to which this fact has sunk our heroine in the estimation of the major part of her schoolfellows!

The young ladies are at length fairly disposed of for the night; and the half-boarder, having completed her duties, descends again to the school-room, which she finds in the possession of the housemaid and a cloud of dust, the French teacher having joined the party in the parlour. Thither she also repairs, and requests permission to retire to her room. The concession is readily granted to her, and she gladly seeks her bed, to sleep with what soundness of repose she may. Anxious to fulfil the duties of her post to the spirit as well as to the letter of the bond, she is dressed even before the school-bell rings, and is ready on its summons to assist in the ablutions of the little ones. She saves many a needless chit a fine by herself folding up the forgotten night-clothes; an indulgence, however, not to be taken as a precedent, her duty being to aid in the reformation of evil habits, not to slur them over. Having had no lessons marked out for her on this first morning, she watches the order of proceedings, and helps the little favourite to master the difficulties of a column of spelling.

After breakfast, the pupils having dispersed themselves in the garden to taste the morning air (young ladies have no playground), the half-boarder has a private audience of the superior, in order that, her mental standing having been duly ascertained, she may be drafted into class second or third, as the case may be. After rendering a true and particular account of her acquirements in reading, writing, needlework, &c. &c. and admitted her total ignorance of French, music, and dancing, the order is given for her admission into the third class, and beginning French forthwith. Dancing and music are held out as stimulants to quicken her diligence in making herself 'generally useful,' in consideration of having been received into the establishment at one-half the usual charge. Her duties cannot very clearly be defined, but she will soon comprehend them. Soon, indeed, poor girl! they being, in fact, to do all that is neglected to be performed by the other members of the household—to stand in the alternate relations of nursemaid and instructor of the younger children, and of butt and fag to the elder ones. She must be prepared to consider herself the link between the lower teacher and the upper servant, willing to lend her aid to each, and to bear the blame due to either; to labour with untiring diligence to improve her mind and increase her accomplishments, and thus eventually supersede the necessity for an under teacher at all.

These are multifarious duties, it must be admitted; but, as Dr Johnson says, 'few things are impossible to ingenuity and perseverance.' She has not been brought up in the lap of refinement, and therefore misses not its comforts: she is blessed with a strong constitution and a willing mind, loves learning for its own sake, and never

forgets that every member of her own family may be ultimately benefited through her means.

It is true that at first it is painful to stand up with the little class—herself a giant among pignies ; to be conscious of a sneering smile on the part of the teacher as she draws a parallel between her bodily height and her dwarfish information. It is mortifying to know that her dresses have been discovered, by their misfit, to have belonged to other parties—that the discrepancies between her own initials and those on her linen have not been overlooked—and to feel that the absence of a weekly allowance, and regular home correspondence, are never-failing sources of unsympathising wonder.

All this is mortifying enough, but it is not all she has to undergo. After rising early, and lying down late, and eating the bread of carefulness, she finds that even the rigid performance of her own duties, and the neglected work of half-a-dozen people besides, meets at first with but little encouragement from the mistress of the house, who receives it purely as a matter of course, while it does not fail to awaken the distrust and jealousy of her subordinates. The cook remembers her refusal to connive at the abstraction of ‘a dust of tea,’ even when the key of the storeroom was actually in her hand; and the housemaid bears in mind that Miss Johnson would have bestowed upon her last year’s cloak on the arrival of her new *visite*, had not the half-boarder suggested the necessity for asking leave. The French teacher does not forget that, on the only occasion in which she indulged in a little harmless flirtation with a whiskered cousin of her own, the half-boarder looked reproof; the English teacher remembers her refusal furtively to procure sundry little delicacies not included in the daily bill of fare; while her assistant notes her strenuous efforts to qualify herself to supersede her in her own department.

All these offences are registered and retaliated. The cook, when reproved for any omission, stoutly declares that orders transmitted through Miss Armstrong never reach her; the housemaid, in waiting at table, contrives that the least savoury *plat* shall fall to her lot; the Parisienne shrugs her shoulders as she comments on her air *bourgeois*; the English teacher frankly declares she never could like her; whilst her subordinate sister ‘hopes’ that Miss Armstrong may prove as simple as she appears.

But a Sacred Authority has assured us that though sorrow may endure for a night, joy cometh in the morning; and the experience even of a half-boarder demonstrates that a patient continuance in welldoing is not without its reward. By degrees the lot of our heroine is considerably ameliorated: the prejudice against her begins to wear away; and even the English teacher, who has held out the longest, having a character for consistency to maintain, is constrained to admit that Miss Armstrong is an estimable and well-conducted young person. Her desire to please is at length appreciated, and her poverty is even admitted to be rather her misfortune than her fault. The great girls cease to despise her—the little girls learn to love her. The higher powers readily second the exertions for self-improvement which promise to relieve them from the drudgery of initiatory instruction; and the prize held out for the successful fulfilment of her humbler duties is in process of time secured. Instruction in dancing and music commences with the second half year, and glimmerings of still greater glories are pointed out in the distance.

The governess, though an exacting, is not an unjust taskmistress. If she requires much during school-hours, she allows the unusual luxuries of fire and lights when school duty is over; and furthermore advances the interests of her pupil by a statement, under her own hand, to the benefactress of the half-boarder, that she promises to do honour to that lady’s patronage no less than to her own establishment.

Her successful progress in the road to learning, and in the good graces of those around her, coupled with the encouragement afforded by a kind word, and now and then a small present bestowed on her by the grateful mamma of some infant prodigy, all combine to quicken her steps in the race towards the grand object of her

ambition—the qualifying herself for the situation of a nursery governess. In the meantime, in the words of Crabbe, her duty is—

—‘to feel
Dependent helper always at the wheel;
Her power minute, her compensation small,
Her labours great, her life laborious all;
Set after set the lower tribe to make
Fit for the class which her superiors take.
The road of learning for a time to track
In roughest state, and then again go back,
Just the same way on other troops to wait—
Doorkeeper she at Learning’s lower gate.’

This is her lot for some two years; but she has the encouragement of knowing that her apprenticeship, though a hard one, is gradually fitting her for the object of her ambition; while, as she advances in her career, the experience of the past inspires her with confidence for the future, since it proves to her that right principle and steady perseverance are invincible, or they could never have enabled her to overcome the trials and difficulties which beset the path of a Half-Boarder.

INDIAN POLICE REVELATIONS.

We have frequently had occasion to observe that travellers differ widely from each other, even as to such matters of fact as must have come under the cognisance of their senses. The late Mr Rae Wilson, for instance, who observed personally the falls of the Narova, gives the measurement of the descent of water at something so comparatively enormous, as to prove that he had unconsciously blended in his imagination the whole of the rapids into one cataract; and we ourselves, when gazing upon those troubled waters from the wooden bridge that spans them, looked with such surprise upon the ‘Yarrow Visited,’ as must, we fear, have coloured, in an opposite way from Mr Wilson’s, our impressions, and consequently our report. If travellers who desire, both from interest and inclination, to be impartial differ so widely in matters of fact, what shall be said of maters of opinion? A compiler is frequently taunted with presuming to write critically of countries he has never visited in person; but if he will only take the pains to collect, and sift, and compare the jarring and often opposite accounts of residents and travellers, we have a strong suspicion that he will be found better qualified for his business than any of them!

India has always been the Debateable Land of authors, both as to fact and opinion. The books published upon that country contain the most outrageous mass of contradictions extant; and each successive writer gives the lie, without the smallest ceremony, to those who preceded him. This cannot be wholly owing to our ignorance of the country and the people. The Hon. Robert Lindsay was shut up with the natives almost exclusively for twelve years; and he represents them as being so honest, that he could intrust three or four thousand pounds’ worth of his property to a menial servant, wandering to the farthest extremity of the country, and absent for twelve months at a time. Colonel Davidson resided for many years, and travelled much in India; and he turns the reverse of the medal, representing the native inhabitants as thieves and vagabonds to a man. We must go further, therefore, than the mere question of knowledge; for these two witnesses (whom we take as the types of two numerous classes) are men of both knowledge and honour. We must seek for an explanation of the mystery in the depths of the human character.

The colour of an object, although really one of its inherent properties, is always modified by the medium through which it is seen; and nothing but care and reflection, or at least lengthened experience, will enable us to correct the error, and trace the actual through the

apparent hue. In the same way, the qualities of a people in one stage of civilisation cannot be judged of intuitively by a people in another stage, because they are viewed through an uncongenial medium. The Indians can no more be comprehended at once by Europeans, than Europeans can be comprehended at once by the Indians. Much care will be required to enable the two to arrive even at an approximation to a true understanding of each other. Virtue and vice are not the substantive and unbending terms we commonly imagine them to be. They receive a new meaning, or a new force, in every new form of civilisation; the *lex talionis* of the ancient Jews, for instance, was abrogated by the more advanced law of Christianity; and we meet with a hundred things in history—

"Things light or lovely in their acted time"—

which, in the present day, would be considered indications of positive depravity. Few of the heroes of the middle ages would escape hanging or the hulks in the nineteenth century, and fewer still of the heroines would be received in a modern drawing-room!

To form a correct estimate of the Indians, we must compare them with other Asiatic nations, and not with the inhabitants of Europe, where the human character received a new and extraordinary development through the collision of different and distant races of mankind. According to the former standard, the Indians are much in advance, which can only be accounted for by the vast extent of their country, and the fluctuating movements of its population, interrupting in some degree what is called the 'permanent' form of civilisation peculiar to Asia. To estimate their moral and social prospects, however, and the moral and social prospects of the Eastern world in general, we must compare them with our own ancestors of a few centuries ago, among whom we shall find quite as much grossness of taste, obtuseness of feeling, tyranny, dishonesty, antagonism of classes, and puerile and debasing superstition. The conflicting views of the Indian character arise simply from the opposite idiosyncrasies of the observers. Colonel Davidson finds theft common, and stigmatises the people with the English name of thieves; while Mr Lindsay, marvelling at the singular fidelity of his servants, ascribes to them the English virtue of honesty. Both are deceived; for these two apparently opposite qualities may, and do, meet in the same individuals, and are therefore not of the nature of the English qualities of the same name. If we encountered such passages in history, we should comprehend the seeming anomaly, and at once refer it to a particular stage of civilisation; but falling in with them in the course of our personal experience, and suffering from the bad, or deriving advantage from the good quality, we take no care to discriminate, but give praise or blame according to the religious and moral dispensation we live under in Europe. The tendency of this want of discrimination is adverse to Indian progress. The people are at this moment undergoing, but more slowly, the change which revolutionised the West; although this time Mohammed goes to the mountain, since the mountain does not come to Mohammed. Europe flings itself upon Asia, and Western knowledge ferments in the inert mass of Eastern ignorance. We are numerically few, however, though intellectually powerful; and it is of the utmost consequence that we should comprehend clearly what we are about, so that our efforts towards the advancement of those we have taken forcibly under our tutelage should proceed in the right direction.

We have been led into these reflections by a very slight matter—a little book, as coarse, vulgar, and tasteless as can well be imagined; which professes to be the revelations of an orderly, or police subordinate, attached to an Anglo-Indian provincial court.* Ac-

cording to this authority, all India would appear to be one bloated mass of crime and tumult, and the calm and beautiful pictures of such writers as Sleeman would therefore require to be set down as impudent fabrications. But we do not look for an account of English manners in the Newgate Calendar; and the native scribe who in this little book withdraws the curtain from the mysteries of Indian police may be thanked for his contribution, partial as it is, to our knowledge of the country. In fact it is impossible to talk with too much reprobation of the police system of India. In venality and oppression it was never surpassed even by the most corrupt nations either of the East or the West, either in ancient or modern times. The reason is, that an effective police must be spread like a network over the whole country, and the Europeans are far too few for reasonable superintendence. Old abuses thus remain unchecked, and vast multitudes of hereditary scoundrels combine to cheat their superiors and oppress the people. The police, in fact, are the objects of universal dread; and numberless crimes escape unpunished, and even unexposed, because their victims will rather suffer than invoke such fatal assistance.

At present, however, our business is more with the criminal than the policeman; and the rough pictures of our Orderly show that the peculiarity of Indian crime is its resemblance to the crime of old and modern Europe at the same time. We see in it, under Indian characteristics, the offences of medieval Europe, extravagantly combined with those of our own day. The priestly transgressors of the dark ages are reproduced in the Pundahs and Poojarees of Benares; and the English swindler who takes a handsome house, and victimises the neighbouring tradesmen, has an Indian brother in the *soi-disant* rajah, who confers his patronage as a prodigious favour.

The priests, it seems, perpetrate all sorts of crimes with perfect impunity. Many a dark deed has been done, and is done, in the extensive houses of these Pundahs and Poojarees. While the gong is loudly sounding, and scores of athletic priests are blowing *sunkus** in the numerous temples that are dotted about and around the houses, the last expiring shriek of some victim is perhaps suppressed by the noise. Disobedient *chelas*,† victims of jealousy and crime, die by slow torture, or poison, or famine. No intimation is, or can be, given to the police, for none but the initiated and privileged may enter these houses, sanctified by the numerous temples. And who but the most devoted and trustworthy are ever permitted to see the dark places where crime is committed? It is believed generally—but I speak not from experience (for being of the faith of Islam, I am not permitted to approach such places)—that in the innermost recesses of several temples is a shrine devoted to "Deevee," or "Bhowee;" those infernal deities whose delight is in blood, where children of tender age are enticed, and offered up on certain occasions. Frequent are the reports made to the police that children are missing; the informants suspect nobody, and no trace of the innocents is ever found.'

Another pest are the *dullals* (brokers), who haunt the markets, and levy a handsome per-cent on everything that is bought and sold. Go into the *chouk*,‡ and attempt to purchase the most trivial article: take up a pair of shoes, or a shawl, and you will find a *dulla* at your elbow. The man praises one thing, abuses another, beats down the price of the vendor authoritatively; and you are surprised that such disinterested officiousness should be shown to a stranger in a crowded chouk. The man civilly offers to take you whithersoever you please, and to assist you in purchasing whatever you may require. You return home, wondering what was the man's inducement to waste his own time in chaffering for you. I lift the curtain to show you that the vendors

* The Revelations of an Orderly, being an Attempt to Expose the Abuses of Administration by the Relation of Every-day Occurrences in the Mofussil Courts. By Panchkouree Khan. London: Madden, 8 Leadenhall Street. 1840.

* Large shells.

† Disciples—scholars.

‡ Market-square.

and your chaperone are in league; that your complaisant friend is a dullal, who takes very good care to lower the vender's price only so much as to admit of his coming in for a handsome *dustreee*.^{*} The difference between the bazaar price and the amount price of the article sold is the *hug†* of the dullal. You will ask whether the vender may not himself pocket the whole of the money? I answer that he dare not. The whole of the dullals would cabal against him; would cry down his wares; would thrash him within an inch of his life; would by force prevent purchasers from attending his shop. Can such things be? you ask. Can the authorities submit tamely to such outrages? Why do not the parties who are cheated or bullied complain to the magistrate? They have tried the experiment; and although in a few instances successful, they have generally failed in obtaining redress from want of judicial proof. Moral conviction is one thing, and judicial proof another. And were a magistrate to punish on moral conviction alone, his judgment would in all probability be reversed by the judge in appeal; who, having to form his judgment by the written evidence, must be guided by judicial proof alone.'

The Budmashes practise a trick that is not unknown in England, although known there chiefly under the modification of bills of Exchange obtained from the unvary by means of advertisements in the newspapers. 'Another common trick of the Budmashes is to entice people of decent condition into their private houses with seductive solicitations; and after amusing them, to keep them there until they put their names to papers, just by way of showing specimens of their autographs. They have documents ready cut and dry on stamp papers of different value, duly witnessed by people who are in their pay, or who participate in their frauds, to be converted into penal bonds for value received. Months afterwards the unfortunate visitor is accosted in any public place, in the presence of numerous witnesses, and asked for the amount of his (distorted) bond. Of course the debt is denied, and the demander is cursed only for his pains. But the Budmash calls people to witness that he did ask his debtor to pay the amount of his bond, which he refused to discharge. An action for debt is instituted. The Budmash produces the bond before the *Moonsiff*. The witnesses are summoned, and are merely asked, "Did you witness this *tumassook*?" "I did, your worship," is the reply: "this is my signature." The witnesses before whom the Budmash demanded the amount of the bond also confirm the plaintiff's allegation. The defendant can only deny the claim, and submit that the bond was extorted. "Where is the proof?" says the Moonsiff. "I have none," is the reply. And a decree is given in favour of plaintiff with costs. It is only when "Greek meets Greek" that the result is different. Then the defendant acknowledges the deed, but alleges that he has paid the amount with interest; and files a receipt for the amount of the bond, with interest at twelve per cent, duly attested by three "credible" witnesses, who appear before the *huzoor*, and swear to their signatures, as well as to having seen the money repaid to the plaintiff.'

We come now to the swindling rajah, whose proceedings are almost amusing in their rascality. 'A common mode of swindling in the city of Kashee, as practised by the clever Budmashes, is for one of the party to personate a rajah on a visit of ceremony to the holy city, while his companions pretend to precede him, and hire a stately *huvee* in Dal-ka-Munduvee, which they furnish for the nonce. Bulbhuddur Singh sits in state as Rajah Guchpuch Rae, bedecked in false gems, and dressed in shawls and *himkhabas*.[†] His retainers go about the city, and entice shawl-merchants and jewellers to the rajah's house. They arrive with costly wares, and eagerly proceed to expose them; but the rajah turns an indifferent eye upon

them, and declares they are not sufficiently choice for him. The *Soudagurs*^{*} promise to return next day. In the meantime the song and dance proceed with fierce rivalry. Six sets of the best dancing-women exert their lungs and limbs, and go through every fascinating movement to delight and amuse Rajah Guchpuch Rae. "Where is my treasurer?" exclaims the rajah. "Bid him bestow a largess of 100 *ushufees*[†] on these soul-slaving, terrestrial houries." A retainer, after going through the farce of a search, respectfully approaches his highness, and intimates that the treasurer has not yet arrived. "The *nimukkaram! behaayah!*"[‡] exclaims the rajah. "Here, fellows, see that a proper treasurer be in attendance on the morrow, to whom we shall deliver our treasure and *toshekhanah*."[§] The rajah enjoys himself until no longer able to sustain excitement; and then the *Gundrupins*^{||} retire, and the torches are extinguished.

'Next day there are several candidates for the honour of the treasurer's office, who eagerly offer to serve. "The salary is 200 rupees a month," says the rajah; "and I hate accounts. Constant attendance and implicit obedience are all I require." After rejecting some, his highness fixes upon Lalla Umbeka Sahae, who receives a well-worn shawl as a *khilut*,[¶] and an immense key. He ventures to ask where the treasury is? and is told to wait until the *huzur* has leisure to show it to him. In the meantime the rajah suddenly recollects that he has an immediate occasion for 1000 rupees, and he shouts out, "Here, Bahadoor, take one thousand rupees from Lalla Umbeka Sahae, and give it to Bishesur Singh, and be sure to take a receipt for the money. Tell him it is the price of a ring I bought of him for my favourite Goolbehari." Bahadoor asks the treasurer for the money. The poor man looks aghast, and shows a huge key as all he has received of the rajah's treasure. But Bahadoor tells him that Rajah Guchpuch Rae never fails to cut off the ears of a disobedient servant. So the hint is taken, and Laila gives an order on his *shroff* in the city for the amount; and Bahadoor at once proceeds to realise the money. As evening approaches, shawl-merchants and jewellers again appear, and press their wares on the rajah. They see Lalla Umbeka Sahae figuring as treasurer. They are old acquaintance, and they ask him the amount of Guchpuch Rae's treasure; in reply to which he simply shows the key, about a foot in length. The merchants open out their wares to entice the rajah, but he says he will wait until all his things arrive. They offer to leave their bundles for the rajah and his ladies to choose, which is agreed to with apparent indifference. The song and dance proceed, as usual, until midnight, when the torches are extinguished.

'Next morning, what a change has taken place! One old man is seated at the doorway, dozing over a *chillum* of *ganjah*. No other sign of life is visible in Rajah Guchpuch Rae's palace. The treasurer arrives first, opens and rubs his eyes, and asks the old man where the rajah and his people have gone? He replies that they decamped before dawn. In due course the Muha-juns, the jewellers, and birds of song arrive, but nothing of the rajah is to be found; and smoke-stained walls, and filth, and litter about the rooms, alone betray that revelry had been there! The jewellers and Muha-juns turn in wrath upon Lalla Umbeka Sahae, and tax him with having aided to cheat them. They proceed first to abuse, and then to beat him. In vain the poor man shows the huge key, and laments his thousand rupees lost for ever. They drag him to the *kotwal*, and charge him with having cheated them; and the defrauded treasurer remains in durance vile for a week at least, and gets off at last on proving himself to be one of the victims of this system of swindling, and after seeing the police myrmidons pretty roundly.'

* Tradespeople.

† Gold mohurs.

‡ Unfaithful to salt—shameless.

§ Place for keeping valuables.

|| A caste of Hindoo Nautech-girls.

¶ Dress of honour.

Here we close, without further remark, a book from which the reader will learn that the crimes of India are not remarkably different from those of earlier England, although fostered by the worst police system that ever disgraced and demoralised a country.

TRACINGS OF THE NORTH OF EUROPE.

GOTTENBURG TO CHRISTIANIA.

AT six o'clock of the morning of the 4th July, Quist duly appeared with the carriage at the door of the Gotha Kellare. It was a dull, cool, drizzling morning, and I mentally rejoiced in having, against many advices, resolved upon a vehicle which could afford me protection from the elements. My baggage being arranged beside me in the carriage, so that I could readily command anything I wanted—one of the greatest of all comforts in solitary travelling—I hastily swallowed the cup of coffee presented to me in my bedroom—the common custom of the country—and was soon on the road to Christiania. I observed that two hardy little horses were yoked to the carriage with rope-traces. Beside Quist, who drove them, sat a man who was to bring back the cattle, the first of a long series of such persons whom I was to see in that situation during my journey, of all varieties of age, from twelve years to threescore, in all kinds of clothes, from stout *wadmaal* down to bare decency. The robust, bulky frame of honest Quist generally made these people appear like dwarfs by his side. As we drove rapidly along the swampy plain surrounding Gottenburg, we met an immense number of small market-carts, driven by peasant men or women, or both, generally very lightly laden, and going at a trot, the people being usually seated on a sort of chair, perched on elastic beams passing back at an angle from the beams of the vehicle, so as to give somewhat the effect of springs. I felt affected at seeing such a multitude of people engaged in a labour so uneconomical, and which must consequently remunerate them so ill; for of course where a man or woman give a day of their own time, along with a horse's labour, to the business of selling a single pig or lamb, a few chickens and eggs, or some such trifling merchandise, the remuneration must be of the most miserable kind. The poor too often struggle on in this manner, always busy, as they allege, often working very hard, and wondering that, with all their exertions, they make so little, when the plain truth is, that their labour is so ill-directed, or is so uneconomically conducted, and in the result of their labours they consequently do so little for their fellow-creatures, that their little gains are exactly what is to be expected, and what is strictly their due. The very best lesson that we could teach a poor man, with a view to improving his fortunes, would be that which led him, as far as possible, to extend his usefulness, to substitute economical for uneconomical labour, and to concentrate and divide employments. I beheld, with interest, in this exhibition of the Swedish peasantry, the first aspect of an economy out of which it has been the business of the last hundred years to reform the farming population of my own country.

At the first station, which we reached in little more than an hour, the horses which had been ordered were in waiting, along with a new *loon* of some kind to take care of them. The man in charge of the used horses was then paid at a rate which appeared nearly equivalent to threepence-halfpenny per English mile. But something more was needed—*dricka-pinge*, or drinksmoney, as Quist called it. In England, something like half-a-crown would have been expected. In Sweden, a few skillings—about twopence of our money—was given, and most thankfully received. We then set out with our new horses. The station, it may be remarked, is a place like a carrier's inn. Travellers of a humble class may stop and refresh at it; but it expects no gentlemen customers, and is unprepared for their reception. One or two out of a long series are tolerable places, and it is

necessary to calculate so as to have any useful meals there, instead of the meaner houses; but even with these better-sort of houses it is necessary to order meals by the forebud, for a guest is so rare, that they have no standing arrangements for his reception. My breakfast had been ordered at the third station. It proved a decent, plain house, with clean-boarded floors, and a few rude prints along the walls; and, had there been wheaten bread, the eggs and coffee would have enabled me to make a tolerable meal.

The country passed over to-day consisted of low rocky hills of soft outline, with alluvial plains between. It is impossible for any person of common powers of observation to fail to be struck with the appearance of the rocky surface presented around Gottenburg and along the road upon which I was now travelling. All the abruptnesses and asperities usually seen upon rocks are here ground off: all is smooth and rounded. Here you see great ridges, resembling the hull of a ship turned keel uppermost, both in the general form and the smoothness of surface. There you see great slopes, as straight and smooth as an ashlar wall. Sometimes a kind of trough or channel is seen between rising ridges, and of this the sides are usually quite smooth. In general, there has been a certain weathering of the exterior, though leaving the general plane—if I may use such an expression—in its original state. Where the surface has been from any cause protected from the elements, the smoothing is clearly seen to be a true mechanical polish; that is to say, not a result of some causes connected with the formation of the rock, but an effect proceeding from some external agent which has operated on the rocks after they had been thrown into their present arrangement as a surface for this part of the earth. On these preserved surfaces we find *striæ* or scratches, evidently a portion of the general operation, whatever it was; and these *striæ*, as well as the channellings and ridges, lie in one direction—namely, *compass N. E. and S. W.* In numberless instances in travelling to-day I took out my compass to test this point, where much struck by the appearances, and the result was invariable. The valley of the Gothic Elv lies from north to south; but this seems merely to have exposed it to being impressed with these singular appearances. There are several hill-sides which may be considered as an exception, being rough and cliffy, sometimes with a talus of débris descending from below the cliffy front, as in Salisbury Crags near Edinburgh. In all such instances the face of the cliff is to the *south-west*; and where this occurs in a valley, the opposite hill-face is invariably smooth, with rounded surfaces, showing as if the smoothing agent had moved from the north-east, failing to press against faces turned away from that point of the compass, but bearing hard upon such as were presented towards it. It was most impressive and interesting to read in these facts so strange a tale of grand preterite operations of nature. I had seen some of the few and scattered markings of the same kind which exist on the surface of my own country, but was nevertheless unprepared for the all but universal grinding to which Sweden has been subjected. In Scotland one has to seek for the appearances in nooks of the country; but here they are met at every step. Very often farm establishments, and the inns at which the traveller stops, are placed on smoothed plateaux of rock, the place thus acquiring from nature all the benefit of a paved courtyard, as well as of a perfectly firm and dry foundation. Often you can trace in these natural pavements the primitive channellings and *striæ*, though hob-nails and wagon-wheels have clattered over them for centuries.

The matter massed up against the smoothed valley-sides has all the appearance of that of *moraines* amongst the Alps. A *moraine*, as must be known by many persons, is the accumulation of loose matter which a glacier brings down in its course, and deposits at its base. The matter seen here, as at the skirts of the Alpine glaciers, is a coarse, pale, sandy clay, mixed with

rough stones of all sizes up to many tons—mixed confusedly—with here and there little nests of matter, where the clay and sand have been separated and laid down by water. Over this matter in some places are stratified sand and gravel, coming to flat, terraced forms, like sea-beaches. These, however, are rare objects. The tendency of the whole appearances, in an unprejudiced mind, is to convey the idea that ice has been the cause of the main phenomena. That water in any form could have produced them is utterly inadmissible, though this was the supposition formed by the first scientific observer, M. Sefstrom. Persons who have only read descriptions of the appearances may think them explainable upon an aqueous theory; but if they visit Sweden, and look at the surface with their own eyes, they must, if open to conviction at all, see that no such agent could have produced such effects. Only some agent applying forcibly, pressingly, and with an equable, continuous motion—like a plane going over a deal, or a plough in a furrow—could have so dressed the original surface. Such an agent is ICE. The identity of the loose matter with the moraines of existing glaciers points to the same conclusion. I therefore believe, with M. Agassiz and others, that ice has been the means of smoothing the surface of Sweden—ice on a scale of grandeur beyond what we are accustomed to see; though how such a glacial sheet was originated, and how it could move across the whole irregular face of a large country, up hill and down hill, maintaining over wide provinces one direction, I think it would be difficult to explain. We perceive clearly the nature of the agent, and we see this agent still at work upon the earth, though in a limited manner: the only difficulty is as to the different physical circumstances on which depended the magnitude of the phenomenon and the manner of its application. The superficial arrangements of the loose matter speak of a subsequent dip under water, a fact of which I shall have occasion to show other evidences.

The country passed over in this day's journey is not interesting to any but the geologist. It presents only a series of humble-looking farmsteads, and one or two small and unimportant towns. The farmhouses bear a general resemblance to those of Switzerland, but want the overhanging eaves, and are less picturesque, though some are painted of a red or ochrey colour, which gives a cleanly effect. Unlike Switzerland, too, barns, byres, and all sorts of store-offices occupy detached buildings, an arrangement by which the risk of fire is materially reduced. The scenery, though sufficiently rude, is not romantic; for the hills are in general only a few hundred feet above the level of the sea, and their outline has been rendered tame by the glacial polishing above described. The ice, as I sometimes surprised my Scandinavian friends by remarking, has been a great enemy to the picturesque in this region of the earth. Though there is no want of population, the country is dull. One misses even the little taverns and huckstry-shops which everywhere give a sort of life to the roadsides in England and Scotland. In the afternoon we came to a fiord, and found at its upper extremity the town of Uddevalla, containing from 3000 to 4000 inhabitants. Uddevalla is a name of no small interest in science, because of a great bed of ancient shells found near it. This, too, is a kind of object very rare, and only seen on a most limited scale in the superficial formations of Britain. The effect was novel and startling when, on the hill-face overlooking the fiord, and at the height of two hundred feet above its waters, I found something like a group of gravel-pits, but containing, instead of gravel, nothing but shells! It is a nook among the hills, with a surface which has originally been flat in the line of the fiord, though sloping forward towards it. We can see that the whole space is filled to a great depth with the exuviae of marine mollusks, cockles, mussels, whelks, &c. all of them species existing at this time in the Baltic, with only a thin covering of vegetable mould on the

surface. That surface has been broken in several places by the peasantry, who dig and carry away these spoils of ancient seas to spread them over their lands. I feel sure that some of their excavations are twenty feet deep; yet that is not the whole thickness of the shell-bed. Of course it is a proof of the sea and land having formerly been at a different relative level; and one more convincing could not be desired. I was familiar with this as a geological fact; but the shell-bed of Uddevalla presented it with a freshness and liveliness of evidence beyond what I would have expected. Seeing these shells so entire, so like in all respects to any bed of shells on the present shore, one looks upon the period antecedent to the assumption of the present relative level as a thing of yesterday; the whole series of intermediate events, including, what is probably but a small part of it, the course of the written history of the human race, seems concentrated into that brief space which, relatively to the entire history of the universe, it actually occupies.

My halting-place for the first night was at Quistrom, ten and a-half Swedish, or about seventy English miles from Gottenburg. This reminds me to remark that the mile in Sweden, in consequence of an arrangement adopted during the last century, is fixed at the tenth part of a geographical degree, which, it will be remembered, is about $69\frac{1}{2}$ English miles. For such spaces as we require the term *mile* to designate, the Swedes speak of quarter and half-quarter miles. The roads exhibit formidable 'milestones' for each quarter, usually adorned with the initials of the king under whose reign they were erected. In the whole of this day's journey I had passed only one gentleman's house—a pretty place with a park, near Quistrom; and I was afterwards informed that it belonged to an Englishman. Country-houses, of a character approaching that of an English gentleman's mansion, are objects scarcely existing in either Sweden or Norway, except in the immediate neighbourhood of the larger towns.

At Quistrom I was shown into a large room in an upper floor, uncarpeted, but strewed thickly with small pieces of pine spray and juniper bush, the scent of which is abundantly pungent. This is a description applicable to most public rooms in the country inns of Scandinavia, the vegetable sprinkling being designed for exactly the same effect as a sprinkling of yellow sand in British houses of a humble class. In obedience to the forebud order, a meal was ready to be laid down for me, consisting of two small dishes of animal food, with milk, cheese, and hard cakes of rye. Everything was clean, though homely. A married pair with a child had arrived in a light vehicle about the same time with me; and as soon as I was done with eating, I retired to my bedroom, that they might sup in privacy at the same table. They had a bedroom at one side; I one at the other, a plain small room, also uncarpeted, and possessing little furniture besides a small couch of plain deals. I mention these things as characteristic of the roadside inns all over the country. Here, as everywhere else, there was snowy bed-linen. I feared the entomology of the house, but was agreeably disappointed. The stories told of Sweden and Norway in this respect are surely exaggerations. At least I can say, with a safe conscience, that of the *cimicida* I never saw one example, and of the species *pulex irritans* only two, during the whole time I was in the country. It is a point not unworthy of notice, for, under different impressions, I had for many nights much less steady sleep than is desirable for a traveller.

An early walk next morning showed me the situation of the inn in a pleasant valley, where a river terminates in a fiord. The river, I was told, contains abundance of fine fish, and I bethought me that for an angler such an opportunity of sport, with so cleanly an inn to live in, might be very attractive. Quist having contrived the night before to get several forebud notices sent on by a private hand free of expense, I started at eight o'clock, with some uncertainty as to the conclusion of

my day's journey. The country passed over to-day consisted of low rocky hills, all smoothed, with spaces between, filled up to various heights with detrital matter. This matter usually composes flats, and the ground therefore joins the rocky hills almost as mountain lakes join the sides of the basins containing them—a feature speaking significantly of the operations of the sea upon the stuff left at the conclusion of the glacial action. Contrary to my expectation, very few boulders appeared upon the hills. Sometimes a rill cuts down the alluvial flat, and then we see a series of cultivated fields on the bisected level spaces, frontiered by steep pastoral banks, all in a flush of wild-flowers. The rounded gray rocky hills; the alluvial flats, sometimes cultivated, sometimes in moorland; low, gray, stone enclosures; red wooden houses scattered at wide intervals; now and then whitened church, with a red wooden spire, topping a low height—such were the predominant features of the landscape during this morning's drive. The people are remarkably civil and inoffensive: not a man or boy do I pass or meet who does not take off his hat. I feel this as courtesy, not as servility, and am careful to return each greeting duly, in order that so amiable a custom may not suffer by me. There is one singular impediment in travelling: almost every few hundred yards—though often at very much wider intervals—a gate crosses the road, being part of the system of farm enclosures, and having a regard to the exclusion of cattle from the corn-fields. Generally some cottage child or group of children is ready to run and open the gate for the approaching vehicle; and for this service a minute coin, such as the third or sixth of a skilling, is regarded as a rich reward. Where no such aid is at hand, the charge-taker of the horses has to descend and throw up the bar. Another novel feature of the roads is the frequent appearance by the wayside of little posts bearing small boards, which contain an inscription—as 'Hede, 200 alnar,' 'Hogdal, 134 alnar,' &c. The explanation is, that the roads in Sweden and Norway are kept up by the border or peasants, each taking charge of some small section near his farm. The boards show for what piece each is answerable, the space being indicated in ells. A public officer makes periodical rounds, to see that each person executes his portion in a satisfactory manner, and to impose fines where the duty is neglected. This system partakes of the character of the compulsory furnishing of horses, and imparts a curious idea of the state of public opinion in these countries as to personal liberty. It appears that, let there be never such liberal or democratic forms established on the continent, the state of individual liberty remains the same: the central government is still permitted to bandy about the simple subject at its pleasure. And the oddest consideration is, that, amidst all the democratic struggles and revolutionary writhings which occasionally take place, no one thinks of complaining of these trammelments, or getting them corrected.

In the evening I approached a fiord called Swinesund, which forms the northern limit of Sweden in this direction. At the last station on the Swedish side an elderly officer-like man came up with great politeness, and addressed me, first in Swedish, and afterwards in German. It was his duty to search the baggage of travellers before they should pass into Norway, though I cannot imagine for what reason, unless the exactation of a rigs dollar, or some such trifle, which I paid to save myself from detention, furnish one. At a house on the Norwegian margin of the fiord something more was paid, my passport inspected, and my name entered in a book. The tendency on the continent to petty impositions of this kind is so great, that here, even between two countries under one sovereign rule, they are kept up. At this point a bag of Swedish money, with which I had been furnished at Gottenburg, and with which I was just beginning to become familiar, ceased to be useful, and a new kind became necessary. Laying down rigs-gelt dollars and skillings, I had to take up

with specie dollars and marks. A rigs-gelt dollar, I may remark, is equivalent to 13*1/2*d. of English money, and the skilling is its forty-eighth part. Calculations are, however, made in an all but imaginary denomination called dollars and skillings *banco*, which are as 3 to 2 of the actual rigs-gelt. The prevalent monies are, in reality, notes of 1, 3, 5 rigs-gelt dollars, and for 8, 12, 16 skillings *banco*, the smallest of this paper-money being for 3*1/2*d. English. As may readily be imagined, the threepence-halfpenny note is generally found in no very neat or cleanly state; yet though it may be a mere clot of dirty paper, not much different in appearance from a huddled-up spider's web, it will be preferred by the natives to coin, provided it only retain the signature of the government banker. In Norway, they have notes for 1 specie dollar (about 4s. 6d. English), 2, 5, and 10 dollars, with silver marks and half-marks (9d. and 4*1/2*d.), and copper skillings. I need scarcely remark that the plunge into a new money in the course of continental travel is always a painful thing, and that it is a vexation which occurs the more frequently the more rapidly you travel. On this occasion I had had to make acquaintance with three kinds of money in about a week.

I spent the night at Westgaard, the first station within Norway, and one somewhat superior to the last. I here observed the first examples of a piece of substantial furniture very common in the north—namely, large chests or arks, usually bearing the name of a person, and an old date in quaint lettering, such as 'Agnes Olsen, 1733.' During the two previous days the weather had been dull and ungenial. The third morning proved bright and clear, and I started at an early hour for Frederickshald with elevated spirits. This place was a few miles out of the way; but I was anxious to see the scene of the death of that extraordinary prince who, as Johnson says—

—left a name, at which the world grew pale,
To point a moral, and adorn a tale.'

It was yet scarcely past seven o'clock when we drove into the inn-yard at this little town. The landlord soon came, and being able to speak well in French, and a little in English, he proved a most serviceable ally. I was quickly on my way, under proper conduct, to the scene of the assassination of poor Carl Tolv. Frederickshald is a neat, cleanly town, at the head of one of the smaller fiords, and the fort lies close by, perched upon a rocky eminence of considerable extent, at the foot of which runs a river, noted for several fine waterfalls. A painful ascent of two or three hundred feet, along zig-zagging causeways and fortified walls, brings us to the fortress, which seems to be now chiefly a mere post for soldiers, like Edinburgh and Stirling castles. Behind the main buildings is a space of irregular rocky ground, enclosed within the exterior defences. Here an enclosure of trees and shrubs, and a little tumulus of stones, one of them bearing a half-obliterated inscription, marks the spot where Charles XII. was slain. He had invaded Norway in his usual madcap style; one of his armies, consisting of 7000 men, had there been literally buried in a snow-storm; he was now directing in person the siege of this fortress, when an unknown hand despatched him by a shot which penetrated his temple (December 11, 1718). He was found dead, but with his sword half-drawn, as if to defend himself from some enemy, or to punish an assassin, and it is accordingly believed that the wound was inflicted by one of his own people. A survey of the ground supports this view of the matter, as at such a place one does not readily see how the fatal shot could have come from the fortress. I had afterwards an opportunity of examining the dress worn at this time by the king, in the Riddarholm Church at Stockholm. The plain cocked-hat shows the hole by which the bullet entered, and the right glove is stained with blood, as if the unfortunate monarch, under the first impulse of the moment, had clapped his hand upon the wound.

After breakfast, I took a walk around the town, and very much enjoyed the views almost everywhere presented, but particularly one from a noted place within a gentleman's pleasure-grounds. Frederickshald appears to me a more pleasing and interesting place than the guide-books allow. In the little park alluded to I found a private cemetery, containing the graves of eight adults and three infants. Each grave is a well-defined heap, with turf sides and ends, but a top of bare earth, on which is laid a single wreath; all the rest of the ground bare earth. Such is a prevalent style of sepulture in the north; it has a neat and pretty effect. One likes to see a grave well-defined. That smoothing of the ground, introduced in some of the improved modern cemeteries of England, is not, I think, an approvable step. We desire the 'mouldering heap,' so affectingly significant of what is below, and so associated with all our old literary ideas upon the subject.

After receiving a lesson in Norwegian money from my intelligent landlord, Mr Stein, and so many civilities of various kinds, that I felt ashamed of the small bill which I had to pay, I set out on the way to Christiania, returning for some miles along the way by which I had come from Westgaard. As we drove out of the town, I was, as a stranger, honoured with a sufficient quantity of observation by the people. To add to the fracas produced by the carriage, a foal came clattering along by our side, apparently under a filial mistake as to one of our horses. Presently a cart was heard making a furious rattle along the stones behind us, as if still further to make my poor equipage an object of public attention. It was the mamma of the foal, who, having missed her progeny in the market-place, was now anxious to recover the lost one: there she came, with mouth distended, and eyes glaring, the whole aspect expressing the utmost excitement, and saying as plainly as words could have spoken it, 'What's all this?—taking away my child!' The whole was so vividly like human affairs, that I felt inclined to stop and apologise for our unintentional concern in the elopement; but Quist settled the matter more summarily by a smart application of his whip to the haunches of our undesired attaché. It may be remarked that in Norway the foal is often allowed to accompany its parent, even in coach-travelling. I have seen it come the whole stage, never missing any opportunity afforded by a pause of our machine to come up and indulge in the mode of nutrition appropriate to its age. Horses are altogether less under strict rule in the north than with us, and it appears to me as if they consequently were more *natural* in their conduct. For one thing, they are eminently social with one another. In the course of a long stage over a thinly-peopled country, if we come at length to a park where a horse is feeding, even I could almost say though out of sight, our own pachyderms are sure to get up a great skirl of recognition, just as much as to say, 'How are you?—how are you?' My predecessor, Mr Laing, alleges that they have a rational way of eating not observed in the horses of less democratic countries—taking first a quantity of their hay or corn, and then a drink; but I cannot say I ever could observe them acting in this bite-and-sup manner. Of their amazing steadiness, sureness of foot, and hardiness, abundant evidence is presented to every traveller.

In the middle of the day we arrived at the brink of the river Glommen, a copious stream, which contains the drainage of a large district in the centre of Norway, and which is here remarkable for a cascade of great grandeur. The fall is at a place about an English mile above the ferry: the flood pours in one mass through a narrow channel, and makes a descent of about seventy feet. It would be an unexceptionably fine sight but for the details of an enormous timber-sawing and exporting establishment which press in upon its beauties, and usurp not a few of its most romantic points. The river runs fourteen English miles below the waterfall, but so gently, that ships come up for the timber; and the river is there accordingly an active commercial

scene. I observed at the falls specimens of the smoothed and dressed rocks, over which the water streamed in an oblique direction—a fact than which nothing could be more convincing as to the incompetency of water to produce the effects attributed to the ice. The country is here low, and not marked by any features of grandeur. There is an alluvial plain of the most absolute flatness for fully a mile in every direction around the ferry; and from the measurements which I made (starting from the surface of the river at that point), I suspect this to be identical in elevation above the sea with the terrace at Elsinore. This is, however, a point which must be left for determination to the native inquirers.

We stopped for the night at Moss, a town on the Christiania Fiord, where my servant and I had each an evening and morning meal, with lodging, at a charge of about six shillings. Yet this was a good large house, very tolerably furnished. A small silver coin (value about 5d.) laid in the hardened palm of the blithesome lass who served as an attendant in all capacities made her the happiest of the happy. As a serving-girl in Denmark, Sweden, or Norway, only gets about 30s. a year of wages, it may readily be imagined that even so small a gratuity as this is a great prize to her. It is necessary, however, to be careful to give such a gratuity directly to the person for whom it is designed, as it will not otherwise reach its destination. At this place there are alluvial terraces at various elevations above the sea, and precisely resembling the ancient sea-margins of the British coasts. A circumstance worthy of note occurred in the business of measuring their elevations, which I did with a regular levelling apparatus. The sea is here presented in two detached bays, embracing a peninsula of several miles in extent, yet approaching within two hundred yards of each other, with only the division of a low isthmus. One of these bays appeared by my survey as 0·9 foot above the level of the other. The cause was in the wind, which blew up the one bay, and down the other.

There remained only a forenoon's journey to Christiania. As we approached this capital, there was no observable improvement in the appearance of the country; no better houses, no trimmer or larger fields, no smarter-looking people; the same rough and homely character over all things. The roads are made of the sand and gravel found everywhere near their borders; no cuttings anywhere for improved gradients. A rise of 1 in 5 is not uncommon when any of the rocky ridges between the plains has to be crossed. Two miles from Christiania we come to the brow of a hill, whence we see the bright white city with its blue and red-tiled roofs lying below at the head of its fiord, backed by green slopes ascending to the pine-clad hills. The descent of this hill is terrible, from the extreme steepness of the road, especially at its somewhat sharp turnings. Having a geologist's clinometer in my pocket, I measured the slope in some places with all possible care, and found it actually on an angle of 16 degrees, implying a rise of 1 in 3½ feet. I deemed this strange sight so near one of the capitals of Europe; but I must do the Norwegians the justice to say that a better road is in the course of being made.

On the two last days' journeys we met many parties of Norwegian infantry on their march or exercising. They are a good-looking soldiery, neatly dressed in white duck-trousers and green frock-coats, with burnished-leather hats rising to a metal peak, each bearing the arms of Norway—a ramping lion holding a battle-axe. As to this ensign, by the way, though gratifying to the national vanity, and poetically conveying the idea which its originators intended, it belongs to a class which cannot be scientifically contemplated without a shock. The philosophical zoologist reflects on the adaptations of the natural organs, and knowing the very peculiar formation of the anterior extremities of the feline family—so well contrived for clutching and tearing a prey, so useless for every other kind of prehension—he cannot endure the idea of one of these

animals being supposed to hold a weapon only adapted to the hand of man. Heralds, if they could think of anything beside their own profession, should study these things!

R. C.

PLAN FOR MAINTAINING THE INDEPENDENCE OF THE LABOURING-CLASS.

IT has often occurred to us, and we have once or twice hinted at the idea in the Journal, that the working-classes might make a provision for themselves in times of want, whether occasioned by failure of employment or natural disability through disease or old age, if they could be induced to agree to a system of stoppages like that which has existed for ages in the mercantile navy for the support of Greenwich Hospital. We find that, in 1843, probably before the date of any reference of ours to the subject, though unknown to us, Mr David Milne, a patriotic country gentleman of Scotland, and member of the Scottish bar, made a suggestion to this effect to the commissioners who conducted the Poor-Law inquiry in Scotland. His idea was this:—Let some small sum, say sixpence a month, be deducted from the amount of wages under a law to that effect, and thrown into a fund upon which every contributor would have a claim. He conceived that, in five years, so much would be accumulated, that the managers might begin to give support to any number under a twentieth part of the original contributors. Some one had suggested to Mr Milne that it might be well if the law taxed the masters to an equal extent for the benefit of the fund; but he rejected this idea, on the ground of its injustice, and because it would induce employers to be less anxious to carry on their works in unfavourable times for the sake of giving bread to their people. ‘It is also to be considered,’ says Mr Milne, ‘that the duty of sixpence a month for each workman would, in ordinary times, when trade is prosperous, and labourers in demand, actually fall upon the employers, because the natural competition of trade would make up for the deduction of duty by a corresponding rise of wages.’ Mr Milne was, however, not unwilling that appeals to, and even a general assessment upon, the rich should be resorted to when the fund failed under the pressure of any unusual calamity.

There cannot, we think, be a doubt that if this plan were practicable, it would be a great improvement in our social economy. At present, the bulk of the working-people of this country have scarcely anything to save them from a state of dependence whenever they fail in getting work, or are no longer fit for it. In Scotland, the able-bodied man who cannot obtain work and wages, has no legal recourse to the poor’s funds. In England he has, but accompanied by conditions calculated to lower the man in his own eyes; and therefore the privilege is no true advantage. Even though the poor’s funds were more available than they are, the honest workman who wishes to maintain his self-respect can never complacently place his trust in them; for though it is not uncommon to hear individuals in humble life proclaiming that they have a *right* to them, the fact really is, that these funds are only a product of the humanity and economy of the country, designed to insure that there shall be no class left to misery and the barbarism attending it, but not to interpose between any one and his obligation to gain his own subsistence if possible. In plain truth, he who accepts parochial relief sells away some of his very best rights as a citizen, as well as his dignity as a man; and any one who wishes to exalt either the social or political position of the labouring-class, should desire nothing so much as to see them in the first place superior to all but a remote chance of coming to this wretched expedient. If any feasible and easy-working plan could be devised for enabling them, mainly by sacrifices on their own part, to defy the prospect of becoming paupers, or leaving their children to pauperism, they would cer-

tainly have received the greatest boon that any philanthropist could confer upon them.

We fear that no such plan is at present practicable. There is too much prejudice among the labouring-class against their employers to admit of its being received with general favour. While an honourable minority would be glad to see their independence secured, the great mass would undoubtedly prefer going on upon their present footing, careless how soon the failure of business or the occurrence of sickness should deprive them of an independent subsistence. Some such plan, however, may be expected to be realised when the labouring-class shall have acquired a just feeling for their own character, and a just sense of their relation to the rest of society. It would only be a fair and proper part of a social system in which the highest behests of a true civilisation were worked out. How soon it may come about will depend on the rapidity with which the education of the masses of the people shall proceed. If, from any narrow views of whatever kind, a member of the middle or upper classes in this country finds himself thwarting the movements towards universal and improved education, let him understand what he pays for the gratification he thus obtains. He pays for it in large poor-rates and prison-rates, and in the distress which his humanity must be continually receiving from the spectacle of a multitude of his fellow-creatures lost to the sense of self-respect, and consequently subjected to a vast load of misery.

THE LATE DR ZUMPT.

AT an early stage of our labours, many years ago, we took occasion to offer, for the consideration of the young, a memoir of Professor Heyne of Gottingen, one of the greatest scholars of the age, and who, by dint of perseverance, rose from a very humble to an exalted station in life. Heyne presented not an uncommon instance of German enthusiasm in scholarship. In our own country, erudition seems to be pursued chiefly for the sake of professional advancement, and consequently it seldom attains to any very lofty pitch. How few of our scholars, it may be asked, know anything critically of the ancient classics? How few write or speak Latin with elegance or purity? How-few ever saw any more recondite exemplars of Roman literature than elementary school-books—the copy of a copy? In Germany, where no sort of painstaking seems to be grudged, scholarship has gone, and still goes on, immeasurably farther. As in the case of Heyne, Wolf, Hermann, Boeckh, Vater, Gesenius, and others, men are there found devoting themselves to a whole lifetime of earnest study in complete forgetfulness of self. Living perhaps on the merest trifle, they bury themselves in a library surrounded by old yellow-bound classics; and there, poring over dingy yellow pages, they compare words with words, examine into the merits of punctuation and orthography, and detect new meanings, till they transfuse into themselves, as it were, the very soul of their author. In this way, by collating old and priceless versions of the classics—some of them in manuscript, and unique—they are able to produce modern editions, which are greedily accepted throughout European universities, and which have usually formed the basis of elementary works for British compilers. We at least know of few works in Latin common in our schools which have not been copied in a reduced form from the painfully-constructed editions of German scholars. We have been led into these observations from a desire to do honour to the memory of one whose name has gone to swell the already long list of German philologists.

Carl Gottlob Zumpt, the individual to whom we refer, was born at Berlin in 1792. His parents were not wealthy: but in the circumstances in which Prussia

was placed at the beginning of the present century, this was a matter of little importance. The oppressions of France pretty nearly brought down all ranks into one common mass of distress and poverty. To meet the cruel exactions of Napoleon, families gave up every article of value to the state. For their gold they received tokens in iron; and these acknowledgments are still treasured by families, as lasting memorials of an adversity which took away almost everything but life. Amidst these national sufferings and humiliations, Carl Gottlob Zumpt received such an education as could then be procured. Fortunately he required no incitement to learn: from childhood he had been a diligent porer over books; and the acquisition of languages cost him no trouble. Nature made him a scholar. After passing through a series of schools and gymnasia in Berlin, he was sent, by the advice of Buttman, the well-known grammarian, to the university of Heidelberg, which at that time enjoyed a high reputation. Kreuzer, Voss, Boeckh, belonged to it, all of them men of talent, and celebrated for their philological learning. During Zumpt's residence at Heidelberg, the university of Berlin was founded; and returning home, he finished his education in his native city.

Though still a young man, Zumpt was already noted for his remarkable attainments in the Greek and Roman languages. Thrown upon his own resources, he soon distinguished himself, and was appointed a teacher in one of the principal seminaries. From this position he subsequently rose to be Professor of History in the Royal Military Academy, and finally to be Professor of Roman Literature in the university of Berlin.

The life of a scholar is usually barren of incident. There is little to tell about Zumpt. Amidst the cares of public teaching, he found time to occupy himself in writing various works, critical and historical, all connected with his favourite branch of study. To improve his knowledge of antiquities, he made a tour through Italy and Greece, which, while of considerable service to him as a man of letters, unfortunately tended to injure his health. This tour was made in 1835, and after that year Zumpt laboured still more assiduously at his critical editions of the classics, unmindful of aught but that love of digging among ancient words and thoughts which seems a fanaticism in the German mind. His great aim was to be a Latinist worthy of the Augustine age itself. Nor was he unsuccessful; for he wrote Latin with great elegance. He was seldom required to speak the language; but when called on to do so, he delivered himself with correctness and fluency. In this respect he is supposed to have had no superior among his learned countrymen.

Holding this man in respect, not alone for his intellectual, but his moral and social qualities, we shall always consider it as something to say that we have enjoyed his personal acquaintance. In the course of a tour in Germany, and short residence in Berlin in 1847, we had the pleasure of visiting him at his house in the Burgher Strasse—a terrace-like street on a branch of the Spree. We found Zumpt entombed amidst his books. Tall in person, emaciated from study, and wrapped in a dressing-gown, he rose and affectionately welcomed us to Berlin in tolerable English—a language which, in compliment, he insisted all his family should speak on every occasion of our visit. At this time he was engaged on his edition of ‘Quintus Curtius’—a work which will long be regarded as a monument of his industry and learning.

One of the objects of our visit to Zumpt was to consult with him on the subject of an enterprise in which he had recently engaged—the joint editorship, with Dr Schmitz of Edinburgh, of a series of Latin classics for use in schools. The projectors of this undertaking were the publishers of the present sheet. Having in our own early days experienced the dreary heaviness of ordinary school classics, unrelieved by the slightest explanations in English touching the subject or the authors, we were glad to be instrumental in putting into the hands of youth

a series which they could peruse with some degree of pleasure, or at all events not with absolute weariness and disgust. As Dr Zumpt entered heartily into the design, the arrangement promised to have the advantage of naturalising in Britain a set of editions drawn freshly from comparatively original sources, in place of the bald reprints of antiquated copies. The task occupied the amiable scholar during the remainder of his too short life, at the close of which he had prepared the whole series excepting a portion of Horace, which has consequently fallen into the hands of his nephew and son-in-law, A. W. Zumpt. A victim to his study of ancient literature, his failing eyesight first, and afterwards disordered viscera, admonished him to take some species of relaxation. This counsel he took when too late. In the hope of relief from his sufferings, he repaired to Carlsbad, a watering-place in Bohemia; and there, to the great grief of his family and friends, he died on the 25th of June last, in the fifty-eighth year of his age. The decease of the illustrious Zumpt, together with the loss of Orelli, and the veteran Hellenist, Gottfried Hermann, both of whom died within the last eighteen months, leaves a blank among European scholars which will not soon be filled up.

W. C.

COLA MONTI.

THE conceptions of female beauty which men form for themselves are frequently, if not always, overturned by some plain face, in which they find the mystic influence they had supposed to belong only to features of a particular and more perfect mould. In like manner our theories touching certain departments of literature are liable to be damaged now and then by the appearance of a work which fulfils not one of the conditions we had laid down as absolute necessities. Now here, for instance, is a volume of fiction without even an attempt at a plot, and yet with a perfect enchantment of interest—a hero without adventures and without a heroine, yet whose fortunes we follow with a true excitement! How does this come about? Why do we love plain women, and admire ill-constructed books? Because there is an innate power in the irregular features to excite our sympathies, and a quality in authors, called Genius, to command them. No man, we will venture to say, possessing common sensibility, can read ‘Cola Monti,’* although it is of the class of books for young people, without a thoughtful brow and a glistening eye; and we have heard a family circle declare that ‘they had found it impossible to lay down the volume till they had finished it.’

Cola Monti is an Italian boy educated economically at a boarding-school in England. His talent for drawing exhibited itself first in caricatures of his companions, and he then ventured to try his hand upon the master himself. ‘This was irresistible; and when the Doctor stood out in relief from the slate in all his peculiarities—his stiff collar, his upright hair, and his spectacles—the likeness was such, that the boys gave a general hurra. So much noise did they make, and so intent were they, that no one heard the door open, until the original of the portrait looked over Cola’s shoulder and beheld—himself! It was a terrible moment in schoolboy annals. The Doctor looked, frowned, glanced round at the young rebels, then again at the slate. Whether it was that natural vanity made him feel rather pleased to see the only likeness of himself which had ever been taken, or whether Cola’s sketch had less of caricature than nature, it is impossible to say; but Doctor Birch smiled—absolutely smiled! He was a good-tempered man, and the boys knew it: they took advantage of it sometimes, the naughty fellows! So the smile gradually went round, until it became a laugh, and the schoolmaster could not help laughing too. The boy-artist then, at

* Cola Monti; or the Story of a Genius. By the Author of ‘How to Win Love,’ ‘Michael the Miner,’ &c. London: Arthur Hall and Co. 1849.

the instigation of his companions, resolved to try his chivalrous friend and patron Archibald M'Kaye:—‘Archibald looked surprised, and rather vexed; for one of his weaknesses was, that he could not bear being laughed at; however, he took his station. Cola finished the sketch, but it was no caricature: it was a capital likeness of Archibald's thoughtful head, with the soft curling hair, and the calm, serious eyes. “Why, Cola, you ought to be an artist,” cried the boys when they saw it. Cola smiled, and his eyes kindled. “I will try!” he said in his own heart, and from that day he drew no more caricatures.’

Cola Monti's national and personal sympathies were now strongly excited in favour of a poor little Italian organ-boy, who was found dying of starvation by the roadside. He had no other means of permanently assisting him than by supplying him with drawings to sell, in the hope of thus enabling him to collect a fund sufficient for the purchase of a new organ, his own having been destroyed. This fund at length amounted, by slow accumulations, to £10 in silver; but the organ-boy, who had become devotedly attached to his patron, could not consent to be thus paid off. Poor Cola was now in destitution himself. His mother had died; his stepfather refused to contribute longer to his support; and in fact he was thrown adrift upon the world. The generous debate between him and his protégé was terminated by both proceeding to London upon the fortune of £10—Cola to pursue his career of an artist, and Seppi in the quality of his servant.

Arrived in London, ‘Cola woke the next morning, dreaming that he was at school again, and that, somehow or other, his class was all composed of great stout farmers, who would persist in repeating their Italian verbs with a strong Staffordshire accent. The dream vanished under the influence of a bright sunbeam that crept through the small uncurtained window, and just reached his nose. In London, the good-natured sun is more partial to attic windows than to any other, and it made Cola's tiny room quite cheerful. From thence he looked, not at the street, which lay many feet below, but skywards, where, above the tops of the houses, he could see the great dome of St Paul's lifting itself up, grand and giant-like, with its ball and cross glistening in the clear light of early morning. This was the first sight that struck Cola in London. His artist-mind felt it to the uttermost. The numberless streets below seemed so solemn and quiet, lying in the shadow of the scarcely-risen sun; and though even now the sounds of life were beginning to stir, they were but faint as yet, while over the dark and half-awakened city watched its great temple, already illumined with the sunbeams. It was a scene that Cola never forgot, and never will while he lives.’ He finds his way as soon as possible to the National Gallery. ‘I shall not enlarge upon the feelings of the boy-artist when he beheld for the first time this grand collection of paintings. He had seen many in his childhood; but the memory of them was grown dim. He looked on these with the sensations of one blind, who re-enters a long-forgotten world with his eyes opened. He began to understand and to feel what Art really was. This new sense dazzled and overwhelmed him; his heart beat wildly; he trembled; and fairly subdued with emotion, he sat down in the darkest corner he could find, turned his face away into the shadow, while the tears rose, large and silently, to the long lashes, and dropped on the arm which he raised to hide them.’

Cola worked, played, and starved by turns, like other friendless adventurers in London; and then came the grand event of his life—his first Academy picture—which was very near being too late. ‘Night and day Cola worked, allowing himself only an hour or two for sleep, and scarcely taking any food. His wild and desperate energy sustained him to a degree almost miraculous. Under the influence of this terrible excitement his powers seemed redoubled; he painted as he had never painted before. Archibald, evening after evening,

walked up from Islington, not to talk or reason—he dared not do that in Cola's present state—but to sit quietly in the painting-room, watching his labours, and at times encouraging them with a few subdued words of praise, which Cola sometimes scarcely heard. Even M'Kaye was astounded by the almost miraculous way in which, day after day, the picture advanced to completion beneath the young artist's hand; and as he looked, he could not but acknowledge that there is nothing in this world so strong, so daring, so all-powerful as genius.

‘The first Monday in April came—there were but four-and-twenty hours left; Tuesday—there were but twelve! Seppi stood by with the untasted dinner, his bright black eyes continually filling with tears. He dared not even speak to his young master, who, with wild and haggard looks, was painting still.

‘The clock struck six as Cola's now trembling hand put the last stroke to his picture, and sank on a chair.

‘It will do now, I think; it will not disgrace me at least.’

‘No, indeed it will not, dear Cola! It is a beautiful picture,’ whispered the gentle, encouraging voice of Archy, who had come direct from Bread Street hither. ‘And now, do have some dinner, or, what will be better for you, some tea.’

‘No, no; I can't eat: we shall lose the time: the Academy will be shut. Seppi, I must have a cab, and go there at once.’

‘Archibald saw resistance would have been vain and cruel, so he quietly suffered his friend to step into the cab, and followed him. All the long ride to Trafalgar Square Cola did not utter a single word, but sat motionless, with his picture in his arms. M'Kaye offered to hold it; but the other rejected his aid with a slight motion of the head. At last Cola relinquished this darling first-fruits of his genius with a look something like that of a mother parting from a beloved child, and then sank fainting into his friend's arms. That night Cola Monti was in a brain fever. The picture was successful, and the boy-caricaturist grew at the same time to be an artist and a man.

Although Cola Monti, artistically speaking, is an imperfect story, it possesses both power and promise of no ordinary kind. The power is evident in the book itself: the promise rests upon the fact, that the author is a young lady now struggling, by her own unaided genius, through the stony and thorny paths of the literary profession. But we would not have her rely upon genius alone, or consider ‘Cola Monti’ as anything more than a promise or a pledge. It is like a gleam of light disclosing partially, and for a moment, a scene which in some measure owes its beauty and value to the mind of the beholder. It is suggestive of high thoughts, fine aspirations, sad memories. It throws the intellectual man back into his experiences, and impels the daring and generous youth forward in the path of his hopes and resolves. But in all this it relies upon those it addresses, pointing mysteriously before and behind, and accomplishing nothing of itself. But this is obviously owing to want of effort, not want of power. The author must follow the example of her hero, and give her days and her nights to the labour of her calling. She must look upon her heretofore attempts as so many separate studies, and construct with toil and determination a work of art not only harmonious in colouring, not only accurate in drawing, but skilful in Design.

LADY SETTLERS IN AUSTRALIA.

DR LANG, in his description of the Port-Philip district, alludes to the success which may there attend female settlers who carry on the business of sheep-farming on their own account; and mentions the following facts on the subject:—

‘On the morning after our arrival at Geelong, Dr Thomson accompanied me on a visit to Miss Drysdale, an elderly maiden lady from Scotland, whose acquaintance and friend-

ship I had had the honour of making on my first visit to Geelong in the year 1843, when I had the pleasure of spending a day or two under her hospitable roof. Miss Drysdale is a lady of a highly-respectable family, and of superior intelligence, her brother having been the late Sir William Drysdale, treasurer of the city of Edinburgh. Having a considerable patrimony of her own, and being of an active disposition, and fond of rural pursuits, she had rented a large farm in Scotland, of which she superintended the management in person; but being a martyr, as she told me, to the coughs and colds, and other ills that flesh is heir to in our hyperborean Scottish climate, she resolved to emigrate to a milder region, where she might hope to enjoy better health, while she continued to indulge in her favourite pursuits, and endeavour to exert a salutary influence on some at least of her fellow-creatures, wherever Divine Providence might fix her lot. And, I am happy to add, Miss Drysdale sees no reason to regret the step she took, in pursuance of this resolution, in emigrating to Phillipsland. She has uniformly enjoyed excellent health; she is in the midst of such scenes, and scenery, and occupations as she delighted in at home; the property she invested in stock on her arrival in the colony must have increased greatly during the interval that has since elapsed; and she has not only exhibited the goodly and influential example of a highly-respectable family living in the fear of God, and in the zealous observance of all the ordinances of religion, in a country in which, I am sorry to say, such examples are rare, but she has had it in her power to render the most valuable services to some who really required what she has proved to them—a friend indeed. At the period of my first visit to Geelong Miss Drysdale had two of the younger daughters of the late Mr Batman residing with her, to whom she was benevolently discharging the duty of a parent; and her character as a doer of good was generally known, and gratefully acknowledged, in the vicinity.

On her arrival in the colony, Miss Drysdale determined to "squat," as it is styled in the phraseology of the country; that is, to settle on a tract of unoccupied crown land, of sufficient extent for the pasturage of considerable flocks and herds, with their increase for several years—a tract, in all likelihood, from twenty-five to fifty square miles in extent. For this land the occupant pays a yearly license-fee to the government of £10, which insures to him for the time being the full possession of the entire tract; and it is universally understood that while this fee is paid, and no offence committed against the laws and the customs of squatting, the occupant shall not be disturbed, unless the land is sold in the meantime to a *bona-fide* purchaser, at not less than £1 an acre, or required for government purposes—neither of which events is, in ordinary circumstances, at all likely to happen. It has not been allowed, for a good many years past, to give a squatting license of this kind to any person within a considerable distance of a township or village; but Miss Drysdale was allowed, as a special exception from this general rule, to occupy a station within four miles of the town of Geelong. On that station she accordingly erected a neat thatched cottage, with glazed rustic lattice-windows, which she had carried out with her from home, formed a garden, and fenced in a sufficient extent of superior land for cultivation. The cottage had been greatly improved, both externally and internally, at the period of my visit in 1846, and three years had made a wonderful change for the better upon the garden, which had gravelled walks dividing the different parterres—the only instance of the kind I had seen in the country, and strongly reminding me of home.

The situation of Miss Drysdale's cottage, to which she has judiciously given the native name of the locality, Barrangoop, which signifies a turf, is on a gentle grassy slope towards the Barwon River, with the garden in front. The cottages of her farm-overseer and servants are close at hand, and remind one of a respectable farming establishment in the *old country*. On my first visit to Geelong, I found a respectable young man, who had been three sessions at the university of Glasgow, as an intending candidate for the Christian ministry, but who had subsequently abandoned his studies, and gone out as a bounty emigrant to Port Philip, acting in the humble capacity of tutor to the children of Miss Drysdale's overseer, a respectable Scotch farmer, with a large family. Upon the whole, there was something of a domestic character about Miss Drysdale's establishment generally which is but rarely seen at the squatting stations of the interior; and I could not help

thinking that the very horses and cattle seemed to consider themselves more at home than elsewhere.

After passing Geelong to the left, the Barwon River, which in this part of its course is a beautiful stream, pursues a south-easterly course, nearly parallel to that of the western arm of Port Philip, to the great Southern Ocean. About nine or ten miles below Barrangoop it spreads out into a series of lakes, as picturesque as any sheets of water of that kind I have ever beheld. On my first visit to this part of the country in 1843, I rode down to these lakes along with Miss Newcome, another maiden lady, whom Miss Drysdale had some time before taken into partnership with herself—partly, I presume, that she might have some kindred spirit—which, I am happy to say, Miss Newcome unquestionably is—to whom she might be able to whisper that "solitude was sweet." Miss Newcome was quite at home on her high-spirited steed, and we galloped along through scenery of the richest description, beautiful grassy flats alternating with clumps of trees of the most graceful and ornamental foliage, till we reached the lakes. These extensive sheets of glassy water, variegated with headlands and islands, were absolutely alive with black swans, and other waterfowl, sailing quietly along on their silent surface. There must have been at least five hundred swans in view at one time on one of the lakes. They were no "rare aves" there. Their deep solitudes, however, are effectually invaded now; for the white man will soon thin their ranks in all probability, and force them to retreat before the progress of civilisation.

SCOTTISH BANKING.

THERE is now reason to think that in pursuit of this object our Scottish neighbours have got considerably ahead of us here in England. The subject, indeed, seems congenial to the shrewd faculties of our northern fellow-countrymen. The founder of the Bank of England was a Scotchman: a native of the same country originated the idea of the Savings' Bank: and for a long period of time the facilities and accommodations of banking have been known and practised beyond the Tweed to an extent very much above what has been attained in this country. Here banks may be said to exist solely or chiefly for the wealthier classes of society; in Scotland the advantages which they afford are widely diffused among the middle ranks, and are shared in a large measure by the petty capitalists and retail traders of the towns and villages. As a proof of the great extension of the system, we find that throughout Scotland there is a bank for every 7500 of the population—in some districts for every 5000. In London, the proportion is stated to be only 1 for every 32,894; in some parts of England 1 for every 16,000. The rapid progress in wealth and civilisation which has been made by a country naturally so poor and sterile, has been attributed by many sagacious observers to the multiplication of its banks, and to the facilities afforded by them. Capital has been made to stimulate industry in a double ratio, by the increased activity and quickened speed with which it circulates through the channels of commerce. Above all, this great desideratum has been attained without any sacrifice of the other prime requisite of sound banking—stability. Within the last century and a half it is computed that the loss to the community in Scotland by the failure of the four or five public banks which have stopped payment has not exceeded £26,000. In England, during a much shorter period, the loss occasioned by those fearful catastrophes, both in London and in the country, with which experience has made us familiar, has certainly exceeded as many millions. It is also a fact of much significance, that in 1793, in 1825, and in the late crisis of 1847, the Scottish banks rode out the storm which proved fatal to so many English establishments. It seems, therefore, no undue claim which is set up on the part of our northern neighbours, to a better knowledge and more mature development of the principles of banking than have been attained in this country.—*Morning Chronicle*.—[There is no more than justice done, as we believe, to Scotch banking in this paragraph. During the last twenty years and upwards, there have been many banks set up in England on the Scotch principle, as it is called; but there have been many noted failures among them. The fact is, that in England they introduce every feature of Scotch banking except the Scotch brains by which banking has been so successfully conducted. It is true Scotchmen have been got to act as managers, secretaries, and cashiers; but what were all these in the hands of a set of English direc-

tors, who necessarily hold the chief sway? In an English joint-stock bank, the bulk of the funds of the company will be found ventured out in the hands of a few grand speculators, on whose good or bad fortune the fate of the establishment depends. No such thing was ever done in a Scotch bank, from the beginning down to this day. On the contrary, the life of the institution lies in a quick circulation and frequent turning over of a moderate capital amongst a multitude of traders of good credit. The capital of an English joint-stock bank too often is an African river losing itself in sands; that of a Scotch bank is a river dispersed in a thousand channels of irrigation, to reappear in its entire form, and with increased volume, after it has done its work. We do not believe, after all, that there is any great witchcraft about banking in Scotland. The prudence shown there is no more than what might be expected of rational men. The failures in England are to be accounted for not by their want of some extraordinary gift which chances to have been vouchsafed to their northern neighbours, but by the fact, that England is full of people hastening over-much to be rich, and in whose circumstances there are of course great vicissitudes. If ever England shall cool a little in Mammon-worship, and pursue business objects with the moderation of the Scottish mind, it may succeed in joint-stock banking to as great an extent as Scotland has done.]

PROFESSIONAL LIFE.

I cannot give you, my young friends, a better description of a successful professional struggle, and the wear and tear of life, than that which the commentary of Dr Johnson upon the life of Cheyne affords. It is drawn by the graphic pen of the late editor of the 'Medico-Chirurgical Review,' an eloquent Irishman, himself a successful strugger. He adds—'We have followed Cheyne in his march up-hill—we see him at its summit—we are to see him going down. Such are the objects of human desires—sought with avidity—obtained with difficulty—enjoyed with disappointment—and often, in themselves, the source of irreparable evils. Success in a profession now-a-days has entailed, and entails, such labour on its possessor, that few who know its real nature can envy it. Success means wealth and eminence bought with the sacrifice of all healthy recreation both of body and mind. The daily toil is relieved only by the nightly anxiety; and, worn by almost uninterrupted exertion, the fortunate man is deprived of most of the social pleasures of life, and debarred from indulgence in its most cherished affections. He acquires property, loses his health, and often leaves the wealth of his industry to be squandered by children whom it demoralises.' Besides all this, remember that it has been truly said, in the most elevated position there is the least liberty, because that very elevation invites observation, and excites envy. That merit and that ability which would have carried a man successfully through the crowd, will be found insufficient for him who is the object of general scrutiny. You should recollect, gentlemen, that even the position won by merit and ability may be lost by a want of that continued energy and persevering struggle which overcame all the obstacles opposed to your pioneering ascent. The champion in our profession, like in that of Christianity, must be ever progressing. A fall from an eminence is always perilous—in the medical sphere, *fatal to fame*. The world, in respect to our calling, may be esteemed as a school; the boy who has obtained head place must labour assiduously to retain that position against his less fortunate competitors. Remember that sympathy is enlisted for the swimmer to the shore, against the buffeting billows, rather than for the individual who had encountered the same obstacles, the same dangers, and the same difficulties, but who has now apparently surmounted and escaped all.—*Lecture by Dr Hayden.*

MRS FRY'S RULES.

1. Never lose any time: I do not think that lost which is spent in amusement or recreation some time every day; but always be in the habit of being employed.
2. Never err the least in truth.
3. Never say an ill thing of a person when thou canst say a good thing of him; not only speak charitably, but feel so.
4. Never be irritable or unkind to anybody.
5. Never indulge thyself in luxuries that are not necessary.
6. Do all things with consideration, and when thy path to act right is most difficult, feel confidence in that Power alone which is able to assist thee, and exert thy own powers as far as they go.—*Memoir of Elizabeth Fry.*

SONNET.

BY CALDER CAMPBELL.

Too much—too much we make Earth's shadows fall
Across our thoughts, neglecting, in the dark,
The sunshine we might woo in lane or park,
By listening to the hopeful skylark's call!
We fear too much, and hope too little: all
That's threatened is not lost: each one an ark
Of safety well might build, if he a wall
Would raise 'twixt rashness and despair! The lark
Soars bravely towards the sun—but not too high;
And we, like it, should dare and do; but dare
As soldiers, urged by courage, not despair,
To win wise and bloodless victory:
Though Life shrinks back before its vassal—Death;
We know it springs again, undimmed by mortal breath!

ROUGET DE L'ISLE AND THE 'MARSEILLAISE.'

There appeared recently in this Journal the *fabulous* account of the origin of the 'Marseillaise': the following is said to be the *fact*:—In April 1792, at the opening of the campaign against Austria and Prussia, Rouget de l'Isle was a captain of engineers stationed at Strasburg. The day before the volunteers from that city were about to join the main army of the Rhine, M. Dietrich, mayor of the city, gave an entertainment, at which Rouget de l'Isle and several other officers were present. A question arose as to what air should be played on the departure of the new levies; and it was thought desirable that some appropriate and spirited national song should be chosen. Various pieces having been tried and rejected as unsuitable to the occasion, Rouget de l'Isle left the company, retired to his own rooms, and in the course of the evening wrote the words and music of 'Le Chant de l'Armée du Rhin.' Before the party at the *mairie* broke up, he returned with his composition. Mademoiselle Dietrich accompanied him on the piano, and he sang the inspiring song to the delight of all present. It was immediately put in rehearsal, played at parade the next day, and its popularity at once established. Gradually it spread through France, the Marseillais sang it on entering Paris, and the name it now bears was irrevocably substituted for the original title. It was produced on the stage of the Opera at Paris in October 1792, much in the style in which Rachel gave it in 1848, and was received by the audience as enthusiastically as it had been by the populace.

PICKING UP THOUGHTS.

Boys, you have heard of blacksmiths who became mayors and magistrates of towns and cities, and men of great wealth and influence. What was the secret of their success? Why, they picked up nails and pins in the street, and carried them home in the pockets of their waistcoats. Now, you must pick up thoughts in the same way, and fill your mind with them; and they will grow into other thoughts almost while you are asleep. The world is full of thoughts, and you will find them strewed everywhere in your path.—*Elihu Burritt.*

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TRACINGS OF THE NORTH OF EUROPE. CHRISTIANIA.

IT was very agreeable, after more than three days of incessant coaching through a rude country, to drive into a good large town, enter a respectable hotel, and sit down to a civilised dinner. I was somewhat surprised by the regular cleanly streets of Christiania, the stately public buildings, and the goodly aspect of the people; for somehow we always form mean anticipations of what is north of our own ordinary locality, and Norway has no reputation for the fine or the elegant. The fact is, that Christiania is, comparatively speaking, a modern town, an expression of the contentment and prosperity which this country has been enjoying for between thirty and forty years; it has therefore quite properly a thriving and respectable appearance. Its best streets, as the Dronningen's Gade (*Queen Street*), Prindsen's Gade (*Prince Street*), contain many really handsome houses. Its environs present the usual array of those pretty villas in which wealthy citizens delight to live. There is a harbour, all in a bustle with little vessels loading and unloading. Then the city has its fine objects strongly relieved from the general mass—a large, white palace, newly built on an eminence overlooking the town, for the reception of royalty during its yearly visits—a suite of superb buildings in the course of erection for the university—and a grand old fortress by the side of the fiord, styled the Castle of Agerhus. For a town of 33,000 inhabitants, the public buildings may be said generally to be above the average. One of the most conspicuous is a jail, finely situated on a neighbouring rising-ground. Unluckily the Norwegians are just about to try the Pentonville plan with their criminals, when that plan is beginning in England to be found a disappointment. The natural situation of the place at the head of a fiord, with pine-clad hills all round, is very fine. There are many good shops; and I was glad to find that the Bog og Musik Handels (*Book and Music Shops*) were not few, and of the first class in point of appearance.

Having settled myself comfortably in the Hôtel du Nord, which is reputed as the best hotel, though it is not incapable of improvement, and having despatched some letters of introduction to their destinations, I took a ramble about the town and its environs. The gneissic series of rocks here gives place to the slate and the Old Red Sandstone, of which last rock the neighbouring hills are composed, but without any fish fossils. The rocks, where presented above the soil, are rounded and polished like those already described farther to the south; indeed it is stated that the whole of the surface along the borders of the Christiania fiord has been dressed by the ice. Near the fortress of Agerhus I found some of the polished and striated surfaces de-

scending into the sea, and to a considerable depth below it, without being in the least affected by that element, exactly as is the case with the similar surfaces on the Gare Loch in the Firth of Clyde, first described by Mr Maclarens.

Next morning, being Sunday, it was delightful, on waking, to remember that there was no long journey before me calling for an early start, and to feel that consequently an extra dose of sleep could be indulged in without self-reproach. In a life of activity and self-taxation, one needs such little *délassements* now and then: I believe the machine could not go on well without them. I was nevertheless up and breakfasted in time to attend the church at ten o'clock. A fine sunny morning; the streets quiet, empty, and bright. Being anxious to witness the religious service of the country under the most distinguished circumstances, I proceeded to the Dom Kirk, which I found to be no ancient Gothic structure, as is generally the case, but a plain brick building, of perhaps a century old, with scarcely any mediæval feature but that of being in the form of a cross. It may here be remarked that Christiania is wholly a modern town, having been commenced early in the seventeenth century, near the site of an elder city called Oslo, which was burnt down. The interior of the Dom Kirk presents only plain white walls; tall, narrow, round-topped windows; a semi-cylindrical roof of short planks, painted a dull white; and pews along the side of a broad central walk, pervading both body and wings of the building. At the west end, over the principal entrance, is an organ, a fine large instrument, with a gallery for the choir; at the east end is a Communion-table, exhibiting two gigantic candles, over which is a glaring carved altarpiece, presenting the Crucifixion and Last Supper in coloured figures as large as life. At a few minutes past ten, when I entered, the bulk of the congregation was assembled; the men sitting on one side, the women (a majority) on the other; a large proportion of them a humble class of people, many evidently strangers from the country: others were of the class of ladies and gentlemen, but much less handsomely attired than the corresponding portion of a metropolitan congregation in England. Though aware that the established religion of Norway is Lutheran, and less reformed than ours, I was unprepared for the effect produced by seeing, in the east end of the church, all the more conspicuous objects usually presented in the same part of a Catholic place of worship, even to the robed priest with the figure of the cross upon his back. The organ was sounding and the choir singing. Presently, on a pause taking place, the priest turned round—showing some other devices on the front of his robe, underneath which was a white gown. He chanted a few words from the book in his hand, and then the choir recommenced singing. This

went on for some time, while the people continued to come in and take their seats. At twenty minutes to eleven, a person advanced to the clergyman, and took off the crimson robe and white gown, when he appeared in a black gown and white quilled ruff, exactly like the stiff pictures of the English bishops of the seventeenth century; a pale, dark-complexioned man of about forty-five, with a well-elevated head. He advanced to the pulpit, which is a superb structure of gilt scroll-work, projecting from the angle between the choir and north transept. I had now time to observe that along the walls, for a considerable height, are galleries with glazed windows and curtains, like the boxes at the Opera-house, probably for special families of superior importance; but on this occasion they appeared to be empty. It is an arrangement common throughout the better order of churches in Scandinavia. The minister preached thirty-five minutes—a *read* sermon, delivered with a very moderate amount of gesticulation. I was of course unable to understand any part of it, and only remarked that at the name of *Yesous Chrestous*, as it is sounded, all the females made an inclination. At the conclusion there was a prayer, and thereafter a benediction, at which the people for the first time rose to their feet. A second more elderly clergyman in black gown and ruff then appeared at the Communion-table, and chanted a prayer or collect. When the singing had concluded, there was a second benediction, at which the people rose again. Many now began to retire, but a considerable number remained. A man like a teacher, and I have no doubt actually one, stood up in front of the Communion-railing, and, with the points of his fingers placed together, addressed a few sentences to the audience. He then proceeded to marshal a multitude of boys and girls along the central walk, the boys facing the girls as far down as their inferior numbers extended, and the elderly clergyman then began to catechise them, mingling much discourse of his own with his questions and their answers. In the midst of this tedious procedure I left the church.

The effect of the whole was novel and striking. To find a church which has undoubtedly cleared itself of all those features of Romanism most abominated against by Protestants, nevertheless maintaining many of those externals of dress and ritual which give the Church of Rome such a hold upon the imagination and aesthetic feelings of its adherents, was peculiarly interesting to an observer from the north of the Tweed. The catechising is an important part of clerical duty in Norway, being connected with a system of confirmation which forms one of the strongest anchorages of the church. The being confirmed is established by law as a previous step to all mingling in actual society. No priest is allowed to marry a couple, one member of which is unconfirmed. No unconfirmed person can be a student at the university, or attain any office. The girl of humble rank would not be received as a servant, nor the boy as an apprentice, without being confirmed. It is a diploma essential to the gaining of daily bread in all classes. A fee given on the occasion is likewise important to the clergy, as a part of their income. I heard that the common people are beginning to express a sense of oppression under this system, complaining, however, only of the hardship of the fee; but so rooted a custom could not easily be reformed.

Christiana is evidently a rising place; and though this is mainly to be attributed to its only having recently assumed the character of a capital and seat of government, I became convinced that no small portion of it is owing to that general progress of the country of which the growth of a metropolis is always a sure exponent. Ever since 1814, when Norway settled down, with its democratic constitution, under the Bernadotte dynasty of Sweden, it has enjoyed internal peace and security; and the resources of the country have been undergoing perhaps as rapid a process of development as could be expected in a region so peculiarly formed and circumstanced, physically and morally. I took

every opportunity, in Christiania and elsewhere, of inquiring into the political fortunes of the country, and, on the whole, I think they are good. The machine is certainly not without its jarrings and jamming any more than others, and there is no reason, from this case, to believe that democracy involves that consummation of political good which its admirers claim for it. Yet Norway is, in the main, happy in its government, the national will being freely and fully expressed through its Storthing, while it seems to derive a certain steadiness from monarchy, without being exposed to any of the corrupting influences of a court. In consequence of Sweden being under an aristocratic system, there is in Norway a sleepless jealousy regarding it; and this I always felt to be the most unpleasant feature of public feeling which came under my attention in the north. It has, however, the effect of binding the people very much together, as far as themselves are concerned, and rendering internal faction and party little known amongst them. It is also to be remarked that the king is completely exempt from Norwegian jealousy and ill-will; his uncommon personal virtues, and his liberal tendencies, render him, on the contrary, highly popular, as was lately demonstrated in a remarkable manner, when, a certain sum being asked by him to complete the furnishing of the palace, the Storthing instantly voted one much larger—a very uncommon fact, I believe, in parliamentary history. Owing to the general satisfaction of the country with its constitution, the year 1848 passed over Norway without ruffling its political plumage in any appreciable degree. The Norwegian people would be above human nature if there were not among them a set whose predominant feeling is towards concentration of power, and another whose main anxiety it is to make the voice of the masses as real and as influential as possible; but these parties have at the same time so much unity of feeling, that they cannot be said to be in collision. There is a movement party, feeble in the Storthing, but strong in the press. Its demands are of a nature apt to excite strange ideas in an Englishman. With us, as is well known, the clamour of such politicians is for the aristocracy of talent and education—the aristocracy of nature—as against that of mere human appointment or the creation of law. In Norway, the men of the movement, finding an aristocracy of this kind actually exercising rule, as far as there is any rule in the case, loudly demand that it should be put under check. ‘Away,’ they cry, ‘with clever lawyers and astute officials, and let the honest, rustic representatives bear the bell!’ We need scarcely ask what their cry would be if things were actually put under a committee of *bonder*?

During my few days in Christiania I felt unflagging pleasure in wandering about the neighbourhood, and enjoying the fine views almost everywhere presented, in which the fiord and its numerous islets always formed a distinguished part. The day was generally very warm; but the evenings were deliciously cool, and these might be said to last till within an hour of midnight. Again I felt how surprised many of my friends would have been to see what I now saw—the glassy waters and clear blue atmosphere of Leman Lake rivaled in a spot adjacent to the sixtieth parallel of latitude. I remarked that though there might be particular plants wanting, the general effect of the ornamental gardens and pleasure-grounds at Christiania was much the same as with us. The winter is of course severe in comparison with ours; yet even here we must not be too ready to give the disadvantage to Norway; for the air, if colder, is drier, and therefore bites less than the same temperature would do under our humid Jove. A middle-aged man, accustomed in his youth to live in England, told me that, for walking in winter about Christiania, he never thinks of adding more to his ordinary clothing than a light paletot, exactly as he would do in London, though in driving in an open carriage thicker dress is necessary.

The university has about thirty-three professors,

and is usually attended by between 400 and 500 students. It is said that the young men obtain here a good education, but that, after it is completed, they experience a difficulty in getting suitable appointments and situations in life. The only professor with whose name I was previously familiar is M. Keilhan, the author of an immense number of treatises, chiefly geological, of which a distinguished series refers to the proofs which exist in Scandinavia of comparatively recent changes in the relative level of sea and land. Although a victim to bad health, this amiable man offered to conduct me to a spot near Christiania where the remains of *serpula* still adhere to the face of the rocks at a considerable elevation above the sea. It was some time since he had been at the spot, and quarrying operations are going on at it; but he still hoped to be able to show me some examples of this singular curiosity. I was conducted by him to a small hill called Mærre-hougen, little more than a mile from the streets of the city. It is composed of beds of soft slate, mingled with strata of noduled limestone, which seem like strings of black beads crossing the rock. Under the cliffy side of the hill excavations are actively going on: I much feared that they might have led to the destruction of all such memorials as we were in search of; but after a few minutes of diligent research, the professor announced that he had found some of the serpulae still remaining. He attracted my attention to the base of a low vertical cliff, parts of which exhibit lateral polishings and scratchings; and there undoubtedly I saw, with a feeling approaching to surprise, a few small calcareous masses projecting from the face of the rock, which, on near examination, proved to be remains of the marine animals in question. The spot is 170 Norwegian, or about 186 English feet above the level of the sea. It must have been lying high and dry for an enormous period of time, during which vast changes have been going on in the world; nevertheless there are the frail domiciles of these sea-worms still clinging to the rock on which they had been originally fixed, surviving the palaces of Assur and Pul, the tomb of Alexander, and nearly all the pomps of that antiquity which, in all probability, is so much younger than they! What is perhaps the most interesting consideration connected with the case, is the rigid nature of the evidence. The serpula is an invertebrate animal, which forms a crusty house for itself on rocks which are daily bathed and exposed by the tide; it can live and work nowhere else. Nature, in such things, is absolutely invariable. Here, then, when we see a rock a mile inland, and 186 feet above the sea, bearing the remains of serpulae, we know, with the utmost possible certainty, that that rock was once a sea-cliff on which the tide daily rose and fell.

Professor Keilhan was afterwards so obliging as to conduct me through that part of the university museum which contains what he calls objects illustrative of the *soulèvement* of Scandinavia. Amongst others, there were examples of shells and shell gravel, found in beds at various elevations; specimens of the Mærre-hougen rock-surface, with the serpulae adhering; numerous examples of other rocks found in various districts of the country, and exhibiting remains of sea-animals. There was one remarkable piece from a spot at Sarpsborg, near the borders of Norway and Sweden, stated to be twenty miles inland, and 450 Rhenish feet above the sea. In this case the evidence was unusually strong, for clay and sand are deposited at the place, covered with a peat-moss containing remains of marine plants. The whole of this curious and unique collection is in the very nicest order.

Christiania is less remarkable for the cheapness of articles of necessity than the country generally, which again ranks in this respect below Sweden. Elegant life in Christiania may be described as expensive; yet in winter much gaiety is indulged in. The inquiries which I made satisfied me that the numbers of poor people, and the expense which they occasion to the other classes, are not much below what they are in our own

country; wealth and luxury being here apparently, as elsewhere, in direct polarity with misery. Hence I was not surprised to find mean and filthy suburbs in very near neighbourhood to the palace recently erected at the expense of a quarter of a million. Here is a theatre with a Danish company, well attended in its season. I made careful inquiry after the business of literature, and learned that there are twelve printing-offices in Christiania, four of them having machine-presses driven by human labour, and that about a hundred books of one kind and another, including, however, only a few new works, are published in a year.*

There are about eighty English people, of different ranks, resident in Christiania. Mr Crowe, the English consul-general for Norway, collects such of them as feel inclined, in his house every Sunday, and reads the liturgy and a sermon. He informed me that about a hundred and thirty of our countrymen usually come to Christiania in a year; and to all of these persons, I understand, when they possess proper credentials, he shows civilities, rendering their stay in the city as agreeable to them as possible, and furnishing all the information that may be required to facilitate their movements through the country. Most of these strangers are gentlemen in quest of sport. It is seldom that an English lady makes her appearance so far north. Though a matter in which I had not the slightest personal concern, I made inquiries here and in various other parts of Norway as to rural sport, and became convinced that, excepting for salmon-fishing in the northern rivers, it is not a good field for that kind of amusement. The museums in the large cities afford evidence of there being an abundance of species of wild birds in the country; but abundance of species is a different thing from abundance of individuals. Game birds, excepting ptarmigan, may be described as rare. A man may walk a whole day and scarcely see a feather. How comes it, then, that the markets are well supplied with game in winter? It is, I understand, because the birds are then driven nearer to the haunts of man for food, and so are snared by the common people. Things are better than they were a few years ago, in consequence of a game-law—one, however, having for its object merely a good regulation, for the general benefit, as to the time when shooting may be commenced. As this law is not a defence of the interests or pleasures of one part of the community against another, it obtains the support of public opinion, and offenders are informed against without mercy. Still, Norway presents but a limited amount of sport for the gun. In passing over its immense wildernesses, I wondered that birds were not more plentiful. I marked with some surprise that few living creatures of any kind met my eyes, rooks and magpies being the only birds at all common. I soon found an explanation in the paucity of food presented in a country so thinly peopled, and so little cultivated, and which, for so large a portion of the year, is covered with deep snow. England, with its dense population, seems at first sight a less favourable field for animal life; and yet animal life is there abundant in comparison with what it is in Norway. The reason is, that food is more important for animals than space or exemption from molestation. England, full as it is of people, many of whom are said to gain their bread with some difficulty, has yet more to spare for the wildlings of creation than a country which has only a few inhabitants of any kind, and is but little way advanced in civilisation. Nor is food alone concerned. In England the great wealth of the upper classes is used in fostering all animals which can afford

* The enterprise of the booksellers, and the advanced state of lithography, are evidenced by work recently completed under the title of *Norge Frestilsted i Tegninger*, being a series of views of Norwegian scenery, accompanied by letterpress. Christiania: Wilhelm C. Fabricius's Bogtrykkerie. 1846-8. This work, which costs about £2 of English money, I would recommend to such as desire to obtain at home a good idea of the physical features of Norway, and the aspect of its principal towns.

any amusement. The country, in addition to its other duties, is obliged to serve as a kind of nursery for these creatures. They are themselves fed, and their enemies are destroyed. Nowhere else in the world is this the case. Britain, therefore, in addition to all its other high qualities, is the country where game is most plentiful. The Highlands of Scotland may be said to be a preserve in comparison with Norway.

At Christiania I had for the first time an opportunity of examining the favourite travelling-carriage of the country, yclept a *carriole*. It is a vehicle of spider-like lightness, with a pair of large wheels, and long springy beams, and a seat for one person, so extremely low, that the traveller is obliged to sit with his legs straight out before him. Room for luggage there is none; or, at the most, a carpet-bag may be strapped on. The person required to bring back the horse to its own station assumes an anomalous position in the rear. I cannot imagine it an agreeable means of travelling, although I am told that young Englishmen soon come to manage it well, and to like it; and I met with one gentleman of that country who had travelled by one, with his wife occupying another. I saw a gentleman purchase a smart new carriole on the street in Christiania for a sum equal to four pounds ten shillings; but I believe they generally cost a little more. It is a matter of considerable difficulty for an English traveller to arrange at Christiania for the means of passing through the country. There are no stage-coaches. The mail is a gig for carrying letters alone. He must either hire a carriage, under the burthen of having perhaps to send it back at a considerable expense, or purchase one, which he may sell at the end of his journey. Then he hears strange stories of the difficulties of his route, and generally is advised to trust to nothing but a carriole, and to take scarcely any luggage. The necessity of having a vehicle to himself must be admitted to be a great impediment; and in the choice between a hired and purchased vehicle it certainly is difficult to decide, though I believe hiring is, on the whole, the better plan. But as to the alleged difficulties of travelling in a carriage, I humbly think them exaggerated. I travelled many hundreds of miles in a four-wheeled hooded vehicle, which gave accommodation for a sufficiency of luggage, and never once was in any serious *embarras*, much less danger, although I had neither a patent drag, nor, what is common, a trailing pike behind, to serve as an arrestment in the event of the horses failing in an ascent. I would therefore recommend any future traveller not to be deterred by what he hears from taking a carriage above the character of a carriole, if he feel so inclined, providing only that he makes sure of its strength, and has a trusty servant to act as driver.

I made an excursion from Christiania to Drammen, a town of 12,000 inhabitants, situated at the head of another branch of the fiord about twenty-eight miles distant. Here, it is said, 40,000 tons of shipping are employed annually in exporting timber, and it is accordingly a place of considerable consequence. The road passes along sufficiently near the sea to allow occasional glimpses of it with its pretty islands, while the hills rise to the right in greater elevation and roughness than any I had yet seen in Norway, exhibiting smoothings only in the lower grounds. After a five-hours' drive, we passed over the brow of a hill into a valley, and beheld Drammen beautifully situated at the embouchure of two rivers which almost join before reaching the sea. On one of these rivers there is a lake only a few miles up; and on the banks of this stream at Drammen we see scarcely any alluvial formations. The other, in the lower part of its course, is skirted with terraces of clay, rising one above another to the height of several hundred feet. The cause of this difference I would explain thus:—At the time when the land was submerged to a considerable depth, the latter river brought down detritus, which it deposited in the valley in a thick bed, and this detritus was formed into terraces during the subsequent change of the relative level

of sea and land, each terrace marking a pause in that progressive change. In the original circumstances, the detritus brought down by the other river was intercepted by the hollow which afterwards became a lake; so that there was none to form terraces at a lower point. A careful levelling showed that the principal terrace, and that which was best defined and most perseveringly marked on both sides of the river, was just about the same elevation above the sea as that at Elsinore. To the south of the town I found a still more remarkable phenomenon—namely, an exposed face of rock all smoothed in the usual manner, but with a double set of dressings at one limited place, one being in a north and south direction up the hill, while the other was from east to west. Such a circumstance would seem to imply an occasional change in the direction of the smoothing agent, probably under the influence of local causes.

R. C.

THE TRIAL BY CAIMAN.

BY PERCY B. ST JOHN.

CERTAIN philosophers of the last century discovered that savage life was preferable to civilisation, and regretted in pathetic tones the unhappy condition of those nations which have made any progress in the arts of life. These admirers of what is very absurdly called a state of nature could never have visited Madagascar, or even have wandered thither in imagination, wafted on the magic chariot of the pen. Had they done so, I doubt if they would have deplored the demoralising effects of civilisation upon a primitive people. The Madagascan—whether Malgaches, or Antauncars, or Belsim Saras, or of the other numerous tribes—are in truth primitive. They go nearly naked, they allow a plurality of wives, they believe in charms, they delight in war, they adore birds and animals, they kill children born in an unlucky hour, they bury a large quantity of ready money with every rich man, and never dig it up, suffering severe inconvenience in a short currency thereby; while, worst of all, their criminal justice consists in giving the *tanghin*. The tanghin (*Tungnina veneriflava*) is a subtle vegetable poison, which is administered to persons accused of sorcery. Any individual can accuse another of this crime, and demand the application of the tanghin, or the (*lela-bi*) tongue and iron. The accuser goes before a judge and states his case; the judge sends him to the *ampan anglin*, who is half priest half executioner. Having learned the motives of the accusation, this person first experiments on young fowls. He gives them tanghin in water, and says, 'If thou art come forth from a bull, die!' If it dies, the presumption against the accused is strong. He then tries again, 'If thou camest from the shell of an egg, die; if thou hast for father a bull, live!' If the fowl dies, the evidence is startling.

This trial takes place seven times, and if there be three results in favour of the prosecution, the *ampan* gives the heads and claws of the fowls to the informer, who goes before the judge and gets an order for a *sahali*, or trial. A *traon-fadi*, or hut of repentance, is built, in which the judge, witnesses, accused, *ampan*, and all to be present at the trial, pass the night. Next morning, the accused, strip of all clothing, is placed on the green sward, and surrounded by the crowd. The judge makes a speech, and the *ampan* gives the tanghin mixed with water on a *ravinada* leaf, after which the victim swallows a cup of rice water. Frightful convulsions soon ensue, and the wretched being dies in ninety cases out of a hundred, confessing all he is asked to confess. The *lela-bi* consists in passing a hot iron over the victim's tongue three times, when, if a blister rises, the spears of the bystanders immediately terminate his life. This barbarous and savage legislation is observably effectual in checking the increase of population. Scarcely a day passes but some head of a family perishes. But the most abominable feature in the affair is, that the goods of the victim are divided into three parts—one for the chief, one for his officers, and the third for the informer. Radama, the

celebrated king of Madagascar, when shown the absurdity and wickedness of the practice, replied, 'Find me another tax which will so easily fill my treasury.'

But these primitive habits are not all. The people of this great island have others, which will be explained by my narrative.

In the village of Matatana, on the river of the same name, lived Rakar, a young girl of sixteen, of gentle mien and modest countenance, belonging to the aristocratic cast of the Zanak-andin. The village is situated on an island at some distance from the banks of the river, and, containing 800 houses, is not of small importance in the land, being, moreover, fortified. Rakar was a beauty, and rich, her father having left her much property at his death; and she owned numerous slaves. She had many suitors as a matter of course; but she was more fastidious than the generality of her people, and none seemed to touch her heart until young René, a native born, but whose father was a Frenchman, appeared in the village on a trading expedition. Rakar saw and loved. The semi-white was handsome, tall, and striking in mien, and, it was said, generous and frank in character. But René scarcely saw Rakar, or, if he did, he distinguished her not from the multitude of dark women who flitted around him in a costume which was not very far removed from that of Eve in Paradise. He was present at the dances of the village; he admired the supple and elegant forms of the girls who demonstrated their talent before him; but his eye seemed to favour no one in particular. Rakar was stricken with despair, and went to an old woman, learned in the science of futurity, for counsel. The old woman took her fee, ordered incantations without number, and promised to turn the heart of the cold youth towards her; but more piastres in pure gold went than results were produced, and Rakar almost regretted having used any other charms than those she had been endowed with by nature.

Still, love is a passion which, in this primitive state of society, is not easily to be conquered by reflection, or even its apparent futility. In civilisation the feeling would have been concealed by the female for ever, unless called forth by the addresses of the man. Rakar attempted not to convey to René the least suspicion of her emotions, the more that she had heard him declaim against the idea of settling in a wild, out-of-the-world place like Matatana. But she put faith in Deraif, the protective genius of the Malgaches, and one morning early she crossed over to the mainland in a pirogue to pray for his intercession. The vegetable productions of Madagascar are varied and rich, and the wooded shore was composed of a vast tangled mass of trees and parasites, whose appearance, despite their hard appellations, was gorgeous in the extreme, each vying with the other in the beauty of leaf and flower. Amid a dense thicket of this verdure Rakar concealed herself, neither listening to the songs of the strange choristers of the woods, nor dreading the snakes, nor scorpions, nor wild boars and cats, which people the virgin forests of this prolific isle. She knew a shady spot, yet open to the light, where the *ravintsara* sent forth its delicious perfume from nut and leaf, and where also grew the plants she made use for her incantation.

The place selected was a hollow where the grass grew to a prodigious height, rank and strong, and here Rakar halted, after collecting a quantity of the herbs she needed. These were piled in a heap in an open space, which she cleared with her hands, and several odorous leaves and nuts of the *ravintsara* being added, the young girl set fire to the whole, and sitting down, began to chant a monotonous ballad, beginning,

'He! hé! he! zala hé, the moon looks down,
The moon in the blue sky, he! hé! hé!'

such as is universally sung throughout the land.

The dry grass and twigs crackled, flamed, and smoked, while the young Zanak gazed eagerly on, as if expecting an instant manifestation of the will of Deraif. But as nothing greeted her eager eyes, she still hoped that the guardian spirit of her race would act invisibly, and was

about to rise and return, when a step was heard, and Ratsimi, one of her suitors, stood before her.

'Rakar is burning incense to the Angatch' (evil spirit), said the young man coldly.

'And why not to Zanaar?' asked the girl shuddering, and quoting the good angel of her faith.

'You do not answer?' continued Ratsimi.

'I own no right in you to ask me,' said the Zanak, moving as if to go.

'Rakar knows well that Ratsimi loves her; that he has told her so two moons ago; and that, like Raafou—who dared the enemy of man in the Mount Tangoury for love of Fihali—Ratsimi would brave any danger for Rakar.'

'I have spoken once,' replied the young Zanak coldly; 'the daughter of the great chief of the mountains will not be even the first wife of Ratsimi, much less one of his wives.'

'Rakar!' cried the lover impetuously, 'do not anger me. Recollect I have caught you exercising sorcery.'

'Give me up to the ampan then!' said the girl indignantly. 'Your threats have less value than your protestations; and Rakar ran lightly through the wood, leaving Ratsimi in a violent passion, thinking over vengeance—a passion which is tempered only by religion and civility.

Rakar was not without alarm. She knew Ratsimi to be a young man of violent passions, sometimes uncontrollable; but she still doubted his descending to disown her because she could not return his love. She paddled quickly across the river to the village, and met René smoking his pipe before breakfast on the strand. René complimented the girl, without looking at her, on her address and activity in paddling.

'A Malgache girl is not always flying from a lover,' replied Rakar, as she was about to pass.

'What mean you? Flying from a lover! That's not like your age and race,' said René curiously.

'Rakar is different from her race, and runs to avoid the anger of Ratsimi, who is heated with passion because I said I loved him not.'

'And who, pretty one, is the favoured brave?' asked René, gazing on her with admiration.

'Rakar never accepted love from any one,' she cried, and darted away.

René filled his pipe, and puffed away for some time in silence, thinking the Zanak a strange girl, and then he went to breakfast, and forgot the subject.

That evening there was solemn council held in the camp of Matatana. It chanced to be the night of full moon, but the pale and cold luminary had not yet risen over the lofty trees, though its light already pervaded the sky. A marshy space near the river's bank was the spot chosen for the deliberation, which never took place but on the night of the full moon. The chief of the village sat on a raised pile of boughs—around were the men and women of the place in a vast circle. René leant against a tree behind Ova the old head of Matatana. The river lay dark and gloomy beside them, its swift current glancing by in the gloom, and pouring at a great distance into the vast ocean. Beyond was the great island of Madagascar, and about two hundred yards distant a low bank covered with reeds, often infested by caimans of the most ferocious and ravenous character, as are most of the rivers in those parts. Suddenly the moon rose in the sky, the water danced pell-mell and sparkling in the light, the trees waved clearly their dark outlines, and the whole tribe could be distinguished. It was ten o'clock, and the affair of the night commenced.

Rakar stood before the chief, accused by Ratsimi of sorcery.

As soon as the moon had risen, Ova stood up, and, like most of his countrymen, fond of speech, addressed the assembly at length on the atrocious crime of sorcery. He pointed out its fatal consequences, visible in the ailments which it produced, and the many deaths yearly in the village, all to be attributed to the wickedness of male and female conjurers. He was sorry that a girl so excellent and worthy should be there on so terrible a charge, but he must see justice done.

Ratsimi then declared his belief that she was a witch, and related what he had seen that morning, leaving out his declaration of love and his threat. He expressed profound grief at having to accuse one so lovely and charming, and hoped she might clear herself.

A judge then rose and implored Rakar to tell the truth, and confess her crime—an act that would have been giving herself to certain death on the instant, and which the Zanak declined performing, it may be presumed, for that very reason.

'I am innocent,' she cried aloud. 'Ratsimi is a false coward: the caimans will decide between us!'

'As you will; so be it,' said the judge.

'What are they about to do?' whispered René to a Malgache near him.

'Rakar will swim out to yonder island. If guilty, the caimans will devour her: if innocent, she will come back in safety.'

'But the river swarms with these savage monsters. The girl is innocent: I swear it—I know it!'

'She must bear the trial,' said the superstitious Malgache: 'if innocent, there is no danger.'

'This is mere savage stupidity: I will speak!'

'And die,' said his friend solemnly. 'The people will swear you if you dare to interfere.'

René ground his teeth with rage, and moved nearer the young girl.

'Rakar,' said Ova, 'confess: once more I conjure you.'

'The caimans shall decide,' replied the Zanak, who, conscious of her innocence of anything beyond trying a harmless charm for a harmless end, under the advice of a urie-woman, felt safe; for she believed in the efficacy of the trial.

'Ombiach,' cried the chief, addressing the half-priest half-executioner, 'she is yours.'

The ombiach took her by the hand, and led her towards the river, on the banks of which he addressed a conjuration to the savage crocodiles, calling on them to rise and devour her if guilty, and left her to a few young attached female friends, who braved contagion, and stood by her to the last. Rakar thanked them gently.

'Rafara,' said she, turning to one, 'give me that ribbon to tie my long hair: it may prevent my swimming freely.'

The girl, much moved, gave the silken tie, and aided her herself to apply it.

Then Rakar took off her *simbou* and *seidck*—garments equivalent to European petticoats—and plunged into the river.

René shuddered, and, with the whole tribe, rushed to the banks of the stream. The bright moon illuminated the picture in every detail. There was the bold swimmer, her head and arms only visible, while her long hair floated behind, as driven back by the wind: every splash was seen clearly. She swam with astonishing rapidity. René felt sick: he knew the fatal character of the river, and had himself shot caimans on the little island. The whole village gazed on coldly, but some anxiously. Ratsimi stood sullen and silent on one side. Every time there was the least stir in the water, all expected to hear a shriek and a struggle. The reptiles to which Rakar was exposed could have killed her at one bite. From twelve to twenty feet long, their voracity is frightful, and many is the victim which falls under their jaws, especially in these trials, which at Matatana replaced the tanghin.

A low murmur of applause arose as Rakar stood upright on the island, and then sat down to gain breath. René thought the trial was now over; but the worst was to come. The unfortunate girl was in a very nest of crocodiles: but, nothing terrified, she rose after five minutes, and plunged headlong into the stream, and disappeared. René held his breath for half a minute, at the expiration of which she reappeared not, and then felt inexpressible delight as she rose and landed. Again, after taking breath, she plunged a second and a third time, and, rare instance of good-fortune, reappeared as often. After some time she entered the river once more, and swam towards home.

'The worst is now to come,' thought René; 'the savage animals must be alarmed by all that noise. God help her!' he added, as he caught sight of a commotion in the water near the island, and next minute saw a huge caiman with his scales flashing in the moon's rays.

The young man closed his eyes, and when he opened them again, Rakar was within fifty yards of the shore. With a wild shout of joy René fired the two barrels of his fowling-piece, as if by way of triumph, but in reality in the desperate hope of checking the progress of any pursuing alligator. The people shouted: they felt the lovely Zanak was innocent. Ratsimi stood transfixed with terror: still, another death-like silence ensued. The girl was weary, and swam slowly, but presently was within ten yards of the shore. Her female friends were ready with a large cloak given by René for the purpose, a white African *bumoore* which he wore at night; and as this fell around her, so did the arms of the young man.

'People of Matatana, I claim this heroic and innocent girl as my wife!' he cried wild with enthusiasm and joy. 'I knew her innocent and beautiful; I now know her for something more. As for that base wretch, I claim for him the law of retaliation.'

'As for claiming the girl as a wife,' said the chief, 'that rests with her; but Ratsimi will pay unto her a thousand piastras, and thus, in poverty and misery, will repeat his folly.'

'Worse than folly!' cried René: 'the girl refused his love, and this is his revenge!'

'Is this true, Rakar?' asked Ova.

Rakar, far more troubled at the sudden explosion of the young man's feelings than at her trial, was silent a moment, and then made an open confession, not without blushes—many, yet unseen—before the whole tribe. Now that René had spoken, her love was legitimate and just; and according to her native customs, she felt a pride in her public avowals.

'Ratsimi,' said Ova, when she had concluded, 'you are a false and lying slave. Rakar has the choice. You will swim to Caiman Island as did she, or you will pay her all the value of your flocks and cattle, and then be bound as a slave to her for life. Choose, girl.'

'I forgive him all!' cried Rakar warmly; 'for am I not happy? I have gained the husband that I love: that was worth the race.'

René's admiration knew no bounds; and then on the spot he denounced the wickedness and folly of this mode of trial, showed how easily malevolence could get up false accusations, and offered, if the tribe would abolish all such practices, to settle amongst them; otherwise, he would retire to Mauritius, where he was educated, and visit them no more. His eloquence was persuasive; the people were in a moment of enthusiasm: the custom was abolished, the ombiach dismissed, and that very evening the simple marriage ceremony of Matatana was celebrated. René settled in the place, was very happy, and lives there, for aught I know to the contrary, up to this day. He made Rakar a happy woman, and found a deep satisfaction in having been the instrument of abolishing *trial by caiman!**

MADAME CATALANI.†

It were superfluous to inform our readers that the name appearing at the head of this article belonged to one of the most celebrated singers of the present century; for who has not heard of the wondrous syren by whose voice thousands, nay, millions, have been enchanted, and whose career was mingled up with some of the great events in contemporaneous history?

Familiar, however, as the name of Madame Catalani may be to us all, yet many amongst us are perhaps but little acquainted with her history, and we hope it may not prove an ungrateful task if we communicate some

* The above scene is no fiction: it was witnessed by Lequéval de Lacombe.

† Abridged from the 'Revue des Deux Mondes.'

authentic details of a life which forms so memorable an epoch in the annals of art.

Angelica Catalani was born in October 1779, at Siugaglia, a small town in the Roman states. Her father, a very estimable man, was a magistrate, a sort of judge of the peace, who had much difficulty in providing for his numerous family, consisting of four girls and two boys. In order to supply the deficiencies of his small income, the father of the future *prima donna* traded in diamonds; nor was this plurality of occupations altogether unprofitable in a place which boasts of its annual fair as one of the largest and most brilliant in Italy. Signor Catalani, nevertheless, found himself so straitened in his circumstances, that he decided on providing for his daughter Angelica by placing her in a convent, where in due season she should pronounce the solemn and irrevocable vows of monastic life. Accordingly, Angelica entered at an early age the convent of Sta. Lucia di Gubbio, which is not very far distant from Sinigaglia; and this establishment being exclusively devoted to the education of noble young ladies of the province, Signor Catalani only secured the admission of his daughter by proving her distant parentage with the House of Mastaë, a family which has recently obtained celebrity of a very different sort by the elevation of Pius IX. to the papal chair.

It was in the convent of Sta. Lucia di Gubbio that the youthful Angelica received her earliest knowledge of the art of music. There, as in all the monastic establishments of Italy, music constituted a large portion of their religious services. On Sundays more especially, and on high festivals, the nuns and the novices made the vaulted roof of their chapel resound with the melody of their hymns. Among those sweet voices was soon distinguished that of Angelica Catalani, on account of its flexibility, its compass, and the rich brilliancy of its tones. The nuns, wishing to profit by so rare a talent, made her sing short solos, which attracted a great concourse of worshippers to the shrine of their patroness Sta. Lucia. ‘Let us go and hear *la maravigliosa Angelica*,’ was wont to be said upon the days of great solemnity; and the doors of the chapel were so thronged, that many were obliged to withdraw without gaining admittance. Some devout people, being scandalised by the somewhat profane success of Angelica, complained of it to the bishop, who commanded the superior to put an end to the solos of the young novice. The lady-abbes was equally loth to disobey the bishop, and to give up a practice which was so useful to the poor pensioners of her convent: accordingly, she sought to satisfy her conscience and silence the murmurs of the scrupulous by placing Angelica behind a group of novices, who concealed their companion from the crowd, and tempered the brilliancy of that voice which, at a later period, was destined to fill all Europe with its triumphs. The throng of worshippers would not suffer themselves, however, to be thus robbed of their idol, and rising upon tiptoe, head above heart, peered into the gallery, hoping to obtain a glimpse of the young girl by whose voice they were so entranced. On one day of festival more especially, when the charming Angelica, clad in white, sang an ‘*Ave Maria stella*’ in such sweet and touching tones, that the whole congregation melted into tears, the enthusiasm was so great, that every one pressed towards the spot where she stood, desiring if it were only to kiss the hand or the garment of *la virginella* whom God had so richly endowed with the gift of song.

Signorina Catalani remained in the convent of Gubbio until she had attained the age of fourteen years. Her father, in spite of the earnest entreaties addressed to him from all parts, could not decide on allowing his daughter's talents to be devoted to secular purposes. His own strict piety, as well as the nature of his office, made him regard with extreme repugnance every profession which was connected with the theatre. At length, overcome by the tears of Angelica, and the urgent solicitations of his family, Signor Catalani consented to send his daughter to Florence, to take lessons from Marchesi, who was at that time one of the most celebrated sopranos in Italy.

Angelica Catalani studied for two years under the

direction of this master, who taught her to moderate the extreme facility of her voice, which was as extended in its compass as it was brilliant in its tone. Unfortunately she also imbibed from him too exclusive a taste for the pomp and tinsel of the Italian vocal school. While the youthful Angelica was thus preparing to achieve the brilliant destiny which awaited her, she chanced to hear at Florence a very celebrated cantatrice—it is supposed to have been Gabrielli—whose performance filled her with the deepest emotion. Overwhelmed with admiration and astonishment at the talent of this singer, Angelica burst into tears, and naively exclaimed, ‘Alas, alas! I shall never attain to such perfection! The fashionable cantatrice expressed her desire to see the young girl who had paid her so flattering a compliment, and after having made her sing in her presence, she embraced her tenderly, saying, ‘Reassure yourself, my child in a few years hence you will have surpassed me, and then it will be my turn to weep at your success.’

Mademoiselle Catalani made her début at the Théâtre la Fenice at Venice in 1793, in an opera of Nicolinis. She was then just sixteen. A tall and finely-proportioned figure, a skin of dazzling whiteness, a swan-like throat lovely, and yet noble-looking features, all combined to render the young cantatrice a very charming person. As for her voice, it was a soprano of the most exquisite quality, and embracing a compass of nearly three octaves. There was a perfect equality, as well as an incomparable flexibility, in all her tones. With such advantages, it may readily be supposed that she found no difficulty in conquering the sympathies of an Italian public, and her success at Venice was as instantaneous as it was brilliant. Surrounded by her family, and in presence of her master Marchesi, who wished to encourage her first steps in the profession, Angelica was received with the utmost enthusiasm, and her musical fame quickly spread abroad throughout Europe.

The fair songstress was destined, however, soon to leave these scenes of her earliest triumphs; for her father, wishing, if possible, to withdraw her from the perilous glory of a dramatic career, accepted the offers of the prince-regent of Portugal, a great amateur of music who earnestly desired to secure her services as the first singer in the Chapel-Royal at Lisbon. Accordingly, she quitted her native land in 1796, and, accompanied by her family, became domesticated in Portugal.

After having for a while devoted her talents exclusively to the religious services of the Chapel-Royal, Angelica found that the emoluments of this situation but ill sufficed for the wants of the numerous family, of whom she now formed the chief support; and whether influenced solely by this cause, or whether swayed by a longing for dramatic fame, she soon made her appearance on the Lisbon theatre, where she was greeted with the most overwhelming enthusiasm. Here also, under the direction of the celebrated Crescenzi, she learned to correct some of those defects of style which she had acquired from the clever yet too florid Marchesi. Mademoiselle Catalani quickly became as great a favourite in private as in public life. During six years, she was the idol of the court as well as of the city of Lisbon. The reserve of her manners, her gentle piety, and the goodness of her heart, procured for her the esteem, as well as the love, of those who formed her acquaintance. The regent treated her like one of his own children.

When General Lannes was sent as French ambassador to Lisbon, he brought with him a young French officer who was destined to exercise a great influence on the fate of the celebrated cantatrice. M. de Valabregue captain in the 8th regiment of hussars, was an agreeable man, of very distinguished address and appearance. He had many opportunities of meeting Mademoiselle Catalani in the circle of the French ambassador, and she appeared pleased with his lively conversation, his noble aspect, and perhaps a little attracted too by his elegant and becoming uniform. M. de Valabregue was no less struck by the beauty and naïve yet earnest simplicity of the fair singer, nor was he altogether unmindful of the rich promise of fortune contained in her splendid voice.

so he sought her hand. The family and friends of Angelica Catalani felt an extreme repugnance to the proposed union; but to all the representations which were made to her on the subject she only replied with a sigh, 'Ma che bel uffiziale!' and before long, the handsome officer carried off the prize, and the marriage was celebrated at the court chapel, in presence of the prince-regent and of General Lannes. Madame de Valabrége, who continued to bear her own family name, quitted Lisbon early in 1806. She had just formed a most advantageous engagement for the Italian Opera in London. She went first to Madrid, where she gave several concerts, which brought her in a considerable sum of money. Then passing through France, she arrived in Paris early in June 1806. Her fame had already preceded her in that great capital, and the public curiosity was so strongly stimulated, that, on her giving three concerts at the Opera-House, every part of the building was crowded to excess, although the tickets were raised to threefold their ordinary price. With the exception of Paganini, no musical artist since that time has kindled the same glowing enthusiasm at Paris as was awakened by this celebrated singer.

Among the hearers of Madame Catalani at the French Opera-House was the Emperor Napoleon, who, although destitute of any taste for music, wished to fix the admired cantatrice in his capital, partly from an ambitious desire to see himself surrounded by great artists, and partly with the view of diverting the thoughts of the Parisians from graver and more dangerous topics. Accordingly, he commanded her attendance at the Tuilleries. The poor woman had never been brought before into contact with this terrible virtuoso of war, who at that time filled all Europe with the fame of his *fioriture*: she trembled from head to foot on entering his presence. 'Where are you going, madame?' inquired the master with his abrupt tone and imperious voice. 'To London, sire.' 'You must remain in Paris, where you shall be well paid, and where your talents will be better appreciated. You shall have a hundred thousand francs a year, and two months' vacation—that is settled. Adieu, madame!' And the cantatrice retired more dead than alive, without having dared to inform her brusque interrogator that it was impossible for her to break an engagement which she had formed with the English ambassador in Portugal. If Napoleon had been acquainted with this circumstance, he would undoubtedly have laid an embargo on the fair singer, whom he would have considered a rich capture from his enemies. Madame Catalani was not the less obliged to make her escape from France without a passport. She embarked secretly at Morlaix, on board a vessel which had been sent for the exchange of prisoners, and to whose captain she paid £150 for his services. This interview with the Emperor Napoleon made so deep an impression on Madame Catalani, that she was wont to speak of it as the most agitating moment of her life.

Madame Catalani arrived in London in December 1806. The partiality of the English for Italian music and musicians dates from an early period of our national history. In the sixteenth century, we hear of Italian lute-players, as well as singers of madrigals and canzonets, performing at the splendid entertainments which were given to Queen Elizabeth by her nobles and courtiers. The Italian Opera was opened in London early in the eighteenth century, and within its walls, which were ever frequented by the higher classes of London society, shone forth successively the most celebrated Italian singers nurtured in the schools of Naples, Rome, Bologna, and Venice, for the amusement of the 'barbarians.'

Never, however, had any cantatrice obtained in London the same success as Madame Catalani, whose appearance seemed to be regarded as a public event in which multitudes were interested. The wonderful compass of her voice; the equality and fulness of her tones; the magnificence, the *brio* of her vocalisation, which seemed to expand itself in its sparkling rapidity, like some fountain playing in the sunshine; the distinguished elegance of her person, her noble bearing and fine character—all contributed to excite a universal enthusiasm in her favour.

Madame Catalani was, during eight years, the idol of England. Admitted into the most aristocratic circles, who were gratified by her having resisted the seductions of Napoleon, courted by the Tories, admired by the Whigs, she held the whole nation under the charm of her chromatic gamuts and her enchanting *gorgheggi*. Whenever the season was over in London, Madame Catalani visited the provinces, giving concerts wherever she went; and no sooner did her name appear upon a bill, than it acted as an irresistible talisman, drawing around her crowds even in the smallest market-towns of the British empire.

The effect which Madame Catalani produced upon the English public was not solely that of a great artist or even of a charming woman. By her sympathy in their national feelings of loyalty to their sovereign, and of antipathy to Napoleon, she won many a heart which might have been insensible to her beauty as well as to the enchantment of her voice. Perhaps this influence was never so perceptible as at those moments of public depression when Napoleon had gained some unexpected victory, and Madame Catalani would step forth upon the boards of Drury-Lane, and sing *confiochi*, 'God save the King,' or 'Rule Britannia.' When her magnificent voice launched upon the thrilling multitude those words so full of national pride, 'Rule Britannia, Britannia rules the waves,' or when she gave utterance in the voice of song to the prayer of the country, 'Send him victorious, happy and glorious,' then would the excited audience rise *en masse* and applaud with passionate enthusiasm the noble-looking cantatrice, who was compared by many to Juno uplifting the waves with one glance of her queenly eye. Thus was our fair Italian virtually enrolled in the grand coalition formed by England against her implacable enemy.

Madame Catalani came to Paris in 1814, with the Allies, to enjoy her share of the common triumph. On the 4th of February 1815 she gave a grand concert at the Opera-House for the benefit of the poor, when her success was as brilliant as it had been in 1806. During the Hundred Days she disappeared from the scene, having followed Louis XVIII. to Ghent, where her house became the resort of the most illustrious emigrants. After an excursion into Holland and Belgium, Madame Catalani returned to Paris on the second restoration of the Bourbons. It was at this period that Louis XVIII., wishing to reward the attachment that Madame Catalani had ever evinced for his person, as well as for the cause of legitimacy, bestowed on her the privilege of the Italian Theatre, together with a grant of 160,000 francs. This enterprise became to her the source of endless contrarieties and vexations; for M. de Valabrége, being a man of restless mind, and jealous of any one who seemed likely to compete with his wife in the popular favour, sought to dismiss from the Théâtre-Italien the most talented artists. At length Madame Catalani found herself obliged to abandon this unfortunate direction, after having lost the good graces of the Parisian public, together with 500,000 francs of her fortune. In order to repair this double misfortune, the celebrated cantatrice undertook a long journey in the north of Europe. She visited Denmark, Sweden, and Germany, being greeted everywhere with triumphant applause, and amassing a vast sum of money by the exercise of her splendid talent.

In 1817 Madame Catalani visited Venice, where, about thirty years before, her youth and her fame had burst into such early and such glorious bloom. Here the same laurels awaited her as had been laid at her feet when she made her first appearance at the Fenice. Then was she breathing the poetic atmosphere of hope, with all its joyous dreams and bright illusions; now all her youthful fancies had been more than realised; but had her successful and triumphant life been productive of all the happiness predicted by a fond and glowing imagination? This was a question to which perhaps she scarcely dared to answer even within the recesses of her own heart.

We shall not attempt to follow the steps of our indefatigable traveller, who visited the most remote corners of Europe. Suffice it here to mention her journey to St

Petersburg in 1823, where she met with the most cordial and gracious reception from the Emperor Alexander. The last time of her appearance in public was, we understand, at a concert which she gave in Dublin in the year 1828.

After having thus, during so long a period, enchanted the world by her musical talents, Madame Catalani retired to a noble property in the neighbourhood of Florence, where the later years of her life were passed in the midst of a refined and opulent ease, and in the enjoyment of that public esteem which had been won for her by the dignity of her character, the serenity of her mind, and the unfailing charity of her heart. In the charming solitude that she had formed for herself, she continued to cultivate the art to which she was so passionately attached. She sang to please herself, as well as for the enjoyment of her friends; nor was she ever deaf to the solicitations of the miserable or necessitous when they came to invoke the magic of her name and talent in their behalf.

The tumults and intestine broils by which Florence was disturbed towards the close of 1848 excited her alarm, and caused her precipitately to leave the pleasant villa which had been her home for so many years. She came to seek a refuge in Paris among her children who are settled there, and who, by the right transmitted to them by their father, are citizens of France. The cholera, during its recent visitations in that capital, carried off this celebrated woman, after a few hours' illness, on the 12th June of this present year (1849) at the age of sixty-nine.

A few days before her death, Madame Catalani, who was sitting in her saloon without any presentiment of her approaching end, received a visit from an unknown lady, who declined giving her name to the servant. On being ushered into her presence, the stranger bowed before her with a graceful yet lowly reverence, saying, 'I am come to offer my homage to the most celebrated cantatrice of our time, as well as to the most noble of women; bless me, madame, I am Jenny Lind!' Madame Catalani, moved even to tears, pressed the Swedish Nightingale to her heart. After a prolonged interview, they parted, each to pursue her own appointed path: the one, to close her eyes, with unexpected haste, upon earth, with all its shifting hopes and fears—the other, to enjoy fresh triumphs, the more pure and happy, as they are the fruit not only of her bewitching talent, but also of that excellence which wins for her in every place the heartfelt homage of esteem and love.

ANGLERS' FANCIES.

WALTON has given a very seductive description of angling, and has connected with the art scenes of meditation, innocence, and rural enjoyment. An angler, in his view, must be a good man. Now, without detracting from the general merits of the character, it has occurred to me, after mixing for a time with the lovers of this gentle craft, that there are some peculiar tendencies in these gentlemen which call for a certain degree of animadversion. Isaac, I think, goes a little too far. A fisher has his fancies and foibles like other men; and without meaning to decry the general respectability of the craft, I would just hint at a few points in which he suffers his imagination to run away with him.

One of these is a tendency to look at things through the water—to magnify, as it were; a kind of uncernionousness in dealing with facts, as, if these were small matters, which fishers were entitled by their calling to overlook. For instance, with regard to the number, size, and species of the fish taken, the sportsman, whatever his age, rank, or general character, exhibits an elasticity of conscience which is not observable in his common life. Dozens count for hundreds, an ounce for a pound, and a par or minnow for a trout. On the subject of salmon-fishing, this largeness of vision is the most remarkable; for a grilse of three pounds thinks nothing of weighing eight or ten in the angler's scales, and those of larger size leap at once into a gigantic salmon. As to the quality of the fish, it suffers a sea-change too; and a yellow kipper blazes like the brightest silver.

It may be said that it would be easy for a well-mean-

ing friend to bring these matters to the test of experience, and convince the deluded sportsman that he laboured under some degree of glamour; but I have often tried this, and have always found very considerable difficulty in the way. I have accompanied fishers of high repute to the burn; have stood shivering at their elbow from morn till dewy eve; and, after all, have seen only a few par committed to the roomy basket. Nevertheless, when I left them in despair, I have been told, to my utter confusion the next day, that ever so many dozens were caught in the twilight just after my departure. I would walk twenty miles to see a salmon taken with the rod, but my curiosity was never yet gratified. What exploit, however, is more common than this? I have been living for some time in a country town on the banks of the Tweed; and in the evening you see, sauntering at the door of the inn, jolly-looking fellows redolent of cigars, with fly-hooks twisted round their hats, and their breast-pockets swollen out with hook-books, their tall rods leaning aristocratically against the wall, as if reposing, like their masters, after the fatigues of the day. The whole has a grand look; and one cannot help thinking of what the results must be of all this preparation. In the evening you hear the story from their own lips, as they converse over their toddy—how nicely a monster of a salmon was hooked; how he plunged; how he twisted; how he sulked; how the angler stumbled into a pool; how he swam with the rod in his teeth; how at length, with the merest gossamer of gut, he hauled the Leviathan on his side to the bank; and with what precision he then struck him with his gaff—although not without spraining his wrist in the conflict, which he incontinent exhibits to the company, still blackened, if not swollen. The sprain clenches the anecdote; and he would be an infidel indeed who, as the company warms into emulation of the narrative, and similar heroic details circulate round the table with the glass, would parody between his teeth the lines of the poet—

‘Thus, when the circling glass warms your vain hearts,
You talk of nibbles that you never felt,
And fancy salmon that you never knew!’

In such meetings of the brotherhood there is often a mutual inspection of hooks and lines, which leads to a great display of piscatory lore. Each hook has its history. One is taken out with becoming reverence; and the fortunate proprietor, after drawing the gut carefully between his lips, and stroking its somewhat scanty plumage, will tell who was its dresser—what were its adventures—the number of its victims—and all ‘its moving accidents by flood’: how it was found in the mouth of a fish which had been lost and rehooked; and how it had succeeded in some desperate day, when younger and better-appointed hooks had failed. This distinguished instrument is then handed round and commented on; and the young fisher—whose hook-book is a series of illuminated pages, each gleaming with flies of Oriental lustre—gazes with envy and awe on the little gray veteran as it passes. Now comes a trial of the strength of snoods, and a discourse on the plaiting of lines. Happily one has a line wrought by the well-known captain, from the fair hair of one of Edina’s loveliest daughters; and a murmur of applause is heard through the room as its elasticity and strength are displayed by its proud possessor.

This competition in wonders may perhaps be considered a fisher's foible; but I would rather give that name to the mutual depreciation to which it leads. The angler demands belief, but will give none in return. In such scenes as I have alluded to there is much whispering and eye-dilating among the company; and I have observed that even when a fish is drawn triumphantly from the basket in evidence, it is by no means considered to be conclusive of the fact. It may be that a noted poacher was on the river that day—but what then? The fellow himself makes his appearance in the evening in a state of dreamy drunkenness; but you may see by his air of resolute denial, and the dull, ox-like stare he fixes upon the successful angler, that there is nothing to be

got out of him. It may be remarked that fishers seldom see each other's fish caught, and that they shun one another on the river. They are very fidgety when people look into their baskets, as if they came to spy the nakedness of the land. A noted fisher of my own acquaintance, on seeing a tyro undoubtedly hook and draw ashore a fish, remarked with some spleen that the creature had very bad teeth. Even the gift of a salmon from a fishing friend to another of the craft, though in itself acceptable, appears to occasion some sort of uneasiness; and often there is a minute inspection, to discover if the fish be not a regular capture of the net, with a mouth unconscious of the hook. This I hold to be ungenerous. We should not look a gift-fish any more than a gift-horse in the mouth.

It cannot be denied, however, that many things occur to sour the temper of an angler. The weather, for instance, is a fertile subject for theory; and it is to be observed that a true fisher, although contradicted every day of his life by the event, never gives in, but lives and dies in his faith. Indeed I have never been able to hear two opinions on the weather alike, even from the indigenous fishers of the place. One would guess that 'there was ower muckle fire in the air'; another believed 'the wind was in the east'; a third that 'it was too warm'; and a fourth that 'it was too cold.' The water was at one time too high, at another too low; now too dark, now too clear; in short, there seemed to be necessary to successful fishing such a combination of circumstances as must occur but rarely. Then I could never ascertain what colour of fly was suitable for the day. Some advised me to consult the hedges on the subject, and observe what fly was in vogue at the time. But even if all was right at last, the chances were, that I returned unsuccessful, and profanely voted fishing a drudgery, a delusion, and a bore. I have been assured, notwithstanding, that there are some philosophers who go to work scientifically, and fill their baskets with certainty, and with little fuss. I believe it; but these men I have never yet happened to meet. There was a report one morning in the village where I lived that a salmon had been caught, and I immediately went through the place in quest of the captor—to look at him as a curiosity. But he multiplied himself as fast as the men in buckram, and took as many forms as Proteus. He was a weaver lad at first, then a ploughman, then an exciseman, then an old pensioner. A suspicion is abroad here that the trout which occasionally appear at the inn-table are the victims, not of the rod, but of the poacher's nets, which silently, but surely, sweep the pools at night.

I have already remarked, as one of the peculiarities of this sport, the tendency of an angler to multiply his fish, magnify their size, and improve their species; but it is no less strange that all the trouts which are lost are greatly larger than those caught. Perhaps it may be accounted for by the knowingness of the elder trouts.

Fishers are accused by the uninited of conceit and incivility, inasmuch as it is the custom of the craft, when they fall in with any inexperienced sportsman, to examine his tackle with undisguised contempt. They try his rod by shaking it, and then dismiss it from their hands with a look of pity, handling his books, meanwhile, with such a look as they would bestow upon curiosities from Central Africa. They make no scruple of peering into the basket of the benighted individual; and this perhaps emboldens him to a retaliatory inspection—when he is probably rejoiced by the sight of some small fry as innocent and imponderable as his own. This fancy of fishers is shared by the whole fraternity, gentle and simple. I have observed the contemptuous air of mere hinds when conversing with gentlemen beginners. If they are asked, in a courteous manner, if such a kind of fly will suit the day, their dry assent leads you to believe that it is the respondent's opinion that it is a matter of absolute indifference what sort of fly you employ, and that, in fact, you are beneath the serious attention of a real fisher.

Selfishness is another foible charged to fishers. Angling, indeed, is the most unsocial of all amusements. A man

may be excellent company on the road to the stream; but the moment his line is in the water, he cuts his friend dead, and minds his own business. So far from lending his aid in any dilemma, the fisher exemplifies in his covert smile the dogma, 'that men find something agreeable in the misfortunes even of their dearest friends.' A curious instance of the anti-social effect of the sport occurred in my own family. One of my boys, who usually came to fish with me, was very useful at first in emergencies; several times a day he has stripped, and waded to clear away my hooks; but such is the natural tendency of the pastime, that he soon seized every opportunity of deserting me, that he might fish independently of his father. This, however, was an instinct in the young vagabond; but if we listen to the conversation of fishers in the great crises of the harvest, we shall be surprised at an enthusiasm which considers a bad day's sport as something far worse than a national famine. The failure of this year's crop would have been a fearful calamity; and every good man's first movement, on awaking in the morning, was to rush to the windows, and scan the appearance of the sky. For myself, I was so stupid as to rejoice in the prospect when the east was sown with orient pearl, even although aware that the day's fishing would be indifferent; but in the inn, when I called one morning, there was unbounded congratulation among the angling guests on a discharge of rain, prostrating, at the moment, the standing corn, and deluging the potatoes. Nay, a wish was openly expressed that the torrent would continue to fall for days; and a hum of deep delight buzzed among a number of them as they kept tapping on the barometer, and saw the mercury go slowly yet resolutely down. I confess I could not enter into this feeling, but rather enjoyed the mortification which followed the subsiding of the river, when the only fish taken was a single grilse. This was caught by a mechanic, who, after the gentleman amateurs had returned to the inn, weary and savage, went down to the river after his day's work, with a simple knot of worms at his hook. He sold the much-prized fish at the inn-door to one of the brethren, who immediately packed it up, and directed it to a friend in Edinburgh.

I am little inclined to speak of the cruelty of fishing, as the subject is so hackneyed, and as I have been assured by certain philosophers that fish are not susceptible of much pain; but the impalement of worms on the hook is, I must say, a most harrowing business to the inexperienced. The catching of eels is also peculiarly painful to more than the fish; for in most cases the hook is swallowed some inches down the creature's body. It is no doubt a weakness; but on such occasions I have found myself quite unfit for the task of extricating the barbed steel, and, with the habitual selfishness which fishing gives, have ordered one of my boys to lay open the eel with his penknife. While this process went on, I was obliged to avert my eyes; and cruel as many boys are, it was not without pain that mine succeeded in enbowelling the living and struggling creature. It was no doubt some compunctions visitings of conscience for my barbarity both to the fish and the boy which that night haunted my dreams, in the shape of a thousand eels twining round my limbs and body, and hissing like serpents in my ear.

Such various discouragements had cooled considerably my angling propensities; but the calculations of a great statistician of my acquaintance made me finally resolve on abandoning the sport, at least as the business of my vacations. He set down with much exactness the price of my wading-boots, rod, reel, lines, hooks, gaff, &c. with the various repairs consequent on breakage, and I was a little confused to find that the aquatic outfit of myself and boys amounted to nearly £10 sterling. The per contra to meet this was six pounds' weight of trout, which, averaging at the rate of 4d. per pound, produced the congratulatory total of 2s., leaving a balance against me of £9, 18s. This does not include the expense of a doctor who attended me for a fortnight for a sore throat, which was the only thing I caught during my first week's fishing. I must add, since I am at confession at anyrate, that I have been much disconcerted by

the ingratitude of my family as regards the fruits of my fishing. At first it gave me excessive delight to see my wife and daughters pick a par or two of my catching for breakfast; but I soon perceived that their approbation was hollow, and that at last their gorge rose at the dainties. I overheard the servants say that they *scunned* at them; and, in fact, the only individual in the house who patronised me was the cat, who, by some unaccountable accident or other, always came in for the lion's share. For myself, I did not half like the notion of eating what I had killed; and on one occasion the fishiness of my hands, caused by taking a few par off the hook, had so entered my soul, that when I saw the victims on the table, I had merely strength to order their removal.

In addition to all this, I have just received a hint that reports of my poor success as a fisher had reached the world in which I live, and that I may expect some roasting in the winter circles. This has brought my discontent to a climax; and feeling myself to be pretty considerably fished up, I am now *resolved* to take my rod to pieces for the last time, wind up my pincers, return to town, strike out for amusement in a different line, convinced that, with all my endowments, I fall lamentably short in that poetical imagination, which is the life and soul of a TWEED FLY FISHER.

THE RED HILL REFORMATORY FARM.

WHEN country gentlemen visited London some years ago, one of the most interesting sights to them—especially if they were magistrates—was the Philanthropic School in St George's Fields. This establishment was formed about sixty years ago for the reception of juvenile criminals, and of the destitute offspring of convicted felons. When in the school, the pupils were subjected to two processes of education—the first combining religion with the rudiments of commerce and literature, and the next such practical instruction in some useful branch of industry as should enable them to maintain themselves in after-life by their own skill. This being the earliest institution whose system combined the prevention of crime with the reformation of young criminals, it was, for many years during the commencement of its history, watched with interest by the comparatively few who then were actively desirous of the welfare of the poor and the debased.

To such, an inspection of the establishment produced much gratification. The visitor entered at a lodge in the London Road, and found himself in a large irregular area, surrounded on one side by shops for tailors, shoemakers, brushmakers, basketmakers, carpenters, cabinetmakers, printers, &c. There was also a rope-walk, and a manufactory for mats. Opposite were the superintendents' residences. The girls' school—in which they learned to knit, sew, and were trained to become domestic servants—was walled off from the boys' department. It was, however, found necessary in 1817 to discontinue the admission of criminal girls, and more recently, the change of plan in the institution has necessitated the exclusion of that sex altogether. At the end of the enclosure there was a chapel, which still faces St George's Road. The space occupied by the entire range of buildings was therefore great—so great, that, since the removal of the establishment to Red Hill, near Reigate in Surrey, a not inconsiderable 'neighbourhood' of houses has been built upon only a part of it.

It was here that the old prejudices against the irclaimability of criminals first received a check. The old-school gentleman or magistrate saw convicted felons of tender years, whom he had dismissed in Quarter-Session sentences as 'hardened young rascals,' working at their various avocations with diligence and cheerfulness. On inquiring into their general character or conduct, he found they were pretty much, or, if anything, a shade better, than those of other lads; and—if he were not one already—the chances were very much in favour of his becoming a subscriber to the institution.

More than fifty years' experience showed that, upon the whole, this reformatory plan worked well; but the

society became rich, and followed out the seldom-failing mode of affluence by falling also into a slothful routine. Although everything went on with rigid propriety—abating now and then the escape over the walls of an impatient and untameable pupil—the sphere of the society's usefulness was not extended. The energy of its managers got consolidated into an undeviating regularity; so many children were apprenticed out during each year, and so many were elected in to fill their places. This sort of slumber was not, however, of long duration; for fortunately, about eight years since, the control of the institution devolved upon an energetic philanthropist, who saw by what means the society might be rendered more extensively efficacious, and how many of its disadvantages might be removed. It will be useful to enumerate a few of these:—

When first formed, the establishment was literally 'in the fields,' but gradually these were built over, and inhabited; consequently the inmates were obliged to be kept almost prisoners. It was found impossible to give the boys occasional holidays, or even to afford them little offices of trust—such as executing errands, or carrying letters—without exposing them to the temptations and associates it was the object of the school to rescue them from. Again, when placed out as apprentices, once free of restraint, they frequently relapsed into evil. Sometimes, despite the vigilance of the directors, they got into bad hands, and boys of apparently the steadiest character and most promising disposition fell into crime from the ill-treatment or neglect of their masters. It is admitted in one of the more recent reports of the institution that only two-thirds of those who had passed under its influence permanently benefited by it. Since, also, the earlier years of the society's operations, competition among members of the different trades to which the pupils were bred has become more severe, and when out of the hands of even the best masters, they have gone back into dishonesty from sheer want of employment. Indeed the useful articles manufactured in the school, which at one time found a ready sale, would, more recently, have remained on hand but for the exertions and purchases of the subscribers.

In this state of things, there is no knowing how the value of the Philanthropic Society might have languished but for a vigorous effort to resuscitate it. Instead of a benefit, it might possibly become almost a cruelty to pen up young people in a comparatively confined space, and train them to trades, by the after-exercise of which they would have small chance of obtaining a livelihood. When sent into the world, they would only swell the multitudes of artisans, whose greatest good-fortune is barely to keep themselves in life by their labour.

It was this basis upon which Mr Sydney Turner, the resident chaplain and manager of the Philanthropic institution, seems to have built the beneficial improvements he has prevailed on the committee to introduce into the plans of the society. With the example of the government reformatory at Parkhurst, Isle of Wight, and of Mettray, the *colonie agricole*, near Tours (frequently alluded to in this Journal), before him, as affording examples for avoidance or guides to success, he, seconded especially by the present humane and enlightened treasurer (Mr William Gladstone), set about altering the system then in force. In company with Mr Paynter, the police magistrate, who takes a warm interest in the reform of young criminals, he visited the Mettray colony; made himself acquainted with its details; and in taking it as a model, rejected what appeared unsuitable to an English reformatory, and only retained such as seemed excellencies. He saw at once the truth of the principle laid down by the originators of this noble penitentiary:—that farm labour should be the basis of every system of industrial reform, and that trades and handicrafts should be deemed secondary.

It was therefore decided, on the return of these gentlemen, that the operations of the Philanthropic School should be removed into the country—a change presenting many advantages in England over even the reformatory system by means of agriculture and handicrafts.

pursued in France. There, when reformed, the pupil has to take his chance with the rest of the overstocked community; which is as bad a chance there as in this country. France has no foreign colonies to which his skill and labour can be transferred; Great Britain has. While our home labour market overflows almost to the point of starvation, our colonists are stretching forth their hands to us, imploring help to gather in their harvests; and, despite the distress which prevails here, the call is but sparingly answered. This, therefore, is the grand opening for the absorption of reformed criminals: they are removed from evil influences, and their employers are put in possession of skilled labour. Besides, this is a calling in which no competition exists: as yet, so far as we know, it has nowhere become a branch of education to train up *an emigrant*—to deal, in short, with practical colonisation as a profession to be taught.

After some difficulties, the Red-Hill Farm was obtained, and this interesting experiment commenced by the admission of seventeen lads, mostly above fourteen years of age, and from country districts. Farm labour, although the basis of the plan, did not exclude the handicrafts already taught and practised in St George's Fields. If, in addition to a knowledge of ordinary agricultural operations, the candidate for employment in the colonies could make a cart, a spade, a gate, or a coat; a pair of shoes, a bedstead, or a table and chairs—if he could mend a plough, shoe a horse, make bricks and drain-tiles, build a wall, or thatch a roof—his value to his master and to himself would be increased in proportion. Nor would emigration be his only resource. He would be much prized by the home farmer; for, despite all we hear about the distress of the agricultural population in England (and it is indeed in winter truly severe), skilful labourers are scarce, and not ill-paid.

The excellence of these plans, and a small printed history of the Philanthropic institution, occupied my thoughts, and formed the subject of conversation with my companion, while travelling on the Brighton Railway some weeks since, on our way to the Red-Hill Farm-School, to which the major part of the Philanthropic pupils had been by that time removed.

On alighting at the Red Hill station, we were received by a neat young groom, who drove us in a small vehicle, very carefully and well, over a mile and a-half of roughish road to the chaplain's residence, into which we were politely ushered by another youth, who announced us to our host.

'Surely,' I said when that gentleman arrived, 'neither of those lads were ever convicts?'

'Yes,' was the reply; 'one was convicted once—the other, who is from Parkhurst, twice; but they are both so thoroughly reformed, that we trust them as fully as we do any of our other servants—sometimes with money to pay small bills.'

On advancing to a sort of balcony to look around, we found ourselves on the top of one of that low range of eminences known as the Surrey Hills, with, if not an extensive, a cheerful and picturesque landscape to look upon. Immediately to the left stood a pretty group of buildings, comprising the chapel, a school-room, and two houses, each to contain sixty boys; the foundation-stone of the first having been laid by Prince Albert no longer ago than the 30th of April. These unpretending but tasteful Gothic edifices, relieved, as they were, by a background of thick foliage, which stretched away at intervals to the boundaries of the estate, gave a sylvan, old-English character to the scene, which will doubtless be endeared to the memory of many an emigrant when labouring out his mission in the Antipodes. In front, in a dell, beyond a cutting through which the South-Eastern Railway passes, and half-hidden by tall trees, the farm-house in which the boys, now on the farm, are accommodated, partially revealed itself; while beyond, a cottage, in which the bailiff of the estate lives, was more plainly seen. The view stretching westward is bounded by what geologists used to call a 'crag and tail,' of no great elevation, but bearing a miniature resemblance to the foundations of Old Edinburgh, and this association is

strengthened when one learns that it is called 'Leith Hill.' Under it stands the town of Reigate.

Dotted about the farm—of which our terraced point of view afforded a perfect supervision—were groups of juvenile labourers steadily plying their tasks. One small party were grubbing a hedge, their captain or monitor constructing a fire-heap of the refuse; a detachment of two was setting up a gate, under the direction of a carpenter; a third group was digging a field of what we afterwards found to be extremely hard clay; and a fourth was wheeling manure. We could also see fitting to and fro, immediately about the farm-house and offices, several small figures, employed in those little odd jobs that the 'minding' of poultry, the feeding of pigs, the grooming of horses, and the stalling of oxen, entail upon the denizens of a farm-steading.

The systematic activity which pervaded the whole estate, and the good order in which everything appeared, bespoke rather an old-established than a recently-entered farm. Indeed, were it not for the noise of a few bricklayers' trowels at work upon the chapel, and here and there a dilapidated hedge in process of repair, or a field of rough farming that looked like neglected land in process of being reclaimed, we should have imagined ourselves upon that exception (unhappily) to the English system—a farm held upon a long lease which had nearly run out.

Having been gratified with this *coup d'œil*, we descended, under the guidance of our reverend host, to take a nearer view of the operations. On our way, he informed us that the extent of the farm is no more than 140 acres; but that, small as it is, he hoped, with some additions readily obtainable, that as many as 500 boys would be eventually trained upon it. It appears to have been admirably chosen for the purpose. These acres include every variety of soil, from light sand to the stiffest clay, the generality of it consisting of ferruginous marl, the colour of which doubtless gave the name to the hill over which it is chiefly spread. The more stubborn part of the estate will not only supply what is chiefly required—labour—but will also be the means of instructing the pupils in the proper method of cultivating consolidated soils; while the modes of dealing with lighter land will be exemplified in the more friable sandy earths.

While approaching the nearest knot of young labourers, it happened that the recollection of a visit I had paid some years ago to the townhouse of the society arose vividly in my mind. I remembered well, that although generally healthy, some of the boys seemed pale, and when you addressed them, answered furtively, and did not look straight into your face. But the ruddy, smiling countenance which was now turned up to return the pastor's greeting, formed a striking contrast to what I had noticed on the previous occasion. It beamed with health and pleasure: the first due to a free life in the country, changed from a pent-up existence in town; and the latter to the affable kindness of his treatment. The boy was 'puddling' (ramming earth round the foundation of) a gate-post, and replied to certain suggestions respecting his mode of doing his task in a frank, fearless, but perfectly respectful manner. We passed on to the hedge-grubbing. This is hard work, and the boys were plying away manfully. Will lent force to every stroke of the pick, and every incision of the axe. The moment the director came in sight, a smile rose to every face. A large, spreading, obstinate root was giving a couple of the young grubbers a vast deal of trouble, and the superior, supposing the boys were not going about their task in the best manner, suggested an alteration in their plan. It was pleasing to see, instead of a servile or a dogged acquiescence in this hint, that the elder lad at once gave his reasons for the mode he had chosen for unearthly the root. A short argument ensued between the master and pupil, which ended in a decision that the latter was right. This showed the terms on which these two individuals—who might be described as antipodes in station, in morals, and in intellect—stood towards each other. The law of kindness (the only code practised here) had brought both into perfect *rapprochement*. No re-

straint existed, except that imposed by propriety and respect. The monitor or captain of this group was also 'drawn out' by our *cicerone* to explain the means by which he kept up ventilation in the burning heap which he was replenishing with refuse. This he did not manage very scientifically, but in a manner which showed he thoroughly understood the principles of combustion, and that his mind, as well as his hands, were engaged in the task.

In wandering from this group to another part of the farm, I could not help remarking on the wide difference exhibited between these boys and those at Mettray, whom myself and my companion had chanced to see, during the November of last year, drawn up, rank and file, in the noble square of the colony. The latter seemed, one and all, the victims of excessive discipline. Fear sat upon their faces. They are not encouraged to speak; and visitors are requested not to address them. At Red Hill, on the contrary, free intercourse is cultivated and courted. No discipline is enforced which involves punishment so severe as to be much dreaded, and not the slightest restraint upon personal liberty is imposed. Any boy is free to leave the farm if he chooses to make his escape; there is neither wall, nor bolt, nor bar to hinder him. Five instances only of desertion have occurred since the school has been in actual operation. Of these misguided youths, who were all of the youngest class of inmates, three have returned of their own accord, begging to be again admitted; two others were sent back by their friends, the desire of seeing whom was the motive of their elopement. Although the labour is severe, the clerical chief has managed to instil into those under his charge a patient endurance, if not a love of it, and tolerance of the restraints it imposes, far superior to the temptations of the miserable lawless liberty of their previous career of crime. It should, however, be remarked, that the lads in the Farm School have all suffered for their offences, by imprisonment, or some other penalty, before their admission to it, and come mostly as volunteers under the impulse of repentance, and a desire to do better for themselves. The 'colon's' of Mettray, on the contrary, are all '*détenu's*'—are literally convicts still under the sentence and restraint of law.

'Those boys whom we have left,' I remarked, 'are possibly the best-disposed in the school, and never were deeply dyed in crime!'

'On the contrary,' was the reply, 'among them are youths who have not only been frequently convicted and imprisoned for felonies, but were, before coming here, habitually addicted to faults which the laws do not punish. They seldom spoke without an imprecation, were frequently intoxicated, and were guilty of other vices, which one would imagine their youth precluded them from indulging in. Yet you now find them expressing themselves with propriety, and conducting themselves quite as well as most of the farm-boys in this parish.'

At the extremity of the estate, beyond the bailiff's house, was a party of younger boys digging a field of obstinate clay nearly as hard as unbaked brick. The superintendent, who directed their operations, gave them a good character for perseverance, and added, that he was sometimes surprised at the aptitude displayed by the boys when farm-tools were first put into their hands. Although their previous mode of life proved they could never before have been used to delving, draining, trimming hedgerows, &c. yet the intelligence many of them displayed when set about such work for the first time caused their instructor—whose former experience had lain among country parish apprentices—to marvel greatly. The truth is, the schemes and contrivances—criminal though they were—in which these lads were forced to engage to relieve the miseries of their old mode of life (and to which we adverted in a former article), have a tendency to sharpen their wits and brighten their intellects. As the most hardened metal takes the highest polish, so these youths, when thoroughly reformed and trained, are most often the brightest workmen.

To each their benignant pastor gave a kind word, even if it were one expressive of disapprobation for some fault;

of which he pointed out the evil consequences with such plain and convincing reasoning, that the delinquent expressed contrition either in words or by a more expressive, because more spontaneous, look. He had manifestly tried to study each character, and adapted his arguments to suit its peculiarities, using such means of cure as were most efficacious for the special moral diseases under which the patient happened to labour.

In this lies the true secret of all reformatory efforts undertaken for the young. As in medicine, so in morals much depends upon adapting the remedies to the character and kind of disease. To bring every sort of mental obliquity under one mode of treatment, or one set of rules, is as irrational as if a physician were to treat his patients in classes, and administer to each class the same physic. Nothing can be more plain, than that, to cure immorality, the moral sentiments must be addressed; and this is impossible, or at most ineffectual, where the peculiarities of each moral ailment is not studied, and where any system of general routine is followed. The disappointment occasioned by the expensive government experiment at Parkhurst must be in a great measure referred to too great a degree of generalisation and systematising.

Conversing on this topic, we arrived at the farmhouse, where we saw the scholars engaged in a variety of home duties; from baking and storing bread to mending stockings, in which useful avocation we detected two juniors in an outhouse.

In the evening, at six, the boys were assembled in the school-room for instruction and prayers. An additional interest was occasioned by the circumstance of the resident chaplain having only the day before returned from a second visit to Mettray. After a prayer, and the reading and exposition of an appropriate chapter from the Testament, he gave the assembly an account of what he had seen; and read the answer to an address he had taken over to the Mettray boys from themselves. This document is interesting, and we were favoured with a copy of it, which we translate as follows:—

THE BOYS OF THE AGRICULTURAL COLONY AT METTRAY TO THE YOUTHS OF THE PHILANTHROPIC FARM-SCHOOL.

DEAR FRIENDS AND BROTHERS IN THE LORD—Mr Gladstone and Mr Turner, your respected directors, have come to visit our colony, and we can hardly tell you how much pleasure we felt when Mr Gladstone, after speaking to us about the farm-school, read to us your address.

'Thanks, dear friends, for this generous impulse of your hearts. You have well understood our feelings. Yes, we are, we shall always be, your brothers. The same love of what is good animates us both.'

'Tears of joy and thankfulness glistened in our eyes as we heard your kind wishes for us; and our honoured and excellent directors, the Viscount de Courteilles and M. Demetz, have been equally moved by them. Your sentiments are indeed noble and Christian.'

'Dear brothers, we all owe much to God, who has directed the honoured friends by whom both we and you are superintended. Do you pray, let us pray, for the founders of both our schools. Let us pray for their happiness, and for the welfare of the asylums which they have opened. When you kneel down each night before God, think of us in France, who, on our part, will add to our petitions a prayer for you in England.'

'Like us, you say you have erred—you have known trouble. But like us, too, you have resolved to have done with your past life of disorder. You will succeed in this, dear friends, for the providence of God has sent you enlightened and Christian friends. You have found in Mr Gladstone and Mr Turner what we have found in our worthy founders and directors. Let us follow their lessons. So shall we march among the foremost in the path of honour and virtue in which they lead us.'

'Dear friends, we form this day an affectionate alliance with you—one that shall last. The ring which our directors send will be the substantial symbol of this union of our hearts with yours. You will see these words engraved on it, "God, honour, union, recollection"—words which are our motto. Let them be also yours.'

Let us be grateful. Let us join together in strife against what is evil. Let us support one another in what is good. Let us love each other to the end.

'Dear friends and brothers, health and happiness to you all.'

(Signed by the elder brothers and monitors)

* LANOS, BELLONET, ANGEY, MAUCHIN, GUY, JOSSET, MARI, COLLOT, SOUVIGNE, HEBERT, CHEVALIER.'

This was, the bearers of it were assured, the veritable composition of the subscribing boys. It was read on this occasion amidst the most profound attention. When the assemblage broke up, the lads separated to their playground in an orderly manner. The young groom, however, departed for the stable to prepare the vehicle for our departure; for our most interesting visit was nearly over.

In a parting conversation with the resident chaplain, he told us that thirty-six reformed boys had already been sent to Algoa Bay; and that, despite the storm of disaffection raised in Cape Colony against the introduction of convicts, the lads were well received. They had scarcely stepped on shore, before every one of them was engaged, and the accounts since received of them were highly favourable.

Although the important results which will assuredly flow from this experiment can only be carried out by the extension of its plans, yet large numbers of pupils in such establishments would, for the reasons we have given, be an evil. Centralisation and generalisation would be as inevitable as they are much to be dreaded. To do any good, the mind of each boy must be influenced separately; and in a large school, this would be impossible for one superintendent to accomplish. The Philanthropic School is now within manageable bounds, and the chaplain knows each lad almost as intimately as he does his own children; but when the establishment is extended to 500 pupils, as is contemplated, much of his influence over individuals will cease. To obviate this, it is intended to make each 'family' consist of sixty individuals, guided by a master (with an assistant) and his wife—vast strides of improvement upon the *maître* and *sous-maître* system of Mettray. The softening restraint instinctively imposed by the mere presence of a woman—setting aside her higher influences—will be most beneficial. Much—all, we may venture to say—will, however, depend upon the tact, temper, demeanour, and patience of these most important functionaries. It is here, indeed, that the point of difficulty in effecting the reformation of vicious habits and impulses in the young presents itself. Nearly all reformatory systems have failed from the unskilfulness, from the want of long-suffering forbearance, and of prompt but kindly firmness, on the part of those to whom the task of reformation has been confided. It is the possession of these qualities by the reverend principal in an eminent degree which has brought about the pleasing state of things we have described at the Red-Hill Farm, and we look with some anxiety to the time when, notwithstanding his general supervision, the smallest of his functions will have to be delegated.

As we arrived at the Red-Hill railway station for our return journey some time before the train started, we employed the interval in making inquiries as to the character the Philanthropic boys bore among their neighbours, who, we were previously informed, had at first looked upon the new colony with dread.* Every account we received was, we were happy to find, favourable: the ex-criminals had not occasioned a single complaint.

In less than an hour we were again amidst the murk of London, almost envying the young criminals of Red Hill the pure air they breathed; at the same time fervently hoping that the example and objects of this farm may gradually be extended to every county in Great Britain; and that its founders—to borrow a quaint trope

from Bishop Latimer—may have not only 'lighted a candle in this country which, by God's grace, shall not be put out again,' but that many others may be kindled from it.

TOIL AND TRIAL.*

THIS is the somewhat commonplace and unsuggestive title of a book which, aspiring to little, will probably effect much. It is a story of the people, written for the people, and published in a form which is within the people's reach. Its text is the early-closing movement, and thereon the author bases that best of homilies—the sterling truth which lies hidden under the allurements of fiction. 'Toil and Trial' will do more than half a dozen prosy public meetings to aid the cause for which it is written. Of the worth and usefulness of that cause there can now be but one opinion; and therefore the critic, in dealing with Mrs Croxton's book, has but to consider how far she has attained her end.

This has been done by extreme simplicity—almost homeliness—in narration, plot, and characters. It is a chapter in London life, such as any one might read when walking into some of the great linendrapers' shops, each of which seems a little world in itself. From such an one the hero and heroine, Jasper and Lizzie Rivers, are taken. They are assistants in the same shop—have been married some time, but conceal their union, for fear lest that stringent and most evil custom of London mercers—the exclusion of married men—should take from both the poor pittance which is their only support. Most touching is the account of the privations, miserable contrivances—even imputed shame—to which both, and especially poor Lizzie, are exposed by the maintenance of this galling secret.

'It was the beginning of a bright and glowing summer's day. As usual, Jasper Rivers and his wife left home between seven and eight o'clock, Lizzie previously giving the most exact directions to the maid-of-all-work respecting the care of the child—how she was to be taken into the Park before the heat of noon came on, and again at five or six o'clock—apportioning the hours for sleep and food with the most precise attention. With their minds full of the coming disclosure (of their marriage), they naturally talked about it—wondering what the result would actually be, and scarcely realising that this might be the last time they should thus walk together, threading the same streets, as they had done, till every stone and post had become an acquaintance; usually parting at the piece of dead wall, whence sometimes one, and sometimes the other, made a longer circuit to their destination; thus arranging not to arrive together. This was only one out of twenty petty degrading plans that had become a habit, and called not for either thought or comment.'

'They pass through London streets, seeing everywhere the pale drapers' assistants drowsily commencing their daily toil by "dressing" shop-windows.'

"Street after street it is the same story," said Jasper with a sigh; and he added, "well, I suppose we ought to find consolation in knowing there are thousands who suffer as much as ourselves."

"My dear Jasper," exclaimed his wife; "think a moment, and I am sure you will never say that again. Is it not extraordinary that such an argument can ever be put forth? Surely the very fact that thousands do suffer ought to rouse us to the heartier exertions, and make us the more willing martyrs in the cause, if need be."

"Lizzie," he replied, turning towards her, and almost stopping in the street as he spoke, "I always thought you the most sensible woman I ever knew; but latterly you have often surprised me. You seem to have so many just opinions, which strike me as much by their freshness as their truth."

"I am afraid," said Lizzie smiling, "that my opinions are not very profound; but latterly, as I told you yester-

* A bargain had nearly been concluded at one time for a farm to the north of the metropolis; but so great was the horror of the contiguous gentry, that one of them actually presented the society with a donation of £1000, on condition that the scene of reformatory operations should be removed; and accordingly it was shifted to Surrey.

* Toil and Trial. A Story of London Life. By Mrs Newton Croxton (late Camilla Toulmin). London: Arthur Hall, Virtue, and Co. 1849.

day, I have had a little time to *think*; and as I had previously suffered many sorts of sorrow, therefore my thoughts may be the better worth remembering. But here we are at — Street; we had better separate. Yet wait a moment: I declare I had forgotten my ring. Hold my glove, dear; I will be quick."

"And Jasper held her glove, while Lizzie drew off her wedding-ring, and suspended it to a black ribbon which she constantly wore round her neck, and to which alone was visibly attached a locket containing the hair of her dead mother. With the adroitness of long habit, the slender golden badge was carefully hidden nearer her heart. Now this necessary operation was a perpetual annoyance to Jasper Rivers; but one of which his wife was so unconscious, that it was a mere accident whether it was performed in his presence or not. There is a petty, frantic jealousy about most men, with which women, calm in the haven of confidence, find it hard to sympathise; and perhaps it was this dim suspicion of this fact which made him half-ashamed to betray the irritation this trifling circumstance occasioned; but it galled him none the less. He felt as if, by the withdrawal of her ring, she ceased to belong to him; as if she fell away from his care and protection into the shadow of a doubtful position; and just in proportion as it ought to have been cheered by the light of his confidence, unfortunately a host of fretful fancies invaded his peace. Lizzie often wondered that, in the hours of business, he should show an irritation of temper she but seldom witnessed at home; yet little suspected that the stray look or careless word of another might have occasioned the ebullition."

One of these 'ebullitions'—which, together with other qualities, make Jasper not half so worthy a personage as his patient, self-denying, much-enduring wife—cause the impromptu disclosure of the secret, and the consequent dismissal of both. Troubles threaten to gather round the young pair, but are evaded by an incident which, we cannot but observe, diminishes greatly the lifelike and simple force of the narrative. Lizzie, seeking for work, finds, in the usual sudden unforeseen way of romance, an old friend, Mr Matthew Warder, who helps Jasper to a situation, and in fact proves the 'good angel' to everybody in the story. This is a fault in the moral of the book. Not chance, but their own exertions and worthy endurance, should have brought success to the young couple. Every struggling draper's assistant cannot hope to find a rich early-closing friend to help him out of his difficulties, but every one can be taught that, by truth, honesty, and a little patience, the right will conquer at last. There is another mistake in the literary construction of the story. Mrs Crosland makes her characters speak chiefly on early-closing in long moral homilies of a page or a page and a-half, which, though excellent and true—even eloquent at times—are in no cases appropriate either to the station, education, or feelings of the individuals in whose mouths they are put. The matter on which they debate might easily have been brought forward by suggestions rather than lectures; by acts, not words. The simple facts of the narration furnish its best moral.

There are a few good sketches of character rather hinted at than developed, which indeed the space of the small volume would seem to forbid. Among these are Mrs Denison, the stepmother of Lizzie, 'a little, dark-eyed, fussy, had-been-pretty woman, of five-and-thirty, with a disagreeable voice and will of her own. She wore rich silks and expensive jewellery the first thing in the morning, though, to be sure, her "first thing" was not very early. But to make amends for her own indulgences, the servants, inclusive of Miriam Lowe, the young governess, were up betimes.' This Miriam Lowe is another half-defined sketch, pleasing enough to make one wish for more of it. A third is indicated by poor little Ellen, Lizzie's first child, blighted into premature decay for want of that care which the unacknowledged wife and mother dared not give; and even in the coming shadow of prosperity, dying at last. This circumstance, we may mention by the way, furnishes the authoress with an excellent half page on intra-mural interment—an oppor-

tunity which, together with others in the course of the book, she never lets slip. Indeed there are few women who wield so fearless and at the same time so clever a pen against the crying evils of society. An extract to show the occasional power which the book exhibits will conclude our notice. It describes a fire on the adjoining premises of Messrs Lorimer, the early-closing firm, and their opponents, Jasper's late masters, Messrs Frong:—

"Long he sat (that is, Frank Warder, shopman of Messrs Lorimer, and lover of Miriam Lowe); and a slight shiver through his frame, together with the click of the cooling cinders, had reminded him that it must be growing very late, when a sudden noise still more completely aroused him from his dream. It was a dull, hammering sound, and evidently proceeded from the direction of the Frong's premises, the back of which immediately adjoined those occupied by the Messrs Lorimer; the two together cutting off—isolating—the corner houses, whose convenience had probably been entirely sacrificed for the commercial purposes of the two larger buildings. The noise increased—in a minute or two was followed by screams—and at the instant that a sudden suffocating smell burst on the senses of Frank Warder, the terrible word 'Fire!' was shrieked by a score of voices.

"It awoke the whole household; but Frank had a great advantage over those thus fearfully aroused from heavy slumber. Already the bright flames darted from the back windows of Messrs Frong's, their pointed tongues, directed by the dry wintry wind, sloped towards the rival shop, till they almost seemed to lick its walls. Frank saw in an instant the imminence of the peril; but his strength of mind did not desert him. He leaped rather than stepped up stairs to the sleeping-chambers, taking care to close the door of every room in his way. On the first landing he met Mr Lorimer flying to the nursery, and his half-fainting wife refusing to stir until the children were safe. Meanwhile came the din of voices, and the terror of fifty human beings drawn from their beds by the alarm of fire; nevertheless there was something in Frank's appearance, entirely dressed as he was, and in his collected manner, that gave confidence to the rest, and his words were listened to by all.

"Dear sir!" he exclaimed to Mr Lorimer, "be calm, and there is no danger. You have not only good time to leave the house, but to save whatever valuables may be at hand. Let me take Mrs Lorimer safely to some house opposite—there I see the dear children have each a protector—and then we must see what can be done in the shop and warehouse. I'll be leader! Who'll follow me?"

"I—I—I!" was shouted by so many, that it seemed as if every one not personally engaged in assisting the women and children was eager to be of service. * * *

"Listen to me a moment," exclaimed Frank, as he re-entered the house, where a stifling sensation warned him of the approaching catastrophe. "Who'll follow me to the inner warehouse, and snatch up the bales from Paris that came yesterday? Who'll save the firm five thousand pounds, for which they are not insured, and show that we are of different metal from the Frong's people, who are running away like frightened rats?"

"Ay—ay," they shouted as with one voice: "who's afraid; we don't mind a singeing. Keep Mr Lorimer back: make him go over the way to his wife: tell him we'll save his shawls and the Lyons silks, and that, too, before the smoke ruins them. Now for it—hurrah!" and with a rush they made their way up staircases and along passages, every step leading nearer to the lapping flames, the light of which almost blinded them. The inner warehouse was a room where the most valuable property was usually kept: it abutted on the Frong's premises; and now the iron-bars which protected the back-windows were hotter than the hand could bear, every pane of glass was broken, and the paint on the window-shutters was blistered. Dried in this manner by the heat—prepared, as it were, for the coming flames—it was a service of great danger to enter this part of the building. Had the fire caught it while Warder and his companions were there, as it did three minutes after they left, bearing on their shoulders the bales of precious merchandise, it would

have been a struggle of life and death to reach a place of safety again, with such wonderful rapidity did the flames leap from spot to spot, truly meriting the name of the "devouring element." The brave band were received with shouts of applause by the crowd on the street, who made way for them to cross over. The English mob is pretty sure to recognise an act of heroism when they find it, and the daring exploit of "Lorimer's young men" had reached their ears.

Frank Warder is not the only hero: as soon as Jasper Rivers, now his fellow-assistant, roused from sleep by the distant glare of a 'great fire,' reaches the spot—'a scene far more terrible than any which had preceded it was about to appal the spectators. A rumour arose that a man was still on the Frong's premises, or rather in the upper storey of one of the houses forming the corner already mentioned. Every one wondered that he could not escape as the other occupants of the house had done, except those who knew that the floor in which he was confined was cut off from the rest of the house by a walled-up door, having been let to the Messrs Frong, and a communication opened with their premises. Jasper, who well remembered the arrangements of the house, comprehended the whole tragedy in a moment. He knew that the "shop-walker"—he who had been for three years a tyrant to Jasper, and to whom at last he chiefly owed his dismissal—slept on that floor; and he was able to recognise the miserable creature as he stood at the window, wringing his hands, his countenance distorted by the anguish of his almost hopeless condition, and looking down on the sea of upturned anxious faces, glaring in the red light of the flames, and all alike expressive of terrible communisement. The height from the street was tremendous, and many feet above the tallest of the fire-escapes. Jasper saw that the one faint chance of this man's escape rested in the door of communication with the now-deserted house being burst open, and this could only be done by main force. The brave men of the fire brigade were ready, in the fulfilment of their noble duty to run all risks; but their ignorance of the localities of the different premises was a great hindrance to their usefulness. Rivers knew this; and helping to wrench an iron bar from an area-grating, to use as a weapon, he made his way up the staircase of the now-deserted corner-house, which was already to his senses like a heated oven. The flames were ready to clasp it every moment; for the experienced firemen dared not bring the full force of their engines to play while life had yet to be saved, knowing that the suffocating flaines of smoke that would instantly arise might be yet more fatal. What a moment of breathless suspense ensued! It lasted till, in the hush that prevailed, Jasper's ponderous blows on the fastened door could be distinctly heard above the roaring of the fire. Then the figure from the window turned away, raised its arms with a gesture of thanksgiving, and was seen no more till, amidst deafening shouts, the two, wounded and bleeding, emerged from the house: they had leaped more than one flight of stairs, round which fire and smoke were already writhing.'

INFLUENCE OF BANKING ON MORALITY.

Banking exercises a powerful influence upon the morals of society: it tends to produce honesty and punctuality in pecuniary engagements. Bankers, for their own interest, always have a regard to the moral character of the party with whom they deal: they inquire whether he be honest or tricky, industrious or idle, prudent or speculative, thrifty or prodigal; and they will more readily make advances to a man of moderate property and good morals, than to a man of large property, but of inferior reputation. Thus the establishment of a bank in any place immediately advances the pecuniary value of a good moral character. There are numerous instances of persons having arisen from obscurity to wealth only by means of their moral character, and the confidence which that character produced in the mind of their banker. It is not merely by way of loan or discount that a banker serves such a person. He also speaks well of him to those persons who may make inquiries respecting him; and the banker's good opinion will be the means of procuring him a higher degree

of credit with the parties with whom he trades. These effects are easily perceivable in country towns; and even in London, if a house be known to have engaged in gambling or smuggling transactions, or in any other way to have acted discreditably, their bills will be taken by the bankers less readily than those of an honourable house of inferior property. It is thus that bankers perform the functions of public conservators of the commercial virtues. From motives of private interest, they encourage the industrious, the prudent, the punctual, and the honest—while they disown the spendthrift and the gambler, the liar and the knave. They hold out inducements to uprightness, which are not disregarded by even the most abandoned. There is many a man who would be deterred from dishonesty by the frown of a banker, though he might care but little for the admonitions of a bishop.—*Gilbert's Practical Treatise on Banking.*

JACQUES BALMAT, THE PIONEER OF MONT BLANC.

BY THE LATE MRS JAMES GRAY.

The mountain reared a lofty brow
Where footsteps never trod;
It stood supreme o'er all below,
And seemed alone with God.
The lightnings played around its crest,
Nor touched its stainless snow,
The glaciers bound its mighty breast—
Seas where no currents flow.
And ever and anon the blast
Blew sternly round its head,
And clouds across its bosom vast
A changeful curtain spread.
But changeless in its majesty,
The mountain was alone,
No voice might tell what there might be—
Its secrets were its own.
It should have worshipped poetry
Who trod its summit first,
It should have had a painter's eye
On whom the vision burst :
The vision of the lower world
Seen from that mountain's crown,
Mid storms, where humble rocks were hurled
To mole-hills dwindled down.
Yet 'twas a lowly peasant's lot
To find the upward road,
He earliest trod that lofty spot
Where solitude abode.
Thus Truth sits in her wasted power
For ages long and lone,
Till opened in some happy hour
A pathway to her throne.
Then let this thought the humble sway,
And hope their bosoms fill—
The lowly oft have led the way
Up to the sacred hill.

INFLUENCE OF MUSIC.

An excellent clergyman, possessing much knowledge of human nature, instructed his large family of daughters in the theory and practice of music. They were all observed to be exceedingly amiable and happy. A friend inquired if there was any secret in his mode of education. He replied, 'When anything disturbs their temper, I say to them "Sing;" and if I hear them speak against any person, I call them to sing to me; and so they have sung away all causes of discontent, and every disposition to scandal.'—*Mrs Sigourney.*

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K N O W L E D G E.

IT was for a long time the custom to recommend knowledge to the attention of the people by depicting the material advantages and pleasures incident to its pursuit. Glowing and attractive pictures were exhibited of the career and progress of meritorious and successful persons, who had been elevated by their intelligence to positions of consideration and distinction. Universal history and biography were ransacked to furnish instances of a persevering and well-rewarded prosecution of knowledge 'under difficulties'; and the general mind was invited to contemplate and reflect on these, as worthy exemplars for its imitation. The inference, moreover, that was almost uniformly intended to be drawn, was such a one as was naturally acceptable to the crude and undisciplined understanding—the obvious purpose of all such representations being to stimulate the energies and enterprise of the ambitious, by the offer or indication of material rewards, and to make intelligence respected and desirable for the sake of its sensible compensations.

There might perhaps be reasons adducible to justify the employment of such incitements, as there may doubtless be circumstances under which the cultivation of knowledge might, for a time, be more effectually advanced by means of interested considerations, than by an appeal to motives more strictly rational, and accordant with a disinterested reverence for its spiritual worth and dignity. There are evidently stages of human progress when a regard for their personal interests has a more powerful efficacy in urging men into improvement, than any of the finer influences of which they are susceptible, or which an advanced culture would probably awaken. Thus, as an exoteric or introductory intimation of the value and desirableness of knowledge, it may not be amiss to attract a people, otherwise indisposed to its acquirement, by an exhibition of the conventional advantages and distinctions which it may contribute, more or less successfully, to realise. And though it cannot be allowed that the culture of the intellect is to be subordinated to the acquisition of any of the temporal benefits of life, yet inasmuch as an increase of intelligence and sagacity may be reasonably applied to the promotion of such comforts and conveniences as tend to enhance the rational satisfactions of existence, it is not to be questioned that the latter may be innocently, and even serviceably, urged upon the attention, as reasons and motives for stimulating the slothful or indifferent mind to an appropriate activity, whenever higher and worthier considerations may have been found to be ineffectual, or are in any likelihood of being imperfectly apprehended. The sole condition needful to be observed by those who thus endeavour to promote the education and enlighten-

ment of the people, is a clear and firm persuasion in themselves that such a method of interesting men in the pursuits of literature or science, can only be considered as initiatory, and preparatory to something higher, and that at last knowledge must stand recommended to the mind by its own intrinsic charms, and by its grand and native tendency to further a man's spiritual advancement.

It is scarcely to be doubted that the oversight of this has greatly contributed to occasion the failure of many of those popular schemes and institutions which have had for their object the intellectual improvement of the people. Starting with the flattering assumption that literary and scientific information possessed the power of raising men to social consequence, it was presently perceived that the result was not answerable to the expectations which had been excited, and that the more generally intelligence was spread, the greater was the competition for the advantages in view, and the less the chance of attaining them. By being taught to regard their education as a means or process whereby they might be more readily and securely induced into positions of emolument and honour, not only were the people misdirected with respect to the real and authentic signification of manly culture, but even the inducements held out as the encouragements of their efforts were found to end mainly in disappointment. The generality were not, and could not be enriched, nor very sensibly elevated in the estimation of the world; they did not usually attain to what they had been taught to aim after, which was, in most cases, antecedence of their fellow-men, distinction and exalted notice in the eyes of accredited respectability. The conditions of society to which they were subjected limited most of them to their old employments and pursuits, and it only occasionally happened that a man's personal fortunes were very materially promoted by the intelligence he had gained through studious exertion. If, by some favourable concurrence of circumstances, one might chance to attain eminence, or realise any considerable share of the substantial possessions of life, for every individual thus fortunate, there has probably been a thousand whose efforts were utterly unproductive of any such success. Upon the whole, it is evident that the more universally the benefits of instruction are extended among a people, the casual prizes which were formerly accessible to rare examples of ability and intelligence become less and less easy of attainment, and have an eventual tendency to become distributed altogether without reference to that intellectual superiority which, when education was less general, more invariably commanded them. The peculiar distinctions which knowledge is competent to confer must be looked for in other directions than those which are supposed to lead to the acquisition of wealth or mere conventional re-

putability—must be sought, indeed, among the inner laws and necessities of the human mind. The power which we ascribe to intelligence must be exercised for ends and objects which have hitherto been too commonly overlooked, and the purposes and aims of education will need to be more intimately adjusted to the essential demands of character.

A notorious consequence of the popular instruction most prevalent within the last twenty years, has been the elicitation of a certain superficial cleverness, valuable principally for marketable or ostentatious purposes, and no more indicative of intellectual elevation than the frivolous accomplishment of rope-dancing. It is for the most part an affair of memory, a mere mechanical agility, expertness in acts of routine; and in its superior developments takes most commonly the shape of a keen vulpine perspicacity, which may very readily be cultivated independently of any coincident development of the reflective reason or the moral attributes. The practical understanding, being trained into separate activity, and exercised apart from its constitutional connection, may obviously be used like an implement, in subordination to the propensities or the will, and for the accomplishment of purely selfish, or even discreditable ends. Thus, while it is perfectly true that a liberal and complete education—using the word in its largest and strictly philosophical significance—is the sole and certain means of human elevation, it is not to be denied that very considerable acquisitions of information, and much intellectual ability and shrewdness, may subsist together with a manifest unscrupulousness or depravity of disposition. And hence it is evident that the power of knowledge is good or evil according as it is used; and so long as its cultivation is enjoined out of motives involving a primary regard to worldly advantages and promotions, there will never be wanting persons to pursue it out of mercenary, and in other respects questionable considerations. The entire grounds of the common advocacy of education must be abandoned; we must ascend from the low places of expediency and selfish benefit to the nobler platform of that universal and inborn necessity in man, which demands a circular and simultaneous culture of his whole nature—that essential and inward law of being whose perfect and successful development shall be answerable to the destination contemplated in the origin and intention of the human constitution.

The true reason for individual cultivation is undoubtedly to be sought for in the native requirements of the soul. The essential worth of knowledge lies not so much in its adaptations to our temporal conveniences or ambition, as in the service it performs in promoting spiritual enlargement. What we more especially understand by education is a progressive process whereby the intellectual and moral powers are expanded and developed to the extent of their capabilities, and directed towards objects of action and speculation which have a tendency to advance the effectual wellbeing of the individual—a wellbeing whose character is not to be determined arbitrarily by opinion, or considered as consisting in conditions accordant with mere conventional preconceptions of mortal happiness, but one which pre-exists as an ideal prefiguration in human nature. That only is a right and sufficient education which aims at the perfect culture of the man—which, as far as is possible with objective limitations, educes and invigorates his latent aptitudes and gifts, to the end that he may employ them in a manner which is consistent with the pure idea of his own being. The consideration to be kept continually in view is, what is a man by natural capacity destined to become?—what heights of intellectual and moral worth is he capable of attaining to?—and, on the whole, what courses of discipline and personal exertion are most suitable, as the means of raising him to that condition wherein he will most admirably fulfil the design of his creation? To instruct and educate him with respect to this design is the highest and ultimate purpose of all knowledge. It has thus a grander

aim than the mere promotion of the conveniences of our material life. Prosecuted with reference to this loftier end, it is exalted into the appropriate guide of a man's endeavours—acquainting him with the laws and relations of his existence, and shaping for him the authentic course of his sublunary conduct.

It is accordingly obvious, that in order to obtain its lasting and most prizable advantages, the pursuit of knowledge must be entered on and followed as a *duty*. A man must esteem his personal culture as the noblest end of his existence, and accept his responsibility in regard to it as the most paramount of obligations. To this one pre-eminent aim all other aims and aspirings must be held as inconsiderable and subordinate. Let him know, and lay earnestly to heart, that all his efforts at cultivation are to be everlasting in their results—fruitful for ever in blessed consequences to himself and to the world, or otherwise miserably and perpetually abortive, according to the character and spirit of his activity. All learning and experience have an intimate and natural respect to the progressive perfection of the human soul. The original idea of a man—what he individually ought to *be and do*—is the basis whereon he is to found and build up his entire being. He must therefore prosecute knowledge with a reverent and religious earnestness, strive diligently to comprehend the relations in which he stands to God and his fellow-men, and sedulously endeavour to fulfil his true and peculiar destination, which is, to make his temporal existence correspondent with the inner laws of his own soul, and to leave behind it in the spiritual world an imperishable and eternal consequence.

This view of the intrinsic worth and significance of knowledge must be admitted to be far more exalting and salutary to the mind than any which has reference exclusively or principally to its agency in simply secular affairs. It leads a man inevitably to respect the integrity and rightful exercise of his capacities, by discountenancing all employment of them which might tend in anyway to invalidate or impair the natural supremacy of the moral sentiment. Considered as the power whereby he may cultivate and enlarge his being, knowledge is invested with a lofty and perennial momentousness, which cannot, and may not, be disregarded without derogation to our highest interests as human and spiritual intelligences. It is indeed a revelation, in all its manifold departments, of that vital and sustaining element of things which is designated Truth, and whereon every effort that can reasonably be expected to be lastingly successful is most intimately dependent. As man liveth not by bread alone, but by every gracious word that proceedeth from the mouth of God, by every just and everlasting law which He has established for the guidance and edification of mankind, so assuredly is it of primary concern to men to be qualified to interpret those sublime utterances, and to apprehend their import and signification, in relation to the aims and hopes of life. This is the great and inestimable excellency of knowledge, that it acquaints us with something of the reality and nature of the mysterious frame of things wherein we live, and are necessitated constantly to work, and unfold for us the laws and reasons of that obedience which we are constrained to yield to the established economy where-with our existence and essential welfare are connected. The highest and most binding obligation for us to know anything at all, is our natural need of intellectual enlightenment—the soul's unquestionable necessity for an intimacy with Truth, and the joy and satisfaction which it finds in its contemplation. And thus it is that all knowledge is eminently sacred, as being the stream through which a human mind draws insight from the central source of all intelligence; as being that which informs us of self-subsistent Law and Power, and consciously connects us with their reality and operations. That baneful divorce between intelligence and holiness which a sceptical and frivolous age has so disastrously effected, will need to be set aside as altogether founded

on a serious mistake; and indeed men are already beginning to apprehend that no pure faith can be sustained, no sound or abiding virtue inculcated and established, which is not deeply grounded in that mental certainty and assurance which clear, indisputable knowledge alone can furnish.

Let knowledge, then, be recognised as a primary indispensability for the mind, the natural and appropriate inheritance of every human soul; and let us esteem it as a sufficient and authentic plea for its universal dissemination, that it is ever needful for the soul's health and welfare; and condescend not to demand it on any inferior pretext. If there is one right of man more essentially sacred than another, it is his right to as complete and perfect an education as his own capacity, and the attainments and adaptations of the age he lives in, are adequate to supply him with; and again, if there is one human duty more paramount and obligatory than the rest, it is that which enjoins upon a man the use of his best energies and efforts to advance himself in intellectual and moral vigour, and to turn every talent and capability most honestly to account; since upon the depth and extent of his own inward force will depend the essential worth of his subsequent performances. The rational enlargement of the individual is indeed the one great end of life. Nothing has so high a claim on us as the cultivation of ourselves. 'It is most true,' as a vigorous and thoughtful modern writer has remarked—it is most true, and most fitting to be said to many in our day, that a man has no business to cut himself off from communion with so rich and manifold a world as ours, or arbitrarily to harden and narrow his life on any of the sides on which it is open and sensitive. But it is also no less necessary, and perhaps in this time more required to urge, that a man's first vocation is to be a man—a practical, personal being, with a reasonable and moral existence, which must be kept strong, and in working order, at all expense of pleasure, talent, brilliancy, and success. It is easy to lose one's self, or, as the Scripture has it, one's own soul, in the midst of the many and glittering forms of good which the world offers, and which our life apprehends: but to know any of these as realities, it is necessary to begin by being real in our own human ground of will, conscience, personal energy. Then will the world also begin to be real for us; and we may go on through eternity mining deeper and deeper, and in endless diversities of direction, in a region of inexhaustible realities.*

WORLDLY WISDOM.

A TALE.

MR and MRS DAVENANT especially prided themselves on their worldly wisdom and on their strong good sense—excellent qualities undoubtedly, but susceptible of being carried to an injurious excess. If it be true that in our faults lie the germ of virtues, no less true is it that almost every virtue is capable of being exaggerated into vice. Thus was it with the Davenants: in their code everything was made subservient to *worldly wisdom*: all their own and their friends' actions were measured by that standard; consequently every generous aspiration was checked, every noble, self-denying action decried, if it could not be reconciled to their ideas of wisdom. In course of time Mr and Mrs Davenant grew cold-hearted, calculating, and selfish; and as their fortunes flourished, more and more did they exult in their own wisdom, and condemn as foolish and Quixotic everything charitable and disinterested. To the best of their power they brought up their children in the same principles, and they succeeded to admiration with their eldest daughter, who was as shrewd and prudent as they could wish. Mrs Davenant would often express her maternal delight in her Selina: there never was a girl possessing such strong good sense—such wisdom. Some people might

have thought that in Miss Selina's wisdom the line was somewhat faint that divided it from mere cunning; but mothers are rarely very quick-sighted with regard to their children's faults, and Mrs Davenant never saw the difference.

With their other daughter they were not so successful. When Lucy Davenant was but five years old, a relation of her mother's, a maiden lady residing in Wales, had, at her own earnest request, adopted the younger daughter. Miss Moore was very rich, and her fortune was entirely at her own disposal, so Mr and Mrs Davenant at once acceded to her request, never doubting that she would make Lucy her heiress. Lucy remained with Miss Moore till that lady died; but although she left her nothing in her will but a few comparatively valueless mementos, she owed more to her care and teaching than thousands could repay. Under the influence of her precepts, and the admirable example she afforded, Lucy became generous, unselfish, open-hearted, and truthful as the day. But her parents, unhappily, were blind to these virtues, or rather they deemed that, in possessing them, their child was rather unfortunate than otherwise. Lucy was utterly astonished when she came home from Wales after her kind friend's death, at the strange manner and stranger conversation of her parents and her sister. Her father had accompanied her from Pembrokeshire, and he had scarcely spoken a word to her during the whole of the journey; but, in the innocence of her heart, she attributed this to his grief at the loss of his relation. But when she arrived at her father's house in the city of B——, where he was the principal banker, she could not avoid perceiving the cause. Her mother embraced her, but did not pause to gaze on her five-years-absent child; and as she turned to her sister Selina, she heard her father say, 'Lucy hasn't a farthing in the will.'

'You don't mean it?' cried Mrs Davenant. 'Why, how in the world, child, have you managed?' turning to Lucy. 'Did you offend Miss Moore in anyway before she died?'

'Oh no, mamma,' murmured Lucy, weeping at the thought of her aunt's illness and death thus rudely conjured up.

'Then what is the reason?' began her mother again; but Mr Davenant raised a warning finger, and checked her eager inquiries. He saw that Lucy had no spirit at present to reply to their questions, so he suffered the grieved girl to retire to rest, accompanied by her sister; but with Selina, Lucy was more bewildered than ever.

'My dear Lu,' said that young lady, as she brushed her hair, 'what is the meaning of this mysterious will? We all thought you would be Miss Moore's heiress.'

'So I should have been,' sobbed Lucy; 'but—'

'But what? Don't cry so, Lucy: what's past can never be recalled,' said Selina oracularly; 'and as you're not an heiress—'

'Oh, don't think I am vexed about that,' said Lucy, indignant at the idea, and drying her eyes with a determination to weep no more. 'I have no wish to be an heiress: I am very glad, indeed, I am not; and I would rather, much rather, not be enriched by the death of any one I love.'

'Very romantic sentiments, my dear Lu, but strangely wanting in common sense. All those high-flown ideas were vastly interesting and becoming, I daresay, among your wild Welsh mountains; but when you come into the busy world again, it is necessary to cast aside all sentiment and romance, as you would your old garden-bonnet. But, seriously, tell me about this will: how did you miss your good-fortune?'

'Miss Moore had a nephew, a barrister, who is striving very hard to fight his way at the bar: he has a mother and two sisters entirely depending on him, and they are all very poor. All my aunt's property is left to him.'

'Well, but why at least not shared with you?'

'I did not want it, you know, Selina, so much as they do. I have a home, and papa is rich, and so—'

'And so, I suppose, you very generously besought Miss Moore not to leave her fortune to you, but to her nephew?' said Selina with a scornful laugh.

'No, no; I should not have presumed to speak on the subject to my kind, good aunt. But one day before she had this last attack of illness she spoke to me about my prospects, and asked me if papa was getting on very well, and if he would be able to provide for me when I grew up.'

'And I've no doubt in the world,' interrupted Selina, staring with excessive wonderment in her sister's face, 'that you innocently replied that he would?'

'Of course, sister,' replied Lucy calmly; 'I could say nothing else, you know; for when I came to see you five years ago, papa told me that he meant to give us both fortunes when we married.'

'And you told Miss Moore this?'

'Certainly. She kissed me when I told her,' continued Lucy, beginning to weep again as all these reminiscences were summoned to her mind, 'and said that I had eased her mind very much. Her nephew was very poor, and her money would do him and his family great service; and it is never a good thing for a young girl to have much money independent of her parents, my aunt said; and I think she was quite right.'

'Well,' said Selina, drawing a long breath, 'for a girl of nineteen years and three months of age I certainly do think you are the very greatest simpleton I ever saw.'

'Why so?' inquired Lucy in some surprise.

'Why, for telling your aunt about the fortune you would have: you might have known that she would not make you her heiress if you were rich already.'

'But she asked me the question, Selina.'

'That was no reason why you should have answered as you did.'

'How could I have answered otherwise after what papa had told me?'

Lucy was imperturbable in her simplicity and guilelessness. Selina turned from her impatiently, despairing of ever making her comprehend how foolishly she had behaved.

The next morning Mr and Mrs Davenant were informed by their eldest daughter of Lucy's communications to her respecting Miss Moore's property. Selina was surprised to find that they exhibited no signs of great anger or disappointment, but contented themselves with inveighing against Lucy's absurd simplicity, and her fatal deficiency in worldly wisdom.

'Not that it matters so *very* much this time,' said Mrs Davenant philosophically; 'for it appears that the amount of Miss Moore's fortune was very much exaggerated. Still, Lucy might as well have had her three thousand pounds as Arthur Meredith; and it grieves me—the entire affair—because it shows how very silly Lucy is in these matters. She sadly wants common sense I fear.'

Similar verdicts were pronounced with regard to poor Lucy almost every hour in the day, until she would plaintively and earnestly inquire, 'What could mamma mean by worldly wisdom?' Certainly it was a branch of knowledge which poor Miss Moore, with most unpardonable negligence, had utterly neglected to instil into her young relative's mind. But though it was greatly to be feared that Lucy would *never* possess wisdom, according to her mother's definition of the word, she could not avoid, as in course of time she became better acquainted with the principles and practices of her family, perceiving *what* it was that her parents dignified by so high-sounding a name. It made her very miserable to perceive the system of manoeuvring that daily went on with regard to the most trivial as well as the more important affairs of life. She could not help seeing that truth was often sacrificed for the mere convenience of an hour, and was never respected when it formed an obstacle to the execution of any plan or arrangement.

She felt keenly how wrong all this was, but she dared not interfere. On two or three occasions, when she had ventured, timidly and respectfully, to remonstrate on the subject, she had been chidden with undue violence, and sent sad and tearful to her own room. With Selina she was equally unsuccessful; only, instead of scolding, her lively, thoughtless sister contented herself with laughing

loudly, and contemptuously affecting to pity her 'primitive simplicity and ignorance.'

'It's a thousand pities, Lu, that your lot was not cast in the Arcadian ages. You are evidently formed by nature to sit on a green bank in shepherdess costume, twining flowers round your crook, and singing songs to your lambs. Excuse me, my dear, but positively that's all you are fit for. I wonder where I should be if I possessed your very, *very* scrupulous conscience, and your infinitesimally nice notions of right and wrong? I dare say you'd be highly indignant—excessively shocked—if you knew the little *ruse* I was forced to resort to in order to induce cross old Mrs Aylmer to take me to London with her last year. Don't look alarmed; I'm not going to tell you the whole story; only remember there *was* a *ruse*.'

'Surely, Selina, you don't exult in it?' said Lucy, vexed at her sister's air of triumph.

'Wait a minute. See the consequences of my visit to London, which, had I been over-scrupulous, would never have taken place. Had I been too particular, I should not have gone with Mrs Aylmer—should not have introduced to her wealthy and fashionable friends—should not have met Mr Alfred Forde—*ergo*, should not have been engaged to be married to him, as I have at present the happiness of being.'

'My dear Selina,' said Lucy timidly, but affectionately, laying her hand upon her arm, and looking up into her face, 'are you sure that it is a happiness? Are you quite sure that you *love* Mr Forde?'

Selina frowned—perhaps in order to hide the blush that she could not repress—and then peevishly shook off her sister's gentle touch.

'No lectures, if you please,' she said, turning away. 'Whatever my feelings may be with regard to my future husband, they concern no one but him and myself. Be assured I shall do my duty as a wife far better than half the silly girls who indulge in hourly rhapsodies about their love, devotion, and so forth.'

Lucy sighed, but dared not say more on the subject. She was aware that Selina classed her with the 'silly girls' she spoke of. Some time before, when her heart was bursting with its own weight of joy and love, Lucy had been fain to yield to the natural yearning she felt for some one to whom she could impart her feelings, and had told her sister of her own love—love which she had just discovered was returned. What an icy sensation she experienced when, in reply to her timid and blushing confession, Selina sneered undisguisedly at her artless ingenuousness, and 'begged to know the happy individual's name!' And when she murmured the name of 'Arthur Meredith,' with all the sweet, blushing bashfulness of a young girl half afraid of the new happiness that has arisen in her heart—and almost fearing to whisper the beloved name even to her own ears—how crushing, how cruel was the light laugh of the other (a girl, too, yet how unglamorous!), as she exclaimed half in scorn, half in triumph, 'I thought so! No wonder Miss Moore's legacy was so easily resigned. I did not give you credit, Lu, for so much skill in manoeuvring.' Lucy earnestly and indignantly disclaimed the insinuation; but Selina only bade her be proud of her talents, and not feel ashamed of them; and she could only console herself by the conviction that, in her inmost heart, Selina did not 'give her credit' for the paltriness she affected to impute to her.

A short time afterwards, Arthur Meredith presented himself at B—, and formally asked Mr Davenant's consent to his union with Lucy. The consent was granted conditionally. Arthur was to pursue his profession for two years, at the end of which time, if he was in a position to support Lucy in the comfort and affluence she had hitherto enjoyed, no further obstacle should be placed in the way of their marriage. Arthur and Lucy were too reasonable not to perceive the justice of this decision, and the young barrister left B— inspired by the consciousness that on himself now depended his own and her happiness.

The time passed peacefully and happily with Lucy

even after he was gone. She heard from him frequently; and his letters were always hopeful, sometimes exulting, with regard to the prospect which was opening before him. Selina used to laugh at her when she received one of those precious letters, and ran away to read it undisturbed in her own room. Little cared she for the laugh—she was too happy; and if she thought at all about her sister's sneers or sarcasms, it was to pity her, sincerely and unfeignedly, that she could not comprehend the holiness of the feeling she mocked and derided. Selina's destined husband meanwhile was absent on the continent. He had an estate in Normandy, and was compelled to be present during the progress of some improvements. On his return they would be married, and Selina waited till then with considerably less patience and philosophy than Lucy evinced. Fifty times a day did she peevishly lament the delay; but not, alas! from any excess of affection to the man she was about to marry: it was always *apropos* of some small inconvenience or privation that she murmured. If she had to walk into the town, she would sigh for the time 'when, as Mrs Forde, she would have a carriage at her own exclusive command,' or if she coveted some costly bauble, the name of Alfred was breathed impatiently, and a reference to 'pin-money' was sure to follow. The marriage might have taken place by proxy with singular advantage: if Mr Forde had sent a cheque on his banker for half the amount of his income, Miss Selina would have married it with all the complacency in the world!

Mr Davenant's worldly affairs at this juncture were not in such a prosperous state as a man of his wisdom had a right to expect. In fact he was involved in considerable difficulties, from which he scarcely saw a way of extricating himself; when most fortunately, as he averred, an old uncle of his, from whom he had what is called 'expectations,' voluntarily proposed visiting him at B—. The night before his arrival, the wise portion of the Davenant family sat in solemn conclave, discussing the proper method of turning this visit to account. Lucy sat in a corner, silent and unnoticed, quietly sewing, while the family council went on.

Of course Mr Davenant never thought for an instant of pursuing the truthful and straightforward course of stating his difficulties to his relation, and honestly asking him for assistance.

'If old Atkinson suspected my affairs were in the disorder in which they unfortunately are,' said Mr Davenant gravely, 'he would instantly alter his will, and leave the considerable sum, which I know he intends for me, to some one who is not so *imprudent*, as I suppose he would call it, as I have been. I shall not easily forget his anger when my Cousin John ran into debt, and applied to him for the money to save him from prison. He gave him the money; but you'll see John won't have a sixpence more: so much for being candid and sincere, as the silly fellow said to me.'

At length it was arranged that Mr Davenant should ask his uncle to lend him £5,000, in order to make a singularly-profitable investment which was then open.

'I shall tell him,' said Mr Davenant, 'that I could easily command the money without troubling him, by calling in part of my capital, but that I scarcely think that a prudent course at the present juncture, because I expect soon to be called upon to pay the girls' marriage portions. He will be pleased at my *prudence*, and the last thing he will suspect will be that I really need the money: so that will do excellently.'

'Dear papa,' ventured Lucy, bent on making one attempt to induce him to adopt the simpler course of conduct—'dear papa, are you sure this is really your most politic plan? Would it not be *safér* to tell Mr Atkinson your position, and ask him to assist you? Indeed—indeed—the *truth* is the best and surest policy.'

'Doubtless,' said her father contemptuously, 'my *candid* Cousin John found it so, and will find it so when Mr Atkinson's will is read, and he sees his name is struck out. Leave me alone, child; you understand nothing of such things—you haven't the least idea of worldly wisdom.'

Thus was poor Lucy always repulsed when she attempted to advise. She could only comfort herself with the hope that one day perhaps her parents would think and act differently.

Mr Atkinson came the next day: he was a cheerful, pleasant-looking, silver-haired old man, and was cordial and affectionate to the whole family. Sincere and truthful himself, he was perfectly unsuspicuous of deceit or design in others. Thus everything promised well for Mr Davenant's plan, more especially as the old man had rapidly become much attached to the two girls: Selina, with her liveliness and spirit, amused; and Lucy, gentle, and ever anxious for the comfort of all about her, interested him.

On the fourth day, therefore, Mr Davenant commenced operations. He alluded to a particular foreign railway, the shares of which were then much below par, but which were certain, at a future and no very distant period, to arrive at a considerable premium. He said that he would willingly invest £5,000 in these shares, certain that in a short time he should quadruple the sum, if it were not for the payment of his girls' marriage portions, for which he should soon be called on. And after a great deal of preparatory 'beating about the bush,' he *candidly*, as he said, asked his uncle if he would lend him this £5,000 for twelve months.

Mr Atkinson looked grave, which his nephew observing, he looked grave also.

'You see, Samuel,' said the old man, 'if it were really to do you a service, you should have the money. If your business required it—if you were in temporary embarrassment, and needed these thousands to help you out of it —*they should be yours*; but—'

He paused, and fixed his eyes on the ground in deep thought. Mr Davenant started, and coloured as he listened; and involuntarily he thought of poor Lucy's slighted advice. Her earnest words, 'Indeed—indeed—the *truth* is the best and surest policy,' rung clearly in his ears, and he felt now that she was *right*: but it was too late now (or at least he thought so) to repair his error, and return to the straight path. He had made a point, ever since his uncle's arrival, of boasting to him of his improved prospects, of the solid basis on which his fortune stood, and of the flourishing state of his business. He could not now retract all he had said, and lay bare his difficulties—his necessities. Besides, even now perhaps that would not be *prudent*: old Atkinson might be but *trying* him after all. Mr Davenant's little moment of right feeling soon passed away, and he was, alas! 'himself again' by the time his uncle again began to speak.

'I don't like these speculations, Samuel,' said he; 'they are dangerous things: if once you get involved in them, you never know when to leave off; besides, they distract your attention from more legitimate objects: your business might suffer. The business of a man prone to speculate in matters he is unused to deal with rarely flourishes.'

Mr Davenant inwardly acknowledged the truth of these remarks. It was by *speculation* that he was brought to his present embarrassments; but he said nothing.

'Take my advice, Sam,' continued Mr Atkinson, placing his hand impressively on his nephew's arm, 'and have nothing to do with these railways. Whether you gain or lose by them, they distract your attention, you see, from your business, and so you lose one way at all events. Don't meddle with them.'

Mr Davenant felt it imperative to make one grand effort more.

'Nay, my dear uncle,' he said smiling, 'whether you can accommodate me with this sum or not, it's of no use trying to persuade me out of my scheme. I am determined to invest the money, but shall not afterwards trouble myself more about it. I shall purchase the shares; and whether I eventually make or lose money by them, I shall not worry myself respecting them. At a fitting opportunity I shall turn them into money again, and whatever they produce is (but this is *entre nous*, you understand) to be divided equally between my two girls.'

Mr Atkinson's face brightened. 'Oh, I begin to see,

he exclaimed; 'I perceive—it is for your two dear children. You are a good fellow, Davenant: forgive me that I misinterpreted your object. Certainly, if ever speculation is justifiable, it would be in such a case,' continued the old man in a ruminative tone; 'and you shall not lose your object, Sam; your girls shall have the chance; the £5000 shall be invested, and they shall have whatever it may produce. Don't you trouble yourself; don't in the least embarrass or inconvenience yourself in order to raise this sum; leave it to me—leave it to me: I'll arrange it for the dear girls' sake.'

Mr Davenant, never doubting that a cheque for £5000 would soon be forthcoming, was profuse in his acknowledgments, and the uncle and nephew parted mutually satisfied—the one to enjoy his matutinal walk, the other to exchange congratulations with his wife, and receive proper praise for his successful diplomacy.

Still, he could not but wonder, and feel somewhat uncomfortable, as the day appointed for Mr Atkinson's departure drew nigh, and he had yet heard nothing of the £5000. At length he grew so very apprehensive, that it had been forgotten, or that something would interfere with his possession of it, that as the money was becoming every day of more vital importance to his interests, he ventured again to speak to his uncle on the subject. His first words were checked; and the old man, by rapidly speaking himself, prevented his saying more.

'Rest easy—rest easy,' said he; 'it is all right: I haven't forgotten anything about the affair, I can assure you. You shall hear from me on the subject after I get home; meanwhile make your mind *quite* easy. The girls shall have their railway shares, Sam; don't worry yourself.'

With this Mr Davenant was fain to be content; yet it was not without sundry uncomfortable feelings of doubt and perplexity that he watched his uncle enter his travelling-carriage, and waved his hand to him, as two post-horses rapidly whirled him away from B—. A fortnight passed, and excepting a hasty letter, announcing his safe arrival in Gloucestershire, nothing was heard from Mr Atkinson. Mr Davenant's creditors were clamorous, and would no longer be put off; a complete exposure of his affairs appeared inevitable; and in this extremity he wrote to his uncle, saying that he wished to purchase the shares in the — Railway immediately, as it was a desirable opportunity, and every day might render it less advantageous. Therefore he intreated him to enclose a draft for the amount, that he might forward it to his broker, and obtain the shares.

By return of post an answer arrived:—

'MY DEAR SAM,' ran the letter, 'you need not be so very impatient. I was only waiting till the whole affair was concluded to write to you. I have heard this morning from the broker I have employed. The purchase of the shares is concluded, and very advantageously I think. Your dear girls may expect, I think, pretty fortunes in time; but don't say a word about it to them, in case of disappointment. I've transacted the whole business without you, because I don't want you to turn your thoughts from your own affairs, and, more or less, your attention would have been distracted from them by dabbling in these railway matters. I've managed it all very well. The broker I employ is, I am told, an honest, trustworthy fellow, and I have given him orders to sell out when the shares are at what he considers a fair premium. So you will have nothing to do with the matter, you see, which is what I wish, for I fear you are rather disposed to speculate; and if once you get into the way of these railways, perhaps you may be led on further than you originally intended. And you needn't be disappointed; for instead of lending you the money, I give it to the two dear girls, and all that may accrue to it when these shares are sold. I hope it will be a good sum: they have my blessing with it; but, as I said before, don't say a word to them till you give them the money. Enclosed are the documents connected with the shares.—Yours faithfully, SAMUEL ATKINSON.'

Poor Mr Davenant! This letter, with the enclosed documents (which he had fondly hoped were cheques for

the £5000)—documents utterly useless of course to him to aid him in his present difficulties—this letter drove him to despair. Mrs Davenant and Selina were likewise confounded: Lucy, by her father's express request, was not informed of their defeated plans.

But matters now grew worse with Mr Davenant, and bankruptcy was looming in the distance. His affairs were now more involved than ever; and even the £5000, had he obtained it, would not now have availed to restore his sinking credit. In this dilemma he proposed raising money on the security of the railway shares, but here Selina showed the result of her education in *worldly wisdom*.

'Nonsense, papa,' was her dutiful remark in reply to this suggestion; 'it will do you no good, you know, and only render me and Lucy poorer. I am of age; and as the shares are mine, you can't sell them, you know, she added in some confusion; for even her selfishness could not quite supply her with a proper amount of *nonchalance* in thus speaking to her father.

'I can sell them with your permission, of course?' said Mr Davenant, hardly comprehending the full extent of her meaning.

'Yes, I know. But you see, papa, it's bad enough for me as it is: I shall not have the fortune I was always taught to expect; and really, as it won't do you any real good, I think I should be very unwise to let you sell them.'

'You refuse your permission then?' exclaimed the father. Selina bowed her head, and left the room. Mr Davenant clasped his hands in anguish, not at the failure of this last hope, but at the agonizing ingratitude of his favourite child, and wept; and while he yet groaned aloud in his misery, Lucy entered the room. It is always a sad thing to behold a man weep; but to Lucy, who now, for the first time in her life, beheld her father under the influence of feeling, it was a great and painful shock. But it is one of the first instincts of woman to console, and in a moment she was kneeling by his side, her arms wound about his neck, her tears mingling with his. All his harshness to her—the little affection he had ever shown her—the many times her love had been repulsed—all was forgotten; she only remembered that he was her father, and in trouble, and either of these ties was sufficient to insure her affectionate sympathy. Mr Davenant felt deeply the ingratitude of Selina; but yet more intensely did the tenderness of his youngest child cut him to the soul. It was a lesson which he never forgot; and from that day he was a better, if not, according to his former creed, a *wiser* man. He told Lucy the whole story of the railway shares, and his impending ruin. Lucy intreated him to use her portion of the shares immediately; and though his recent grief had humbled him, and rendered him less selfish—and he was unwilling to take advantage of her generosity—yet as she assured him that she would never accept the money which was originally intended for his use, he at length consented. But the tide of ruin was not to be so easily stemmed, and the stricken man and his bewildered wife now patiently listened to their only remaining daughter; for Selina had gone with some friends, and with her 'shares' in her pocket, to Normandy, there to join Mr Forde, and be married to him before he became aware that his bride's father was a ruined man. Lucy advised her father to go to Mr Atkinson, tell him the *whole truth*, and intreat his assistance. 'He is so kind-hearted, dear papa, that he will do what you want: he will lend you sufficient money to relieve you from these embarrassments, and then you will do very well.'

Mr Davenant clung to this hope like a drowning man to a frail plank. He set off instantly for Gloucestershire. With what intense anxiety Mrs Davenant and Lucy awaited his return may be imagined. They received no letter from him; but three days after his departure he returned, looking pale, weary, and hopeless.

Mr Atkinson had died a few days before he had arrived at his house. He had been present at the reading of the will, which was dated only a month back. In it he bequeathed the bulk of his property to that same 'candid Cousin John' whose *wisdom* Mr Davenant had so decried.

'Because,' said the will, 'I have reason to know that he is in difficulties; and as he has a wife and family depending on him, he must need the money more than my other nephew, Samuel Davenant, whom I visited a short time since for the express purpose of seeing if his affairs were prosperous. I have reason to suppose that they are so, and that any increase to his means, so far from adding to his prosperity, would induce him to speculate, and perhaps so lose all he has acquired by years of industry. Therefore I revoke a former bequest to him of £20,000, and bequeath it instead to my third nephew, George Charles Atkinson,' &c. &c.

'You were right, Lucy!' exclaimed Mr Davenant penitently; 'the truth is the safest, surest policy.'

Fortitude and perseverance were among the virtues of both Mr Davenant and his wife. They met their difficulties steadily and firmly, and got ultimately through them with credit. But they were now too old to commence life anew, and gladly availed themselves of the affectionate intreaty of Lucy and her husband—for Arthur Meredith was now a flourishing barrister—to take up their house with them.

Selina was not happy in her marriage. Her husband's large property was all imaginary; he was, in fact, a ruined spendthrift; and all they had to subsist on after they were married was the money arising from those oft-named railway shares. Selina could not reproach her husband for deceiving her, for she had deceived him. Not till they had been three weeks wedded did Mr Forde know that his bride's father was ruined, and that he need expect no marriage portion further than that she already had. 'Had you told me the truth,' he said to her, when one day she reproached him with his poverty, 'I would have told *you* the truth. But I thought you would be a rich woman, and that your fortune would be sufficient to support us both.' Selina could not reply.

Mr and Mrs Davenant, when they contrast the melancholy accounts of the end of Selina's scheming with the happy married life of their younger daughter, cannot but own how superior was the *wisdom* of the latter; and they now cordially acknowledge the veracity of that golden sentiment of one of our modern sages—'One who is always *true* in the great duties of life is nearly always wise.'

THE TAMARIND-TREE.

EVERYBODY knows the agreeable tamarind preserve we receive from the West Indies; everybody has occasionally produced by its aid a cooling and welcome beverage; and everybody (at least in Scotland) has conferred, by its means, upon the insipid gruel recommended for a cold a finely-acidulated taste. Everybody likewise knows that the tamarind is pretty largely employed in our *Materia Medica*, and that its effect, when eaten uncompounded, is gently aperient: but for all that, very few persons are acquainted with certain curious particulars connected with the tree which produces this popular fruit.

The tamarind-tree is one of the *fabaceæ*, or order of leguminous plants; 'an order,' says Lindley, 'not only among the most extensive that are known, but also one of the most important to man, whether we consider the beauty of the numerous species, which are among the gayest-coloured and most graceful plants of every region, or their applicability to a thousand useful purposes.' To give an idea of the wide extension of this order, we may say that it includes the acacia, the logwood and rosewood of commerce; the laburnum, the furze, and the broom; the bean, pea, vetch, clover, trefoil, indigo, gum-arabic, and other gums and drugs. There are two species of tamarinds—the East and the West Indian—exhibiting some considerable difference, more especially in the pods, which are much shorter in the latter species, and the pulp less rich and plentiful. In the West Indies, the shell is removed, and the legume preserved, by being placed in jars intermixed with layers of sugar; or else the vessel is filled up with boiling sugar, which penetrates to the bottom. The Turks and Arabs use this fruit, pre-

pared either with sugar or honey, as an article of food; and for its cooling properties it is a favourite in journeys in the desert. In Nubia it is formed into cakes, baked in the sun; and these are afterwards used in producing a cooling drink. In India, likewise, it is used both as food and drink; but there it is never treated with sugar, but merely dried in the sun. When eaten as food, it is toasted, soaked in water, and then boiled, till the taste, it is said, resembles that of the common bean.

In India the tamarind-tree is a very beautiful object, its spreading branches flinging even with their tiny leaves an extensive shade. In one season its pretty straw-coloured flowers refresh the eye; and in another its long brown pods, which are shed plentifully, afford a more substantial refreshment to the traveller. The Hindoos, however, prize it chiefly as a material for cleaning their brass vessels, although they likewise use it as a condiment for their curries and other dishes, and likewise make it into pickles and preserves. For the last-mentioned purpose a red variety is the most esteemed, both the timber and the fruit being of a sanguine hue. The tamarind, however, is chiefly planted by the roadside, or on the rising banks of a tank; and in the lower parts of Bengal, where it grows in the natural forests of the Sunderbunds, it is the most common kind of firewood, being never used for any more dignified purpose. The native never chooses this beautiful tree, as he does the palm, the neem, or the mourungosh, to overshadow his hut; and it is never admitted into the mango groves sacred to the gods, although the silk-cotton and the mouwha are not forbidden that consecrated ground.

But the prejudice goes further still. No *khitmugra*, or cook, will hang a piece of meat on a tamarind-tree: he believes that meat thus exposed does not keep well, and that it becomes unfit for salting. A traveller, though very willing to eat of the fruit, will not unload his pack or rest under its branches; and a soldier, tired as he may be with a long march, will rather wander farther on than pile his arms in its shade. There is an idea, in fact, at least in Bengal, that there is something unlucky or unhealthy, some antique spell or some noxious vapour, surrounding this beautiful tree; although we are not aware that science has yet discovered that there is anything really hurtful in its exhalations.

Another strange notion connected with the tamarind-tree is thus mentioned by a correspondent:—'Often have I stood as a youngster gazing with astonishment at a couple of bearers belabouring a large knotty root, of some eight feet in girth, with their axes, making the chips fly off in every direction; which, upon picking up, I used to find covered over with unintelligible scribbles, which the bearers gravely told me was the writing of the gods.'

Here we have our tree in a new light: this outcast from the sacred groves is inscribed with holy characters! Who shall interpret their meaning? Are they like the mark set upon the forehead of Cain? Or is the legend intended as a perpetual consolation under the prejudices and indignities of men? All we know is, that the white fir-like grains of the tamarind wood are written over in an unknown tongue by means of a small thread-like vein of a black colour.

There is a similar superstition connected with another Indian tree, the *kulpa briksha*, or silver-tree, so called from the colour of the bark. The original *kulpa*, which now stands in the garden of the god Indra in the first heaven, is said to have been one of the fourteen remarkable things turned up by the churning of the ocean by the gods and demons. But however this may be, the name of Ram and his consort Seta is written upon the silvery trunks of all its earthly descendants! Colonel Sleeman, when travelling in Upper India, had the curiosity to examine many of these trees on both sides of the road; and sure enough the name of the incarnation of Vishnu mentioned was plainly enough discernible, written in Sanscrit characters, and apparently by some supernatural hand—'that is, there was a softness in the impression, as if the finger of some supernatural being had traced the characters.' The traveller endeavoured to argue his attendants out of their senses; but unluckily he could

find no tree, however near or distant, without the names; the only difference being in the size of the letters, which in some cases were large, and in others small. At length he observed a kulpia in a hollow below the road, and one on a precipice above, both in situations inaccessible with such difficulty, that he was sure no mortal scribe would take the trouble to get at them. He declared confidently his opinion that the names would not be found on these trees, and it was proved that he was right. But this was far from affecting the devout faith of his Hindoo followers. 'Doubtless,' said one, 'they have in some way or other got rubbed off; but God will renew them in His own time.' 'Perhaps,' remarked another, 'he may not have thought it necessary to write at all upon places where no traveller could decipher them.' 'But do you not see,' said the traveller, losing patience, 'that these names are all on the trunk within reach of a man's hand?' 'Of course they are,' replied they, 'since the miracle could not be distinguished by the eyes of men if they were written higher up!'

A shrub called the trolsee is a representation of the same goddess Seeta, and is every year married with great ceremony to a sacred stone called Saligram, a rounded pebble supposed to represent the good Vishnu, of whom Ram was an incarnation. On one occasion described, the procession attending this august ceremony consisted of 8 elephants, 1200 camels, and 4000 horses, all mounted and elegantly caparisoned. Above 100,000 persons were present at this pageant, at which the little pebble was mounted on the leading elephant, and thus carried in state to his tree goddess. All the ceremonies of a Hindoo marriage were gone through, and then the god and goddess were left to repose together till the next season in the temple of Sudora.

Indian trees, however, it must be said, are, from all accounts, much more worthy of the honours of superstition than those of less fervid climes. A traveller mentions an instance of the 'sentient principle' occurring among the denizens of an Indian forest. Two trees, he tells us, of different kinds, although only three feet apart, had grown to the height of fifty or sixty feet, when one of them took the liberty of throwing out a low branch in such a way as to touch the trunk of his neighbour, and thus occasion much pain and irritation. 'On this the afflicted tree in turn threw out a huge excrescence, which not only enveloped the offending branch, but strangled it so completely as to destroy it utterly; the ends of the deadened boughs projecting three or four feet beyond the excrescence, while the latter was carried on a distance of three feet across to the shaft of the tree, so as to render all chances of its future movement wholly impossible!' This appears to our traveller to display as much forethought and sagacity as taking up an artery for aneurism, or tying splints round a broken bone.

But in a country where trees are the objects of such veneration, and where those that are neither holy nor sagacious are admitted without scruple to the best arboreal society, how comes it that the beautiful, the unbragorous, and the beneficent tamarind is looked upon as the outlaw of the plantation, the pariah of the forest? This is a very puzzling circumstance, and one that, in the present state of our knowledge, we can only set down to the caprice and ingratitude of man.

TRACINGS OF THE NORTH OF EUROPE.

CHRISTIANIA TO LAURGAARD.

A LAND journey of 334 English miles, which usually occupies five or six days, was now before me. The road passes along one of the finest as well as most extensive valleys in Norway, and is further distinguished by crossing the celebrated range of mountains called the Dovre Field [Dovre pronounced *Dovra*], which may be called the backbone of the country, as the Grampian range is that of the Scottish Highlands. Along this road, as usual, there is a series of stations, but none of them is of so high a character as to present

the luxury of wheaten bread. One of my duties, therefore, on the last day of my stay in Christiania, was to obtain a bag of biscuits for use on the way. Being anxious to secure a passage in a steamer which was to leave Trondhjem on the 18th July, I allowed seven days for the journey, and started at one o'clock on the 11th, thus allowing an extra day for any accidental delay upon the road.

The first two or three stages being across certain intermediate valleys, we have much up-hill and down-hill work along roads by no means good. It was pitiable to see the little heavy-laden carts of the peasantry toiling up the steep ascents, each with its forked pike trailing behind it, on which to rest the vehicle, while the horse should stop a few minutes at a time to recover breath and strength. Many were conducted by women; and I could not but admire the hardy, independent air of these females, as they sat, whip in hand, urging their steeds along, though, as might be expected from such a rough out-of-door life, their figures exhibit little of the attractions of their sex. At many places I found rock-surfaces with dressings generally in a north and south direction, being that of the valleys. It is not unworthy of remark that two of the rivers are crossed by modern wooden bridges, where a pontage is paid; and these were the only charges approaching to the character of a toll to which I was subjected throughout the whole of my travails in Scandinavia. Of the valleys, one is full of sandy, a second of clay terraces, marking some decided difference in the former submerged condition of the two districts. On passing into third at Trygstad, we find a vast plateau composed of clay below and pure sand above, bearing magnificent pine-forests, and which extends, without any intermission, to the foot of the Miösen Lake. It would be a curious study to any native geologist to examine this formation, and to trace its source, and the circumstances under which it was deposited. There are remarkable generalities about such things. Instructed by what I had seen in Scotland, as soon as I observed the valley filled with sand up to a certain height a few miles below where I knew a lake to be, I mentally predicted that this formation would terminate at the foot of the lake, and that there would be no terraces on the hill-sides above that sheet of water. Such proved to be the case.

A short stage before reaching the foot of the Miösen Lake, we pass one of those objects so extraordinary in Norway—a country mansion; that is to say, a handsome house adapted for the residence of a family in affluent circumstances. It is called Eidsvold, and was once the property of a family named Anker, but now belongs to the public, in consequence of the interesting distinction conferred on it in 1814, when a national assembly sat here and framed the constitution under which the country is now so happily placed. The purchase of this house by a national subscription is an agreeable circumstance, as it marks that deep and undivided feeling which the Norwegian people entertain regarding their constitution—a feeling perhaps more important than the character of the constitution itself, as it is what mainly secures its peaceful working. This constitution has now stood for thirty-five years, with a less amount of dissent and dissatisfaction on the part of the people than has happened in the case of any other experiment of the same kind in modern Europe. It is entitled to be regarded as a successful experiment; and, as such, of course may well be viewed with some interest by the rest of Europe, especially at a time when so many political theories are on their trial, and so few seem likely to stand good. The main fact is the election, every three years, of a body called the Storthing, which separates itself into an Upper and Lower House, enacts and repeals laws, and regulates all matters connected with the revenue. The royal sanction is required for these laws; but if

the people are bent upon any measure disapproved of by the king, they have only to re-introduce and pass it in two more successive Storthings, when it would become law without the royal assent. Thus the Norwegians may be said, in Benthamian language, to *minimise* the monarchical principle. But how is the Storthing constituted? The right of voting depends on a low property qualification. The qualified voters in small districts elect persons called election-men, who again meet by themselves, and elect, usually, but not necessarily, out of their own number, representatives of larger districts, who in turn form the Storthing, the whole numbers of which are somewhat under a hundred. It is a system of universal suffrage, exclusive only of the humblest labouring-class. It may be said to be a government of what we call the middle-classes, and all but a pure democracy; but it is essential to observe that the bulk of the people of Norway are of the kind which we recognise as a middle-class, for of hereditary nobility they have none, and the non-electors are a body too humble in circumstances, and too well matched in numbers by the rest, to have any power for good or evil in the case. There are other important considerations: land is held in Norway, not upon the feudal, but the *udal* principle, which harmonises much better with democratic forms; there being no right of primogeniture, estates are kept down at a certain moderate extent; in the general circumstances of the country, there can be no massing of wealth in a few hands, and therefore little of that species of influence. The apparently ultra-liberal system of Norway being thus adapted to many things more or less peculiar to the country, it may have attained a success here which it would not obtain elsewhere, or at least not till a proper groundwork had been laid in social arrangements. This is a proposition which seems to derive much support from recent political failures in Germany, Italy, and, shall we add, France? The abrupt decreeing of a democratic constitution, in supersession of a government which has been absolute for centuries, is seen to be an absurdity, though one, perhaps, which nothing but experiment could have demonstrated.

It was still far from night when I arrived at Minde, at the foot of the Miösen Lake. This sheet of water, sixty-three English miles in length, terminates here in a curve formed in the sandy plateau, through which its waters have made for themselves a deep trench. The little inn nestles under the steep bank on the west side of the outlet, commanding from its back-windows a view along the lake. As the point where the river must be ferried, and whence the steamers start on their course along the lake, it is a place of some importance. It has even been proposed to have a railway from Christiania to Minde, and the ground has been surveyed by Mr Robert Stephenson; but this is not likely to be realised for some years to come. I found the porch of the inn filled with guests enjoying their pipes; two or three of them were officers, and one of these, I was told, had the duty of superintending the post stations of a certain district. Amongst others was one of those dirty young men of the student genus who are so prevalent on the continent; travelling with only a little satchel slung from their shoulders, and thus evidently unprovided with so much as a change of linen or a set of night-clothes, yet always sure to be found lugging along a tobacco-pipe half as big as themselves, together with a formidable pouch of tobacco depending from a button-hole. The inn consisted of two floors, in the lower of which was a good-sized public room, gay with prints of the royal family and such-like; from this on one side went off two bedrooms; on the other adjoined a kitchen, and other family apartments. Stables, sheds, and store-houses of various denominations stood near by, so as to form what Allan Ramsay calls a rural square. It was a comfortable establishment, and the females who conducted it were respectable-looking people. There was also a landlord, who was always coming in, apparently under an anxiety to do something, but never did it. I had a good meal served up in the public room,

and enjoyed the evening scene on the lake very greatly, but found the occasional society of the other guests in this apartment disagreeable, in consequence of their incessant smoking, and their habit of frequent spitting upon the floor. It is seldom that I find associates in inns who come up to my ideas of what is right and proper in personal habits. The most of them indulge, more or less, in devil's tattooing, in slapping of fingers, in puffing and blowing, and other noises anomalous and indescribable, often apparently merely to let the other people in the room know that they are there, and not thinking of anything in particular. Few seem to be under any sense of the propriety of subduing as much as possible all sounds connected with the animal functions, though even breathing might and ought to be managed in perfect silence. In Norway the case is particularly bad, as the gentlemen, in addition to everything else, assume the privilege of smoking and spitting in every room of every house, and even in the presence of ladies.* To a sensible and wellbred person all such things are as odious as they are unnecessary. It is remarkable throughout the continent how noisy men conduct themselves. They have not our sense of quietness being the perfection of refined life. At Minde a gentleman over my head made an amount of noise with his luggage and his personal movements which astonished me, for it created the idea of a vast exertion being undergone in order to produce it, as if it had been thought that there was some important object to be served by noise, and the more noise the better.

I had intended to proceed next morning by the steamer along the lake, but I had been misinformed as to the days of sailing, and found it necessary to spend my reserve day at Minde. It was less of a hardship to me than it might have been to others, as I found more than enough of occupation in examining the physical geography of the district. The sandy plain runs up to the hills on both sides at an exceedingly small angle of inclination, and perfectly smooth. On the east side, near a place called Cövre, there is, close to the hills, a stripe of plain of higher inclination, and composed of gravel, so that the whole is exceedingly like that kind of sea-beach which consists partly of an almost dead flat of sand, and partly of a comparatively steep though short slope of gravel, adjoining to the dry land. That the sea did once cover this plain, and rise against the gravel slope, I could have no doubt: the whole aspect of the objects spoke of it. There were also terraces in the valley below, indicating pauses in the subsidence (so to speak) of the sea. It was of some importance, since the point formerly reached by the sea could here be so clearly marked, to ascertain how high that point was above the present sea-level. My measurements, which were conducted with the level and staff, using the lake as a basis, set it down as just about 656 feet above the sea, being, as it chances, the height of an ancient sea-terrace at Bardstadvig, on the west coast of Norway, and also that of certain similar terraces in Scotland.† This coincidence may be accidental, but it is worthy of note, as possibly a result of causes acting to a general effect, more especially as it is not in this respect quite solitary.

The dinner presented to me on the day of my stay at Minde might be considered as the type of such a meal bespoke at a tolerable country inn in Norway. It consisted of a dish of fried trout from the lake, with melted butter-sauce, and something like Yorkshire pudding to take with it: no more animal food, but a dish of cream prepared in a manner resembling *trifle*, and accompanied by a copious supply of an overluxurious warm jelly; finally, a salad. It is common in small Norwegian inns to put down, with one dinner-like

* I am told that these habits do not exist in good society at Christiania.

† The greatest summer height of the Miösen Lake is 430 feet; the winter height, 410. Finding the level at this time ten feet below the mark considered as that of highest water, I considered the lake as being now 420 feet above the sea.

dish, a large bowl of what we call in Scotland *lappered milk*, but bearing a creamy surface, along with sugar: it seems to be a favourite regale with the natives; but I never could get into a liking for it. In the clear warm day which I spent in the Minde inn, the lake presented a beautiful placid scene; a boat was now and then seen rowing lazily across its mirror-like surface; but more generally nothing studded the silver sheet but the image of a passing summer cloud.

In my rambles to-day I saw many of the peasantry, and the interiors of a few of their houses. The women are poor-looking creatures, dressed in the most wretched manner. They want the smart taste seen even among the poorest young females farther south, as is particularly evidenced in their head-dress, which consists merely of a coarse handkerchief tied under the chin—a sort of apology for a hood rather than a head-dress. There are great differences in the interiors of the peasants' houses; but certainly many of them are miserable little cabins. As yet, I see few symptoms of a prosperous life for the labouring-class in Norway. It is different with the peasant proprietors or yeomen, called *bonder* in their own country. The house of a *bonde* is a long, double-storeyed, wooden house, painted a dull red or yellow, with gauze window-curtains, and very neatly furnished within. The life of this class—the leading class of Norwegian society—seems generally comfortable, though not to the degree which is alleged in the glowing pages of Mr Laing; for they are very often embarrassed by debt, mostly incurred in order to pay off the claims of brothers and sisters to their inheritance. At present, the labouring-class are leaving Norway in considerable numbers to settle in America. There is one particular district in Wisconsin which they flock to, and which, I am told, contains at least 6000 of these poor people. A government officer, whom I conversed with at Christiania, says it is owing to the superabundant numbers of the people. The land, he alleges, has been brought to the utmost stretch of its productive power. Meanwhile, to use his expression, there is *trop du mariage*: the food being insufficient for the constantly-increasing numbers, they must needs swarm off. There is a like emigration of the humbler class of peasantry from Sweden. Thus we see that equally in the simple state of things which prevails in Scandinavia, and in the high-wrought system of wealthy England, there is but a poor life for the hireling unskilled labourer. Nowhere does it afford more than a bare subsistence; often scarcely gives this.

The weather was now becoming very warm, while, with the increasing latitude, the day was sensibly lengthening. On the evening of the 12th of July I went to bed at ten o'clock under a single sheet, with the window fully up, and read for an hour by the natural light. Next morning at six I went on board the *Jernbane* steamer, and was speedily on my way along the Miösen Lake. A raft behind contained my own and another carriage. It proved a pleasant day's sailing, though there is nothing very striking in the scenery of the lake. The gentlemen sauntered about, or sat upon deck, constantly smoking from their long pipes. There were a few ladies, who seemed not at all discomposed by the smoke, or any of its consequences. A tall old general of infantry, in a dark cloak, exhausted I know not how many pipes, and his servant seemed to have little to do but to fill the tube afresh from a *poke* of chopped tobacco not much less than a nose-bag. Notwithstanding these barbarian practices, there is a vast amount of formal politeness among the native gentlemen and ladies; there is an incessant bowing and taking off of hats; and whenever one is to leave the vessel, he bids adieu to the company, though he perhaps never met one of them before. The captain could converse in English, as is the common case in steamers throughout Norway and Sweden, this gift being indeed held as an indispensable qualification for the appointment. I had also some conversation with the engineer, an intelligent German, who had been some years in England. Along

with these circumstances, the idea that the engines had been made in Glasgow caused me to feel more at home on the Miösen Lake than I could have expected. We had, however, a more tedious voyage than usual, in consequence of the drag upon the vessel's movements which we carried behind us, and we consequently did not reach the landing-place beneath the town of Lillehammer till four o'clock.

This being the only town between Christiania and Trondheim, I was desirous of stopping at it; but we had left ourselves barely enough of time to reach the station of a steamer at the foot of a second and smaller lake a few miles onward, by which I hoped to make out a hundred miles of travelling before we should sleep, and thus leave myself comparatively at ease about the remainder of the journey. I therefore reluctantly drove through this pleasant-looking little place. Soon after leaving Lillehammer, the hills, which as yet had been low and rather tame, became steep and rough. We pass along the left bank of the *Laug*, a large, fierce, and rapid stream, of that green colour which indicates an origin among snow-clad mountains. My journey might now have been described by a line from a Scottish poet—‘By Logan's streams that run sae deep’—for, by the usual affix of the article *en*, the name of this river is sounded Logan, and thus is identical with a name attached to more than one stream in Scotland.* Nor is this, by the way, a solitary case. The river which enters the sea at Trondheim is the Nid, identical with the Nith of Dumfriesshire fame. Even the generic name for a river in Norway, *elv*, or, with the article, *elven*, appears in our numerous tribe of Elvans, Alwynes, Allans, Evans, and Avons.

About a couple of miles before reaching Mosshus, the first station from Lillehammer, we meet a steep rough barrier, which crosses the valley, curving outwards from the hill-face towards the river, and leaving only a narrow space between itself and the opposite hills for the stream to pass. On mounting to the top, we find that it has a flat surface of considerable extent. It is composed of blocks of stone of all sizes, up to that of a cottage, mixed with a pale clay. Presently another such mass appears, in a terrace-like form, on the opposite bank of the river. A very little reflection, aided by the recollection of some Swiss observations of the preceding summer, enabled me to detect in these strange objects the fragments of an ancient *moraine*. A glacier had once poured down the valley, terminating at this place, and here depositing the loose materials which it had carried along with it from the higher grounds. Such loose materials come to form what is called the terminal *moraine* of the glacier. Norway must have then had a much colder climate than now, for there is not permanent snow in this district except upon the tops of the mountains—though in Western Norway there are still glaciers which descend almost to the level of the sea. On an improved temperature becoming prevalent, the glacier of the Logan valley had shrunk back, leaving its *moraine* as a memorial of the point it had once reached. In connection with this object, it is important to remark that the exposed rock-surfaces in the bottom, and a little way up the sides of the valley, are smoothed; but the higher parts of the hill-sides are extremely rough and angular, and have evidently never been subjected to the action of ice. So far there is a difference between this glen and the southern parts of the country. In the latter, where the eminences are low, the ice has passed over hill and vale in its own proper direction. Any ice that has been here has, on the contrary, followed the direction of the valley, forming in it one local and limited stream.

While Quist waited for fresh horses at Mosshus, I walked on before to examine the country. I found the rocks to be of a schistous character, generally having their sharp angular sides presented to the road. The

* *Laug* in Norwegian signifies water. It is a generic term here specially applied.

contrast which they presented to the smoothed surfaces lower down, and to the general surface of Sweden and Southern Norway, was striking, and such as to leave no doubt that the one set of objects had been exempted from a mechanical agency which had powerfully affected the other. Amidst the thin woods of pine and birch which clothed the hill-sides I found abundance of the wild strawberry, and made my acquaintance with this pleasant fruit for the first time. Here and there were piles of cut wood, and the woodman's stroke sounded through the glades. The declining sun threw the one side of the valley into deep shade, and brought out the other into equally strong light. Now and then a wain was heard moving up the steep parts of the road, cheered by the voices of a rustic cortège, whose red cowls would have been keenly appreciated by the eye of a painter. It was a beautiful scene, and a beautiful season—one of those opportunities which the heart sometimes finds to fall in upon itself in perfect satisfaction and repose. I was glad, however, when, after what I thought a too long delay, my carriage made its appearance. We pushed rapidly on towards the bottom of the lake, and were fortunate enough to reach it just as the steamer was about to move off, about nine o'clock.

It was a small and plainly-furnished vessel, which seemed to have exceedingly little custom, for there were not more than three other passengers; and as I only paid about 1s. 8d. for myself, servant, and carriage, the general receipts must be very small. The vessel is, however, conducted on so economical a principle, that comparatively few passengers must suffice to make it pay. A chatty old gentleman, who seemed to be the sole or chief owner, took me down to the engine-room, and showed me the pile of wood required for one of its voyages (sixteen English miles); it measured a fathom each way, and cost 4s. 6d. English! A good-looking, middle-aged woman, attended by a daughter, was there to furnish refreshments, and I supped at an expense ludicrously trifling. While light served, the view from the deck was fine, the immediate banks of the lake presenting slopes of intense green, divided into small farms, each provided with its snug little suite of wooden buildings; while over these spaces rose the dark, steep mountains, shaggy with rock and scrub. A little before midnight we arrived at the landing-place under Elstad station, which is situated pretty far up the hill-side, and to which it was necessary to send for horses to take up the carriage. Walking on before, I soon found myself at the house, but had some difficulty in attracting attention, as the inmates were all in bed. After a little trouble, a stout lass came and hustled about for the preparation of a couch in a very plain upper chamber, and I consigned myself to Morphens with all possible despatch, as it was necessary that I should be on the road at an early hour on the morrow.

Rising between six and seven, I found Elstad picturesquely situated on a prominence commanding extensive views of the valley. The house is black with age: the date 1670 appears by the door-cheek, showing that these wooden edifices are more durable than might be supposed. There is, however, no observable difference between this and more modern houses as regards the internal arrangements or the size of the apartments. All such things are stereotyped in Norway. We started at seven, and had a fine morning drive along the valley, which is enlivened by some cataracts of the river, and by the inpouring of two fierce side streams—the Vola and Fyre. At Oden, while they were procuring fresh horses, I obtained breakfast with some difficulty, using some tea of my own, but indebted to the house for sugar, eggs, and butter. The charge for all, besides Quist's breakfast, was a mark (9*jd.*); and it probably would have been less if I had not been regarded as an Englishman. In the space between this station and the next, at a place called Toostamona (spelt as pronounced), I found a detrital barrier across the valley, very much like that at Mosslius, but so little charged with large blocks, that I felt doubtful

whether it was a second moraine, the mark of a second position of the skirt of the glacier, or the spoils of some side stream, the product of a later though still ancient time. Things are now becoming very simple. The internal economy of the stations is manifestly getting more rude. When, after a stage is done, I give, at Quist's dictation, four or five skillings to the man who has come to take back the horses—and four or five skillings are only about three-halfpence—the poor fellow takes off his cowl, thrusts a huge coarse hand into the carriage to shake mine, and utters his ‘Tak, tak’ (thanks, thanks) with an empressment beaming in his honest visage which affects while it amuses me, it being impossible to see a fellow-creature so profoundly gratified by anything so trifling, without at once seeing that his share of the comforts of life must be small indeed, and feeling contrite at the recollection of the very slight impression which blessings incomparably greater make upon myself.

At Sletsvig occurs an undoubted ancient moraine, exactly like that at Mosslius, being composed of huge angular blocks mixed with clayey matter. As it lies opposite a side valley, which here comes in from the west, it may have been a product of that valley; though I am inclined to regard it rather as the accumulation left by the glacier of the Logan vale after it had shrunk up to this point. On the inner side, looking up the main valley, there is a bed of sand, evidently laid down by water, and which it seems allowable to regard as the memorial of a time when this moraine served as a barrier, confining the waters of the river in the form of a lake. In this part of the valley there is a system of irrigation extensively practised by means of wooden troughs laid down along the hill-sides. The cheapness of the material makes it of course highly available. On my journey to-day I met few persons of any kind: amongst these were children offering little platefuls of the wild strawberry for sale. A couple of skillings for a plateful was evidently received as a great prize. Owing apparently to a change in the stratification, the valley makes a rectangular bend at Viig—a word, by the way, expressive of a *bend*, being identical with Wick, which so often occurs in Britain in names of places signifying a bay. The Viig station, which is a superior one, is said to contain in its walls some of the timbers of the house in which St Olaf was born—a fact strange if true, seeing that this saint, who was a king of Norway, lived in the tenth century.

Having sent on no forebud to-day, I experienced some delay at each station while fresh horses were procuring from the neighbouring farmers. Leaving Quist to bring on the carriage from Solheim, I walked forward to examine at leisure the scene of a remarkable historical event in which some countrymen of mine were concerned. Above the junction of a tributary from the west, the valley of the Logan becomes still more contracted than formerly. The hill-side, steep to an unusual degree, and rough with large blocks fallen from above, descends to the left bank of the river, leaving no level stripe to form a road. The public road is, in fact, by a preference of circumstances, conducted along the hill-face fully a hundred feet above the stream. In the year 1612, when the king of Denmark and Norway was at war with the king of Sweden, a Colonel Mönichhofen was despatched to Scotland to hire troops for the assistance of the latter sovereign. He, with 1100 men, landed near Trondheim, and after an ineffectual attempt to surprise that city, made his way through Norway by Stordalen into Sweden. A second party of 900 men, under Colonel George Sinclair, landed a fortnight later at Romsdalen, and endeavoured to pass into Sweden by a different path. As all regular troops had been draughted away from Norway to fight the king of Denmark's battles, there seemed little likelihood of any difficulty being encountered on the march. The peasantry, however, became exasperated by the extortion of free provisions, and those of three parishes in this district assembled for the purpose of opposing the

Scotch. According to a Norwegian ballad, which has been spiritedly translated by David Vedder—

—‘the news flew east, the news flew west,
And north and south it flew;
Soon Norway's peasant chivalry
Their fathers' swords they drew.

The beacons blazed on every hill,
The fiery cross flew fast;
And the mountain warriors serried stood,
Fierce as the northern blast...

The hoors of Lessie, Vaage, and Froen,
Seized axe, and scythe, and brand—
“Foredoomed is every felon Scot
Who stains our native land!”’*

A guide in the interest of the peasants conducted the Scottish party towards the narrow defile which has been described. The peasants themselves were gathered in force on the mountains above. As it was impossible for them to see what was going on in the pass, they caused a man mounted on a white horse to pass to the other side of the river, and move a little way in front of the advancing enemy, that they might know when he was near at hand. At the same time a girl was placed on the other side of the Logan, to attract the attention of the Scots by sounding her rustic horn. When the unfortunate strangers had thus been led to the most suitable place, the boors tumbled down huge stones upon them from the mountain-top, destroying them, to use their own expression, like potsherds. Then descending with sword and gun, they completed the destruction of the Scots. There is a romantic story, which seems far from likely, that Sinclair had been accompanied on this occasion by his wife. It is added that a young lady of the neighbourhood, hearing of this, and anxious to save an innocent individual of her own sex, sent her lover to protect the lady in the impending assault. Mrs Sinclair, seeing him approach, and mistaking his object, shot him dead. Some accounts represent the immediate destruction of the Scottish party as complete, excepting only that two men escaped. One more probable states that sixty were taken prisoners, and kept by the peasants till next spring, when, provisions failing, and the government making no movement in the matter, the poor captives were put into a barn and murdered in cold blood, only two escaping, of whom one survived to be the progenitor of a family still dwelling in these wilds. Such were the circumstances of the bloody affair of Kringelen, to commemorate which a little wooden monument has been erected on the wayside, at the precise spot where the Scottish party was surprised. The grave of Sinclair is also pointed out in the neighbouring churchyard of Quilam. An inspection of the scene of the massacre gives a thrilling sense of the utterly desperate circumstances of the Scottish troops when beset by the Norwegian hoors. One looks round with horror on the blocks scattered along the hill-side, every one of which had destroyed a life. ‘Now all is peaceful, all is still,’ on the spot where this piece of savage warfare was acted, save that which only marks the general silence—the murmur of the river. Resting here for a while, I could not but enter a mental protest against the triumphant spirit with which the affair is still referred to by the Norwegians, seeing that the assailants fought at such advantage, not to speak of the safety in which they fought, that nothing but the grossest misconduct could have failed to give them a victory. The grace of a generous mercy would have been worth twice their boast. I walked on about a mile to a hamlet where there is a sort of rustic museum, devoted to keeping certain relics of the Scottishmen. In the inner chamber of a little cottage a woman showed me, ranged along a wall, five matchlocks, two of them very long, two Highland dirks, a broadsword, a spur, two powder flasks, the wooden tube of a drum, and a small iron-hooped box. The sight of these objects so near the scene of the

slaughter helps wonderfully to realise it; and it is impossible for a Scotsman at least to look on them without emotion. I thought, however, of the mercy of Providence, which causes the waves of time to close over the most terrible and the most distressing things, sweeping away all the suffering—exhaling calamity, as it were, into air—and leaving only perhaps a few tangible objects to remind us by association that ‘such things were.’

In the evening I arrived at Laugard, where it was necessary to spend the night.

R. C.

LONDON GOSSIP.

November, 1849.

The long vacation is over—cholera has flown away, or gone into winter quarters—the raising of blinds and unclosing of shutters in stylish streets indicate the return of families whose absence has been prolonged by fears of contagion—business, long stagnate, is reviving—street-traffic is resuming its wonted density—the new Lord Mayor has ‘showed’ himself, as of old—the November fogs are entombing us in their fuliginous darkness—all of which, whether fact, figure, or fancy, is an intimation that we are in the advent of another London season.

Butchers and bakers are of course busy under the influx of mouths, and not they alone, for booksellers are ‘looking up,’ and making proclamation of literary supplies. Some famous names are already announced—Guizot, Grote, and Lord Campbell in matters of history; Washington Irving in a trio of biographies of individuals so opposite in character—Washington, Mohammed, Goldsmith—as to make one imagine that Knickerbocker must have written all three at once, on the principle that change of work is as good as play. Reprints are in force; travels and adventures are not lacking; while fiction is as copious as ever, or more so, for we are promised a re-publication of the works of two well-known writers of romance in shilling and eighteenpenny volumes. Quite a boon this for travelling readers who love the exciting, and patronise railway libraries. Besides these, there is the usual inundation of pocket-books, almanacs, *et id genus omne*, which for a time urges printing-presses into preternatural activity. ‘Cooking up an almanac,’ as the old song has it, must be a profitable business; the ‘throwing off’ of that delightful periodical vouches for by ‘Francis Moore, physician,’ to the extent of hundreds of thousands, is divided among three of our ‘city’ printers—no small item in the Christmas bill. The wide sale of a work relying on credulity for its success is no compliment to the intelligence of the age; yet, as I myself know, there are hundreds of people, especially in rural districts, who would rather give up fifty pages of their Bible, than forego the almanac with its annual prognostications. Power-presses are kept constantly at work for weeks to supply the multifarious demand.

Among other literary gossip is Fredrika Bremer's visit to the United States. Perhaps the contrast to Scandinavian manners which she will there perceive, may have the effect of giving her a new inspiration, which by and by will awaken the sympathies of thousands on both sides of the Atlantic and in Northern Europe. Talking of the United States, reminds me that Mr Bancroft has taken up his residence in New York, and intends to devote himself to the completion of his history, in which, like our own Macaulay, he may possibly win higher honours, and effect more lasting good, than in active political life.

You have heard of the sultan's generosity towards a celebrated French writer. A large tract of land in the vicinity of Smyrna has been granted by his highness to M. de Lamartine, and it is said the author of a ‘Voyage en Orient’ will go out to take possession. A fact highly honourable to M. de Lamartine has lately come to my knowledge, and as it illustrates a point of character, I may communicate it. You are aware that the extemporised minister of foreign affairs has been compelled to sell his family estate of Macou to satisfy his creditors. Some of our members of the Peace Congress proposed, on their return home, to get

* See Tait's Edinburgh Magazine, September 1837, where the original ballad is also given.

up a subscription on this side the Channel, which should enable them to purchase the paternal acres, and restore them to their late owner. M. de Lamartine was written to on the subject, but declined to accept the proffered generosity, being 'determined to rely solely on his own literary exertions for the re-establishment of his affairs.' Such a resolution is worthy of all respect.

Some very curious and instructive facts have come to light in the evidence taken before the late parliamentary committee on public libraries; and the 'blue book' in which that is reproduced is one of the most valuable that have of late been published 'by authority.' Certain results come out which are said to make unfavourably against our country. For instance, the proportion of books in public libraries to every hundred of the population is, in Great Britain and Ireland, 63; while Russia and Portugal show from 76 to 80; Belgium, Spain, and Sardinia, 100; France, 129; Italy, 150; Austria and Hungary, 167; Prussia, 200; Sweden and Norway, 309; Denmark, 412; some of the smaller German states, 450. There has been a good deal of talk about this; but those who point to British deficiencies omit to inquire whether the books in countries so liberally furnished are really read by the people. The presence of books does not necessarily imply much reading; and if it were possible to poll real readers, there is reason to believe that the balance would be on the other side. We Britons are a domestic race; we like to see books on our own shelves, and to read them at home. It does not follow that a comparatively small number of public books betokens a deficient number of readers.

With the return of short days and long nights come the season's pursuits, pleasures, and recreations. Our twenty-two theatres are doing somewhat in the way of amusement: casinos, saloons, bowling-alleys (an importation from the United States), and exhibitions, are getting into full swing. Music—concerts and oratorios—is liberally furnished, of good quality, and at little cost. The improvement of public taste in the matter of sweet sounds within the past two or three years is not less striking than gratifying. But with the decline of coarseness, care must be taken to avoid the creation of a censorious fastidiousness: a willingness to be amused is by no means an unfavourable trait of character.

Mechanics' Institutes are publishing their programmes, and in several of these there are also signs of improvement. A course of fifteen or twenty lectures on as many different subjects is no longer considered as the most improving or desirable. Real instruction is not to be conveyed by such means; and now two or three suitable topics are to be chosen, and each discussed in a series of four, five, or six lectures. In this way we may hope that hearers will be able to carry home with them clear and definite ideas, instead of the meagre outline hitherto furnished.

Apropos of lectures: a striking characteristic of the time must not be overlooked. The attempts recently made towards a just acknowledgment and recognition of the worth and *status* of the working-classes in society have aroused similar efforts here in the metropolis. To mention only one instance: a course of lectures to working-men is to be delivered during the month of November, by gentlemen whose name and character are a guarantee for the value of their teachings. The subjects are—On the advantages possessed by the working-classes for their social advancement—On the importance of this advancement to the nation at large—On the franchise as a public trust—and On the favourable influence of religion on the intelligence, liberty, virtue, and prosperity of states. Each lecture, after having been given at the London Mechanics' Institute, Chancery-Lane, will be repeated the same week at Finsbury. The topics are good ones; and if the working-classes do really feel an upward tendency, now is the time to prove it.

Another fact which I must not forbear to notice is the 'Evening Classes for Young Men in London,' first set on foot last winter by several public-spirited clergymen and others. A few passages from the prospectus will not only explain the objects, but serve as a guide to those who

may wish to bestir themselves in similar efforts in other places. 'The range of subjects,' thus it proceeds, 'will be nearly the same as that adopted at King's College, London; but, generally speaking, of a more elementary character, so as to suit the requirements of young men whose time is otherwise much engaged. All young men of the metropolis and suburbs are admissible on producing a note of introduction from a clergyman, a subscriber, or a respectable householder, and paying 2s. 6d. per term for each class.... The year of study will be divided into three terms—Michaelmas, Lent, and Trinity; that is, from October to July, with short vacations at Christmas and Easter. A record of the attendance of pupils will be kept in each class: certificates of regular attendance can be obtained; and these may be found very useful in after-life, as indicative of steadiness of conduct, and of a wise application of leisure time.' There is a liberal spirit in this programme, which is no unimportant essential towards a realisation of the promoters' aim. As soon as twenty young men in any part of the metropolis unite to form a class, a teacher is appointed for them. For the present (Michaelmas) term there are more than forty such classes, the subjects of study being Hebrew, Greek, Latin, French, English; history, general, Scriptural, and ecclesiastical; natural philosophy, chemistry, mathematics, drawing, writing, and singing. When I tell you that Dr M'Caul conducts the Hebrew, and the Rev. C. Mackenzie the Greek class, you will be able to form a fair idea of the value of the instruction imparted. Besides the weekly class-lesson, a lecture, free to all the members, is given on two evenings of the week. Those who have long laboured to prove the rectifying and elevating influence of education, will take courage from the facts which I have here set down.

After this long discourse about learning and literature, I may turn to a few minor subjects of gossip. One is the Westminster improvements: the new line of street by which it is proposed to connect the royal palace at Pimlico and Belgravia with the grand centre of law and legislation, is now laid open nearly in its whole length. It is to be 30 feet wide; and with a view doubtless to its becoming the royal route, a good breadth of building-land has been reserved on each side. The making of this avenue has removed a mass of squalid dwellings, nests of filth and fever, which is of course a public benefit; but it is hard to imagine what becomes of the late squalid occupants; one can only suppose that they force themselves into dismal districts already too thickly peopled. Southey discovered the 'lost tribes,' and a few others, in London; and it would not be difficult to find a Dismal Swamp here as well as in Virginia.

Besides this, there is again talk of a new bridge at Westminster, to be built a little lower down the stream than the present unsightly structure, by which means a better view than at present will be obtained of the nine-acre legislative palace. We shall perhaps learn something definite on this pontine business when Sir John Burgoyne's report comes out. Meantime a 'lion' is not lacking; for sight-seers go to look at Mr Hope's new mansion at the corner of Down Street, Piccadilly. It is a magnificent building, in the Renaissance style, and makes one long to see whole streets of such architectural innovations on the dreary uniformity of West-end thoroughfares. With slight exceptions, the whole of the works have been executed by foreign workmen. Some silver-plate for the dining-rooms was 'on view' at the last exhibition by the Society of Arts, and was greatly admired by those who love revivals of ancient art.

Of course you have heard of the dismissal of the first Sewers' Commission, and the appointment of a new one, with Lord Ebrington as chairman? we must hope not without an intention of *real* work. The call for competing drainage-plans was answered by not less than 143 projects being sent in, among which no single one is found efficient; the schemes, in fact, comprise all sorts of possibilities and impossibilities. A good many are mere modifications or reproductions of the plan proposed by Mr J. Martin many years ago, which included a continuous sewer on each side of the Thames from Vauxhall to

Rotherhithe, to be surmounted by a terrace to serve as a public thoroughfare. Could this noble scheme be realised, Londoners would have what has long been a desideratum—a river promenade. Cleaning of streets and water-supply come in as part of the same subject: in some parishes bands of 'street orderlies,' as they are called, have been set to work. They wear a broad-brimmed, black-glazed hat, and a blue blouse, and in appearance remind one of the 'cantoniers' who work on the roads in France. The orderlies are provided with a broom and shovel, and remove all litter as fast as it accumulates. So well do they do their work, that crossing-sweepers are not needed in their districts. As regards water, it is a prime subject of discussion at present, and it is to be hoped that something will come of it. Several schemes are advocated: to bring water from the Thames at Henley, some thirty miles distant; to tap Bala Lake, and so introduce the pure element from North Wales; to bore Artesian wells. If Bala will give us all we want, in name of the Naiads let us have it! for those who are learned in subterranea declare the Artesian supply to be an impossibility, and we don't want to drink the out-poured refuse of Reading or Henley. At all events, the Duke of Wellington has authorised the sinking of an Artesian well within the precincts of the Tower, that the garrison may, for once in their lives, know the taste of good water. It will be a proud day for Cockneydom when it ceases to drink the superflux of sewers and cess-pools!

Touching miscellaneous matters, there is the machine for making envelopes lately invented at Birmingham, where it was exhibited to several members of the British Association. It is constructed on the pneumatic principle, is beautifully simple and effective, and can be produced at a cost of £25. You are to imagine the prepared sheets of which the envelopes are to be formed placed in a small chamber or receptacle, upon which a bellows-box descends, lifts off the upper sheet, transfers it to a mould, which gives the size, and pinches the corners; then, instead of metallic thumbs to rub down each angular flap, a blast of air enters and effects the purpose; away goes the envelop to be gummed, and drops finished into the receiver, at a rate, it is said, exceeding anything yet accomplished. Then there are Professor Schroeter's experiments on phosphorus, producing what he calls the 'allotropic condition.' In few words, when exposed to light and heat of different temperatures, phosphorus undergoes remarkable changes; no real chemical alteration takes place, yet there seems to be an entire conversion into other substances. One effect of the modifications is to render the manipulation of phosphorus harmless without destroying its properties; and the professor, more fortunate than scientific men generally, has received a liberal sum from a Birmingham manufacturer as the price of his discovery. And last, what think you of a mechanical leech, to supersede the little black snake which so often makes patients shudder? A scientific instrument with such a name has been invented by M. Alexander, a civil engineer in Paris. It has been tried in some of the hospitals, and according to the reports, is a more effectual leech than the natural one.

In a former 'gossip' I mentioned Dr Mantell and his iguanodon: he (the doctor, not the reptile) has a batch of new 'Wonders of Geology.' An arm-bone of a *saurian*, nearly five feet in length, the original possessor of which must have been as much larger than the iguanodon as the latter is than a modern crocodile: the monster is to be called the *Colosse-saurus*. In addition there is a 'consignment' of *dinornis* bones from New Zealand, still further exemplifying the gigantic scale of pre-Adamite creation. They will doubtless be brought before the public in some of the doctor's popular lectures.

The return of Sir James Ross and Sir John Richardson from the Arctic regions without any intelligence of Franklin and his adventurous band of explorers has created both surprise and pain. Sir James, it appears, was driven home by ice-drifts against his will and against his instructions, and the consequence will be another expedition next spring, should nothing in the meantime

be heard of Sir John Franklin by way of Behring's Straits or Russia. Notwithstanding the sums already lavished on these next to useless expeditions, a search must still be made for the party who have now been four years exposed to polar frosts.

A CHEAP CLASS OF RAILWAYS.

A short time ago (October 13) we took occasion, in speaking of the present railway system, to hint at the possibility of constructing a class of useful railways, auxiliary to the great lines, at a very moderate expense. Our observations have drawn the attention of the conductors of 'Herapath's Railway Journal' to the subject, which is discussed by them in two able articles (Nov. 3 and 10), of which we take the liberty of offering an analysis, along with some general remarks.

The first thing noticed by Herapath is the unnecessarily large cost at which most of the existing railways have been constructed. While the railway mania lasted, cost was of inferior consideration. In the inordinate hurry of the moment, engineers gave only a rapid glance at the proposed route; they thought nothing of tunnelling hills and crossing deep valleys, rather than go a mile or two out of their way; and then, to avoid local opposition, or to promote local jobbing in land, enormous sums were recklessly promised or expended. 'To show how lines are projected,' says Herapath, 'we remember that there was one for which a bill was actively and zealously prosecuted in parliament in the eventful year 1845, which tunneled and cut nearly all the way from Liverpool to Leeds. From the extent of its works, this line, though not a very long one, would have taken fifteen or twenty years to make. At the head of this hopeful project was an engineer ranking high amongst the talents of the day, a gentleman who had made one of our longest railways, and in support of it as a feasible project it numbered amongst its directors or committeemen gentlemen of the first respectability. It narrowly escaped the sanction of the legislature, which would no doubt have been granted had not a strong opposition been raised to it by parties interested in a competing line. But even where there is opposition to expose merits and demerits, it is not always that parliament can be depended upon to sanction the better of two lines proposed; the best line remains most likely undiscovered by engineers. In the case of the Brighton line, of three proposed, parliament actually selected the worst, the most expensive, and the shortest only by a trifling distance. There was a route proposed, which, passing through a natural gap in the hills, avoided the necessity of tunnelling, and the enormous outlay and permanent inconvenience consequent upon it. This superior route parliament discountenanced, and favoured the present long-tunnelled and costly line.' The parliamentary expenses, caused by the opposition of rival companies and landowners, told also most seriously on the initiatory cost of the lines. 'There probably never was a bill passed without having to encounter great opposition, because there probably never was a bill for a railway prosecuted in quiet ordinary times. There must be, it would seem, a *mania* to bring forth railways, and then all the world comes out with railway schemes. It is opposition which engenders expense; and a mania is the hotbed for the raising of opposition. One of our railway companies had to fight so hard for their bill, that they found, when at length they reached the last stage—namely, that of receiving the royal assent—that their parliamentary expenses had mounted up to half a million of money. Half a million of money spent in barely acquiring from parliament the right of making a line of railway which is to confer a benefit on the nation! Such is the fact. Without opposition, the same bill would have been passed into an act at a cost not worth naming by the side of that enormous sum.'

The result of all this was, that the cost of constructing railways went far beyond what was warranted by prospects of traffic; and in point of fact, had the traffic not turned out to be greater than was contemplated by the

projectors, scarcely a railway in the country would ever have paid a shilling of profit. The usual expense of construction and putting in working order—all outlays included—was £30,000 to £40,000 per mile; some lines were executed at £20,000 per mile; but in several instances the cost was as high as £300,000 per mile. The mere parliamentary expenses of some lines were £5,000 per mile; and a railway got well off at £1,000 per mile for expenses of this nature. But the primary cost of railways is only one element of calculation as respects the chances of profit: another large item is the expense of working. It is now discovered that a railway cannot be worked, to be at all efficient, under the present heavy locomotive system, at a less cost than £700 per mile per annum. 'Several branch lines owned by wealthy companies,' says Herapath, 'do not receive more than £500 per mile per annum, while the expense of working them cannot be less than £700 per mile per annum. Here the loss is £200 per mile per annum in addition to the loss of the capital expended' for construction. 'The [present] locomotive railway system is of too costly a character to admit of every town having its railway. It is too costly in working as well as in construction. A vast number of places have not traffic sufficient to support railways, though the capital cost of them should be nothing. The working of trains is too expensive to allow of any profit being derived from the traffic conveyed.'

The announcement of these truths brings us to the consideration of a new and cheaper kind of railway system. It will naturally occur to every one that there are towns and districts which might find a paying traffic for some species of thoroughfare superior to what is afforded by a common road. A road is a general pathway on which so many cart-loads of stones are laid down to be ground to mud annually, at great labour to horses, and no small pain and loss of time and money to passengers. The way they are supported by toll-bar exactions is in itself a pure barbarism. It is not an advance beyond the rudest stage of social economy. We pity towns that are cut off from the general intercourse of the world by so miserable a class of thoroughfares; and the question we propound is—whether something better, yet not so stupendous as ordinary railways, could be brought into operation? We think there could; yet only provided certain concessions were made. The following is what we propose:—

Railways to be constructed with only one line. The rails to be of a somewhat lighter make than those ordinarily employed. The routes to be accommodated, as far as possible, to the nature of the country. Tunnels, deep cuttings, high embankments, and expensive viaducts, to be avoided. The best levels to be chosen, even although the route should be some miles divergent. No sidings of any kind, so that local superintendence to shift points would be altogether avoided. Small locomotives, of not more than ten-horse power, to be employed. Light omnibuses for passengers, and light wagons for goods, only to be used. On the supposition that the lines of this nature shall be made only of from ten to twenty miles in length (larger lines not being immediately contemplated), there ought on no account to be more than one locomotive in use: if there were a second, it should only be as a reserve in case of accidents. This rule for locomotives to form a main feature in the whole plan. The locomotive, with its one or two omnibuses for passengers, or its short train of wagons, or with omnibuses and wagons mixed, to be kept almost constantly going. Instead of standing during long intervals doing nothing, with its steam ineconomically escaping, and its driver idle, let it be on the move, if necessary, the whole twenty-four hours. As soon as it comes in at one terminus, let it return to the other. Let it, in short, do all the work that is to be done; and as by this means there can be only one train at a time in operation, so there can never be any collisions, and sidings would be useless. The speed to be regulated according to circumstances. Trains with coal, lime, or other heavy articles, may go at the rate of six or eight miles an hour; those with passengers may proceed at an accelerated rate of

twelve to fifteen miles, which we anticipate to be a sufficient maximum speed for railways of this kind, and more would not be expected. The width or gauge might be that commonly employed, and the lines might be in connection with the existing railways. But we would not consider it indispensable for the light trains here spoken of to run into the main lines. It might be proper to run the same wagons on both; but the shifting of passengers would be of less importance. At present, people shift into stage-coaches at certain stations, and they would have no greater trouble in shifting into the omnibuses on the single branch lines. To leave nothing untried as regards saving in the working expenses, it might be preferable to have no station clerks. Stations need only be covered sheds, to afford shelter from the weather; and instead of a class of clerks and porters fixed to a spot, a conductor to sell tickets, and a porter as an assistant, might travel with every train.

Such are the leading features of a plan for establishing cheap railways. If no fallacy lurk under our calculations, the expense of working such lines would be comparatively small. The number of attendants would be on the most moderate scale, and so likewise would be the amount of the engines and carriages in active operation. Possibly, in some instances, horse-power would be preferable to that of steam; but on this point it is needless to say much, for the question would be determined by circumstances. Herapath seems to indicate that horse-power might be deemed sufficient in the first instance. He observes, 'It is probable that on railways of the character recommended for local purposes the average traction would be about one-tenth of the common road traction. One horse on a local railway would therefore draw as much as ten on a common road, perhaps more. But even this gives a great advantage over the common road. Horses, in the room of the heavy locomotives now in use, would effect great saving, in carrying a limited amount of traffic, in working, as well as in the repairs of the permanent way. Should the traffic of these local lines increase much, it may then become advisable to put on light locomotives equal to the duty. Improvements are every day being made in the locomotive; and it is highly probable that in course of time we shall have light locomotives fit for the working of branch lines, where there is but a meagre supply of traffic, and where the expense of the giant locomotive now in use cannot be borne.'

The only matters remaining to be discussed are the mode and cost of construction. It may be as well to say at once, that unless the landowners and general inhabitants of a district cordially concur in establishing such lines, they cannot be made, and the whole project falls to the ground. It must be regarded in every instance as assumed, that the parties locally interested wish for the lines, and will earnestly, and without selfishness, promote their execution. It will, we believe, be very generally found that on a line of ten to twenty miles in length there are not more than six to eight principal landowners. We could mention instances in which lines would go six miles over one person's property. In a variety of cases the lines might run for certain distances alongside the public roads, so as to cause the least possible damage to property or general amenity. In any case, supposing that nothing more than the fair price of the land taken is to be paid for—no contest in parliament, and no great works to be attempted—it is reasonable to conclude that the first cost of the lines would be little more than a tenth of what is ordinarily charged. According to Herapath—'instead of £30,000, £40,000, or £50,000 a mile, the cost of a town's or landowner's branch line, constructed on the above principle, would only be a few thousands—probably as low as £2,000, £3,000, or £4,000 a mile. The expense, however, would vary according to the nature of the country to be traversed. Where the ground is flat and sound (not boggy) the expense would be lightest. But in each case an estimate could ascertain—not to a nicety, but nearly—what a line would cost.' We should advise that, prior to entering upon the construction of a line, the parties

should carefully estimate the cost of construction, the charges for working—say by horses—and thus see, before they commenced, that there was no chance of their being on the wrong side. We imagine that lines constructed and worked so cheaply as these would be, would pay well; in dividend far outrival their more costly connections, the great locomotive lines. A wide field is here opened for legitimate and safe speculation; for benefiting all parties, if it be only properly carried out. To raise funds for this purpose, the townspeople and landowners could form themselves into partnerships or companies. We have no doubt they would amply benefit their pockets in a direct manner, by the profitable return such a railway would make upon its capital, as well as obtain railway communications which would enhance the value of their estates and the importance of their towns.'

With these explanations, the subject may be left in the hands of the public. Only one obstacle seems to present itself—and that is the present disheartened condition of the country respecting all railway schemes whatever. On this account projects such as we speak of would have a difficulty in obtaining a hearing. At the same time, the penalties of neglecting opportunities must be borne in mind. To conclude in the words of Herapath:—"The local parties interested in lines of this description should not delay directing their attention to the subject; for while they are waiting and dreaming, the trade of their towns may permanently pass away from them, and centre in places provided with railway accommodation. Trade remains with a place for a long time after another place has possessed itself of superior advantages for carrying it on; but when it *has* passed away, owing to neglect to retain it, it is almost impossible to regain it. Certainly, it may be said, the sooner the inhabitants of isolated places in want of railway communication bestir themselves in this matter, the better for their own interests. In self-defence they will be called upon in the course of years to do so; when they find their trade slipping through their fingers they *must* have railways; and as railway companies will never be allowed to do it for them, they must needs make the lines themselves. Is it not better to set about this work before it is a matter of necessity, before they lose their business, and before others take it away? To our mind there is not a doubt of the propriety of local parties attending to this notice at once; not in haste, but with deliberate judgment, reviewing the local position in which they stand, the capability of forming a cheap line, and the advantages of it both directly and indirectly to themselves."

W. C.

CURIOS PECULIARITY IN THE ELEPHANT.

The Bombay Times notices a paper by Dr Impey in the 'Transactions of the Bombay Medical and Physical Society,' containing an account of the rise of a malignant pustule from contact with the flesh of a dead elephant. It furnishes a curious new fact in the natural history of the animal. 'It is so seldom,' says the Bombay Times, 'that tame elephants amongst us die from natural causes, or under such circumstances as permit of dissection, that this peculiarity of the carcass has not, we believe, till now been described, though perfectly well known to the natives. A baggage elephant accompanying the third troop of horse artillery having died on the march betwixt Mhow and Poona at the commencement of the hot season of 1846, the elephant was cut up by some of the artillermen and attendants, under the supervision of Dr Impey, to see, if possible, to determine the cause of its death. The *moocher* was ordered to work amongst the rest, but could not be induced to touch the carcass until he had smared his hands and arms with oil, assigning as the reason of his aversion the certainty of disease supervening, and its liability periodically to attack those who had once suffered from it. This at the time was heartily ridiculed; but the laugh was on the *moocher's* side when every man employed in the dissection but himself was two days afterwards attacked with acute disease. The character of this was at first purely local: the pain felt like that arising from the bite of a venomous insect; it was accompanied by slight local inflammation. This soon extended, and became a sore,

These deepened to the bone, and extended on all sides, manifesting a remarkable degree of sluggishness and inactivity. Fever accompanied the earlier symptoms, exhibiting a remittent type, and being most severe towards the evening. After a fortnight, secondary fever appeared, and three weeks elapsed before the sores could be healed up. The patient had by this time become emaciated, sallow, and enervated, so that active dietetic measures required to be taken for his restoration.'

DIG DEEP TO FIND THE GOLD.

Dost thou seek the treasures hidden

Within earth's rocky bed,

The diamond for beauty's tresses,

Gems for the queenly head?

'Tis not on the dewy surface

That they their rays unfold,

But far in the distant hollows—

Dig deep to find the gold.

Dost thou long thy fields should brighten

With golden harvest ears,

And thy pastures yield in verdure

Riches for coming years?

Then dream not that while you linger

Earth's bounty you'll behold;

But strive, and win her treasures—

Dig deep to find the gold.

Dost thou sigh for wealth of knowledge,

The riches of ages past,

And o'er the bright world of science

Thy longing glances cast?

With love and zeal undaunted,

Seek for the wealth untold,

In the soul-lit mines of genius

Dig deep to find the gold.

C. T.

SCOTLAND IN ENGLAND.

The great annual Caledonian Ball is soon to come off with its accustomed splendour; the Scottish National pastimes and fêtes are to be celebrated under the most influential auspices; and the [late] Scotch Lord Mayor continues to keep up the national character for hospitality with unwonted liberality and *éclat*. A Scotch nobleman has won the Derby, an achievement surpassing, in the estimation of the Cockneys, all the exploits of Lord Gough. Another Scotch nobleman has added the splendid territory of the Five Rivers to the British empire in India; and a third is wisely, and ably, and approvingly, suppressing rebellion in Canada. Two Scotch noblemen made the best speeches, *pro and con*, on the Navigation-laws. The temporary absence from illness of one Scotch member (Hume) from the Commons is generally lamented. Scotch music is heard and applauded in the streets despite of the *dilettanti* and tramontane attractions of Albion and Lablaebo; and Scotch steamers are universally allowed to be the finest models of marine architecture in the river. From the stone bridges over the Thames—nearly all built [of Scotch stones] by Scotchmen—you are perpetually reminded of the genius of James Watt. Scotch banking is getting more into vogue, and is trenching on the originally Scotch organised Bank of England. Scotch cakes, Scotch shortbread, Scotch gingerbread, Edinburgh buns, and Selkirk bannocks, Scotch whisky, ale, salmon, herrings, haddock, and oats, maintain their accustomed supremacy. Scotch plaids and tartans are in the windows of every clothier, draper, and tailor's shop; and you scarcely meet a smart female in the streets without some part at least of her person being decorated in tartan array. In the printshop windows you see the departure of the 'Highland Drove'—the Illicit Still on the mountain-side—the Stag at Bay—the Lassie herding Sheep, in juxtaposition with her Majesty the Queen and her Court at the Coronation.—*London Correspondent of Inverness Courier.*

[Might we be permitted to add, in the most delicate way possible, that little is now read but Scotch periodicals! The only thing which seems to keep patriotically at home is Scotch sectarianism.]

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TRACINGS OF THE NORTH OF EUROPE.

THE DOVRE FIELD.

MR LAING, who spent some days at Laurgaard, gives such a favourable account of it as a sort of Norwegian Arcadia, replenished with milk, strawberries, trouts, and so forth, that I was curious to experience its hospitalities. I quickly found my way to a detached chamber, which he describes with great minuteness as a neat and comfortable place, and within an hour a meal was spread on the board before me. When I looked round the plain little room, furnished with two deal curtainless beds, and observed the homely old landlady coolly tasting with her fingers one of the dishes which she was about to remove, quietly conversing with me all the time, I felt inclined to speak more moderately of travelling in Norway than Mr Laing has done. This was not the only instance in which I found things painted somewhat too attractively in the 'Residence in Norway.' The Norwegians themselves acknowledge that Mr Laing has been partial with respect to them and their country. The Laurgaard station seems, on the whole, a poor one: yet there was good coffee, along with superb cream, at breakfast next morning. The former article is used to an immense amount in Norway, and is generally good. The latter may be described as the one redeeming gastronomic feature of the country. It is an article, by the bye, which civilisation does not, perhaps cannot improve. Bear witness, London, where no mortal living has a true personal acquaintance with the genuine products of the dairy! This is one point in which barbarism must be admitted to have the advantage. Civilisation, it may be said sententiously, sophisticates butter, and annihilates cream.

Something set me a-thinking this morning on the value of Norway to the antiquarian traveller, as presenting an unchanged picture of an ancient state of things and of ancient life—the country no more cultivated than ever it was, the houses of the same form and material as they ever have been, the people dressing much as they have done for ages, and thinking as men thought in the days of old. It is affecting to reflect on the eternal sameness of the human condition in this country. One generation simply supersedes another—is merely a link in the chain of our specific immortality—does not advance upon it—or become in anyway distinguished from others. The life of the individual is thus more touchingly presented than in other circumstances. It appears more as the one waking day between the two long sleeps.

At Laurgaard the mountains begin to be more lofty; some to the westward are 6000 feet above the sea. The road, after passing the station, enters a deep, narrow, rocky passage called Gulbrandsdalén, beyond which we advance into a comparatively open district of hill

and valley, lying very high, being in fact the summit of the Dovre Field. Now at Laurgaard, it is seventy miles from Mosslius, where the first ancient moraine of the Logan valley occurs.* A second we have seen at Sletsvig. All along the valley between Mosslius and Laurgaard large blocks are seen lying about. One isolated cubical mass I measured, and found to be 45 feet by 24, and about 15 feet high. These have probably been left by the glacier in retiring; for it is evident from their position that they cannot have fallen from the neighbouring hill-faces. At Laurgaard, a *third* ancient moraine, and one much larger than any of the two former, appears. It is, in reality, a kind of mountain—a pile of huge stones, standing quite out from the sides of the valley, and perfectly distinct from the talus of comparatively small blocks which rests thereon, the modern product of the cliff above. Presently, as we enter the pass, we see that this tremendous pile is connected with certain long sloping terraces composed of detached blocks, which mark the left side of the valley at two different elevations. All the way through the pass we see such piles laid in terrace fashion along the hill-sides. At one place called Rooskalen they are three in number, and the road descends from one to another after passing a little way along each. Altogether, it is a marvellous exhibition of the work of ancient ice. At the same time, the rocks far up the mountain-sides are rounded or mammillated in the usual fashion, insomuch that the trees with difficulty get a footing amongst them. This, it appears, has been a grand though confined passage for the outlet of the mass of permanent snow now shrunk up to the tops of the highest mountains. At one period the glacial stream has gone as far down as Mosslius; at another and subsequent time it has stopped short at Sletsvig; at a third, it has only been able to disgorge its charge of stones at Laurgaard; and so on. I trust it is not superfluous, even to the most unscientific traveller, to describe these objects so minutely. I found that the tracing of them served exceedingly well to beguile the tedium of a road generally deficient in objects of interest, and which would have otherwise been dull.

It was not later than six o'clock when I started from Laurgaard, designing to have a long day's travel, and to surmount the Dovre Field. Although the sun was three hours up, the inn and neighbouring fields still lay beneath the deep shade of the mountain to the eastward. It was exhilarating, half an hour after, to dash into the bright sunshine at the entrance to Gulbrands-

* The surface of the moraine at Mosslius is 720 feet above the sea. The Laurgaard post-station is 1060 above the same point. Here, as throughout the ensuing pages, English measure is used, the authority followed being that of Mr Keilhau, in his laborious work entitled *Gaea Norvegica*.

dalen, which I found to be a piece of valley scenery rivalling the Pass of Killiecrankie. But here we were quickly brought to a moderate pace. From the steepness of the valley-sides near the river, it has been found necessary to carry the road high up the hill-face, and at a considerable inclination. While walking, in tenderness to the horses, I measured the ascent at many places, and found it equal to the severe inclination of the road at Christiania already described, being 16 degrees, or a rise of 1 in 34. At home I would have believed such gradients impracticable, but the bold engineering, or rather the no-engineering of Norway, showed me the contrary. The scenery was superb, and its solitude unbroken save by one small cottage, near which I met a poor old woman, its only tenant, gathering a breakfast of herbs. The air filling the profound hollow was palpable in its intense brightness, like some fine liquor; yet it was not perfectly pure, for insects floated along, and there was also a refined dust now and then visible, possibly the spores of cryptogamic vegetation.

I learned at the second station onward that my forebud, a young man, had walked all the way (13½ miles) during the night, in order to give notice of horses being wanted, looking for nothing beyond the usual remuneration, which was about 1s. 7d.

Early in the forenoon I left the valley of the Logan, in order to pass over the Dovre Field. The upper part of the valley has some remarkable features. It ends in a lake called Lässöverks-Vand, which reposes in the summit-level of the country between Gulbrandsdalen and Romsdalen. This lake has an issue at each end, one stream being the Logan; the other passes through Romsdalen, and falls into the Northern Ocean at Molde. Thus Norway may be said to be divided into two parts by a continuous tract of natural water. For many miles of the upper part of the Logan Vale there are lofty terraces and isolated mounds composed of a fine sand, and very much resembling formations which I have traced near the summit-level of various similar *valleys of passage* in Scotland, this term being one which I have ventured to apply to hollows not forming an ascent to high grounds, as river valleys usually do, but penetrating high grounds from side to side. Such valleys were the basins of sounds when the sea was at a higher relative level, and the deposits are the siltings produced by the sea in that situation. The tract we are now speaking of is eminently a sandy one. So abundant is this material, that there is a positive difficulty in carrying the road over it, and at one place, where it assumes the character of a quicksand, the mail cart has occasionally, in rainy weather, been detained a day for want of firm footing. On one of the isolated mounts of sand, Dovre parish church bears its picturesque form, clothed all over with slates bound together with iron. Though Dovre kirk is 1543 feet above the sea, the neighbouring hill-sides are studded with little farms, and the whole district is evidently very populous. In the British islands, I may remark, there is no such abundant population at above half the elevation. It is the warm, though brief summer, which enables man to find a subsistence in Norway on so high a platform of country. In addition to the many sandy terraces at different and indeterminate heights, I discovered one of a much more remarkable character, passing along both sides of the valley for fully twenty miles, always at one elevation, and specifically identical as a terrace with the celebrated *roads* of Glenroy in Inverness-shire. It first became visible at a place called Oue (pronounced *Ouya*), on the west side of the valley, where it truncates the ancient delta of a side stream far up the mountain-side. It is seen thence passing along through the scraggy woods without any interruption, till, on our turning out of the valley, we lose sight of it among the high grounds near Lässö Lake. On the east side of the valley, perhaps 150 feet above the level of the road at Lie Station, I could distinctly trace this terrace by its hummocks of water-laid sand, and the farm-

houses perched on its favourable points. A long series of hamlets on the road to Molde is placed upon it. As an object in physical geography, in its form, its uniform level on both sides of the vale, and its relation to the lakes at the summit-level, this terrace precisely resembles the lowest of the Glenroy terraces as it approaches Loch Laggan. It must, however, be more than twice the elevation above the level of the sea.

We now passed over a high open valley, presenting that sort of dismal moorland scene which is so common in the upper grounds in the Scottish Highlands. Trees were now reduced to scrub; but near the wayside we saw great peat *hags*, containing large trunks which betokened a heartier vegetation in past times—a phenomenon also common in our Highlands. It seemed as if, after the period of extended glaciers, there had been a time of genial climate for these high grounds, perhaps arising from their being temporarily at a lower relative level. Here, too, even thus high, the exposed surfaces of rock exhibited polishing and scratching. For the present, the temperature of the district was as mild as could be wished. At Fogstuen Station, which is 3241 English feet above the level of the sea, I was faint, while taking advantage of the pause for horses, to retreat for shade to the side of a bridge to scribble a few notes. Yet patches of snow were lying in nooks not far from the road. I much question if worthy Mr Maepherson, the innkeeper at Dalwhinnie, ever in his life knew so hot a day at that most elevated of Scottish inns, although it is considerably less than half the height of Fogstuen.

This station being a quarter of a mile from the road, I did not go up to it; but I was amused, when the horses were getting harnessed, to observe the group which had come from the house to gaze upon the English stranger. It consisted of five women, four men, two boys, and an infant in arms, doubtless the entire strength of the station. It was a treat to observe the look of awe-struck gratitude of the poor horse-boy when Quist put three skillings (rigidly the eighth part of 9½d.) into his hand by way of *dricka-pinge*. Such a look one might have expected from a faithful old butler in England on his master informing him that he had settled a retiring pension upon him for life. I mention these things because they struck me as significant of the very limited acquaintance which the Norwegian peasantry have with money. They remind one of the stories told of the Highlanders in Prince Charles's army in 1745, who, in their march through the Lowlands, would hold out their guns threateningly, and being asked what they wanted, answered, 'A penny!' which being given them, they recovered arms, and went away content. My own inclination always was to give sums more conformable to English usages; but, being reminded by Quist that it was entirely a piece of gratuitous benevolence, as the true remuneration of the man was involved in that for the horses, and finding Quist, moreover, under an impression that the ordinary payments were rather more than they ought to be (things being generally cheaper in Sweden than in Norway), I compelled myself to leave the matter much in his hands. Perhaps, too, it would scarcely be justice to future travellers to change the ideas of the people as to this class of gratuities. Their simplicity is at present beautiful to contemplate, and 'why should I undo it?' The honesty of the peasantry on this very road is illustrated by a circumstance which was related to me by an English traveller not above a month after it happened. Having tied up thirty sovereigns insecurely in his carpet-bag, and imprudently arranged the bag with its mouth downwards on a carriage, he found, on arriving at a particular station, that twenty-four of the coins had made their escape. Before it was possible to make any announcement on the subject, a peasant, the son of a small farmer, came to the inn, and gave up eighteen of the sovereigns, which he had found at intervals along the road. The bearing of the man, and the act itself, left no room to doubt that he had surrendered every coin which he had found; and indeed the wonder is, that

he had found so large a proportion as the three-fourths of those missing. The worthy fellow looked only to the reward customary in such cases in Norway, amounting to about two pounds, which the gentleman gave in specie dollars, as the coin most convenient for the receiver. He seemed, however, to have an inadequate idea of the value of the money, and immediately after, with a simplicity which there was no resisting, he came and asked for one of the sovereigns, which he said he would much like to keep as a memorial of the event!

The Lie and Fogstuen Stations, and three farther on, were established so long ago as 1120, with some peculiar privileges, to make the keeping of them worth while, as otherwise there could be no such places of entertainment for travellers in so desolate a region. Being connected with good farms, they are in the hands of persons far above humble circumstances. Near Fogstuen I observed some houses at a still higher elevation, and a few others not less elevated were within sight in Gulbrandsdalen; but these, I was told, are only inhabited in summer. They are examples of a kind of establishment called a *Soeter*, common all over Norway, and which either had or has a parallel in the Scottish Highlands, being connected with grazing-grounds where the cattle are kept in summer, in order to save as much as possible of the fodder raised in the low grounds for use during the winter. Tidemand, the Wilkie of Norway, has a pleasant picture descriptive of the march of a family to the *Soeter*. ‘It is a delightful moment,’ we are told, ‘when, at the end of the long winter, the joyous cry, “Till Soeters!” is heard from every mouth. . . . It is quite a fit when they go to these summer stations. There the days pass smoothly along, one like another, while the people tend the herds, make butter and cheese, and gather berries and wild-flowers. From time to time they receive visits of the inhabitants of the valleys, and from travelling strangers. But the grand fêtes of the *Soeters* do not commence till near the end of summer, when, the labours of the low country being over, the men and boys come there to feed their horses, and fish in the mountain lakes. They then indulge in national dances, seen at no other time, and which, one would think, it requires sinews of iron to go through with. Meanwhile no one is left to take care of the house at home, but some old person who has ceased to be able to climb the mountains.’* One can imagine ample scope for the pastoral poet in these charming scenes of natural primitive life.

The next stage continues to pass along the high moorish grounds already described; and now we have the mountain of Snaehatte and others, covered with eternal snow, at the distance of a few miles to the left. Though Snaehatte is 7614 feet high, much of its effect is lost, because, as a detached hill starting from the table-land over which we are passing, it does not tell as above half that height. It is, nevertheless, a fine object, the sides being in some places so steep, that the snow cannot lie upon them. Once considered as the first mountain in Norway, it now ranks only second, there being one called Skagstöls Tind on the west coast, one point of which is stated at 8087. After passing many miles over a dreary wilderness, where not a human habitation is to be seen, nor any vegetation superior to brushwood, it is with a feeling of relief that one drives through an arch into a group of buildings forming the station of Jerkind, which hangs on the skirt of the ridge forming the summit of the country at this point. One naturally expects great rudeness at a solitary habitation placed in so wintry a region, and so far from the haunts of men; somewhat unexpectedly he finds several neatly-appointed chambers, in one of which a comfortable meal is served up to him. He sees all the symptoms of a thriving mountain-farm, and sensible, happy-looking people engaged in their various duties. I was indulged with a sight of the *kleid kammer*, a room devoted, as is customary in Norway, to the keeping of the clothes of

the family. A wonderful variety of male and female attire hung round the walls; but what chiefly interested me was an assortment of voluminous cloaks and pelisses of bear and wolves' skins for winter travelling—an apparatus conveying a striking idea of the exigencies of the climate in this northern latitude. As at some other lonely stations, I here found that the landlord amuses himself in winter with carving in wood, and some of his productions of this kind were not devoid of a certain cleverness, though very much inferior to the pretty carvings which are executed at so many places in Switzerland. He rears horses upon a considerable scale, and the groups of nags seen here and there about the fields are of some avail in dispelling the sense of melancholy arising from the scene. Sportsmen haunt Jerkind in summer for the sake of the game, which is here rather more abundant and reachable than is usual in Norway. Trout, deer, and even occasionally elk, add to the attractions of the place as a scene of amusement. A man named Per, who must be a person of extraordinary character, acts as a guide and assistant to the Jerkind sportsmen: his house, the only one in the district besides the stations, is perched on the skirts of Snaehatte, and there he lives with his wife and children throughout the whole year, the nearest approach to the perfect romance of hunting-life which is now perhaps attainable.

It was late in the afternoon when I set out from Jerkind on foot, it being out of the question to think of being driven over a hill of such steepness. I was now about 4000 feet above the sea-level; yet the upturned edges of the schistous rocks were everywhere seen cut sharp through, and the surfaces polished and striated in the down-hill direction, or from north-east to south-west. Upon these surfaces travelled blocks of gneiss reposed. It would be worth while to inquire after their original seat, as upon that some curious conclusions might depend. The summit-level of the road is said to be 4105 feet above the sea, being nearly as high as the loftiest mountain in the British islands. Nevertheless I passed it sitting in an open carriage, without a coat of any kind but a thin linen blouse, and feeling my face all the time half-blistered with heat. Snaehatte looked well here, presenting an open, broken part, like the ruins of some Titanic structure half-shrouded in snow.

We now descended through a great basin of naked uplands, beside dashing streams and hopeless morasses, towards Kongsvold. In passing along, I overtook two youths who had been fishing in the infant river Driv. I found the fish-basket of one of them formed of very simple materials, yet tolerably neat. It consisted mainly of a piece of birch bark, a section of the entire girth of a small tree, about nine inches long. This had been cut open, and fitted upon two elliptical pieces of wood serving as ends, and from which there was a strap to carry it by over the shoulder. A little carved wooden box, having a sliding shutter, held the bait of the young angler; for, I may remark, fly-fishing is unknown in Norway, except where introduced by the English. In ‘Murray’s Hand-Book’ there is a story of a simple Norwegian, who, being asked if there were many trout in the Etnedal’s Elv, ‘replied that the people about here never caught ‘any; but that an Englishman had been there, and had put some queer-looking things like flies upon his line, and with these he took great numbers of trout.’

Kongsvold lies at the entrance to a narrow cliffy valley, forming an outlet for the Driv from the basin-like upland already spoken of, and is 2984 feet above the sea. On the rough hill-face, from 400 to 600 feet above the bottom of the valley at the station, there is a sloping terrace of loose materials, about half a mile long, and at one place above thirty paces broad. It is unequivocably the moraine of a glacier which has at one time descended through the Driv Valley. The station is fully as comfortable as that at Jerkind. Having an hour of daylight remaining, while it was unadvisable to proceed any

farther, I examined the whole place carefully under the guidance of one of the people. The buildings form a sort of square, with the road passing through it. There is one principal house, containing a large kitchen, and a good-sized parlour with a bed, where I am to sleep: over this, a suite of apartments. Then there is a second house, the ground-floor of which contains a dairy full of dishes of milk and cream, and an apartment occupied by a female who seems to attend to this part of the establishment. Here also there is an upper floor containing a set of bedrooms. Another neat house detached from these is occupied by the mother of the innkeeper, a respectable old person like a Scotch *granny*, and appropriately occupied at the time of my visit in reading a book of devotions. I remarked of this house that though it was only a cottage, it contained a great number of substantial articles of furniture. There seemed to be nothing wanting for comfort, though all in a plain way. Stables, cow-houses, and sheds there were in plenty, likewise storehouses for fodder and provisions, the place being, in its *tout ensemble*, rather like a little village than a farm or an inn. The interior of one of the family provision-stores presented huge bunkers and girels full of various kinds of bread, prepared against winter. Another was stuffed full of sacks of meal, and other articles needful for sustenance. The whole reminded one of a city prepared for a siege—a condition from which that of a mountain station during seven months of deep snow is not greatly different. It also conveyed the idea of an affluent sufficiency of the necessities of life being enjoyed by the proprietor and his dependants, as well as by the cattle and the stranger that was within his gates, though with perhaps an almost total ignorance of the delicacies that are within the reach of poorer people in the towns and cities of England. Finally, I inspected the corn-mill of the establishment—a small timber-house striding over a precipitate mountain streamlet. It contains space for little more than the mill-stones, the upper of which moves on the lower by virtue of a vertical beam descending into a socket in the bed of the stream. The lower part of this beam is furnished with horizontal fans, against which, on one side or the other, the water pours down a sloping trough, so as to wheel it round. It is the very first mechanical effort after the use of the hand-mill of primitive times; and the name given to that hand-mill in the Scottish Highlands—*quern*—is still retained for the simple establishment now described. I beheld it with the feeling of an antiquary, as the living reality of what is elsewhere to be sought for as an obsolete curiosity, or only survives in description and literary allusion. Mr Laing finds a plausible excuse for the rudeness of the enginery of these Norwegian mills, on the plea that it is less apt to be interrupted by frost than an overshot wheel would be. But I have no doubt it is adhered to, as many other rude and ungainly systems are in Norway, merely on the principle that so our forefathers ground their corn, and so will we.

In the course of the evening the post from Trondheim to Christiania arrived at the station, consisting of a single-horse gig driven by one man. It passes on this journey twice a week. The man I found to be a handsome, young, active fellow, clothed in a long green frock-coat, adorned with bangles, and wearing at his broad leather belt a short, light sword, having two pistols connected with the hilt. From the bustle it created, especially among the womenkind, I could see that the arrival of the postman was an important event at Kongsvold.

The first stage which I had to encounter next morning is the most difficult and the most terrible of the whole road. Having taken breakfast, and paid a specie dollar (4s. 6d.) for the whole evening, night, and morning's entertainment of myself and servant, I started at six o'clock on my way down this frightful valley, drawn by three horses, and having two extra attendants. It was a splendid morning, and the magnificent scenery of the valley appeared to the best advantage. A deep, rushing

river, steep hill-sides scalped at top, scraps of dwarfed birch and pine to half-way up, side streams tumbling down through deep-cut channels and over lofty ledges; such were the prominent features of the scene. Most readers will be familiar with the smooth circular pots which cascades generally make on a precipice, by whirling loose stones round and round within them: the Caldron Linn in Clackmannanshire is a good example. Among the cliffs above the road, quite out of the reach of any side streams, and fully forty feet above the present course of the Driv, I observed wearings of this nature on the rock, indicating that cascades had once been there. Circular pots of this kind are not uncommon objects in Norway in connection with dressed surfaces of rock. The common people call them *Reisentopfe*, or Giants' Tubs, and probably assign them a mythical origin. The modern geologist believes them to have been produced by cascades connected with glaciers in the age of the dressings. Farther down the valley I found another example of the Reisentopfes, fully 150 feet above the river.

The great difficulty of the stage is to get over the shoulder of a hill, which, descending at a steep inclination right down to the river, leaves no room for the passage of the road below. We rise, I think, fully 800 feet, and descend rather more on the other side. It was hard work to the three horses to drag the empty carriage up this slope, and hard work to three men to cheer the poor animals, help them with their draught, and keep the carriage from dragging them back when they paused for a minute to draw breath. To avoid the vagueness of general description, I measured the gradients at several places, and found an angle of 12 degrees the gentlest anywhere existing, being the ordinary inclination of the steepest closes in the High Street of Edinburgh. An angle of 16 degrees, implying, as before mentioned, a rise of 1 foot in 3 $\frac{1}{2}$, was common. In some places (*horresco referevis!*) there was an inclination of 20 degrees, or a rise of 1 in 2 $\frac{1}{2}$. I sat in the carriage when it was afterwards going down declivities at this angle, not much unlike the slope of the roof of a house. There was one particular turn of the road producing a sharp curve, and in the inner part of this curve I traced a wheel-track on a piece of ground (believe it who list) at 26 degrees! The aspect of the horses in ascending these slopes was that of animals climbing, not walking, and I acquired a forcible idea of the powers of Norwegian nags. The road, inclusive of a drain close to the hill-side, was rigidly twelve feet broad. It was in many places unprovided with any parapet or other defence, though, for a human being or vehicle falling over, there could be no stoppage till they should reach the bed of the stream, several hundred feet below. I traced wheel-tracks exactly ten inches from the naked verge of the precipice!

At a projecting angle of the valley, near where the road attains its utmost height, I found the faces towards the upper part of the valley, and those looking right across, smoothed, with striæ from south to north, or in the direction of the valley, while the faces looking downward were rough. It was the clearest proof of a glacier having once come down this valley, filling it up to a height of fully 800 feet, smoothing the surfaces against which it pressed in its descent, but leaving untouched those over which it would pour freely, after passing through the strait. A little way on, the striæ assumed a direction from south-west to north-east. Another curious feature of the valley was an ancient delta of a side stream—that is, the remains of a quantity of detritus which had been brought by the side stream into this valley, when it was filled up to a certain height with water, but which had been cut through by the stream after the recipient water had been withdrawn. Such a fact I hold as a proof of the former presence of the sea in this inland valley, up to a height of at least 3500 feet above its present elevation—a condition subsequent to that under which the rock-smoothings were produced—a reign of water succeeding that of ice.

While my mind was wrapt in contemplation of the grandeur of the valley, and its many indications of a past state of things, Quist was taking an economical view of the prodigious water-power which was flowing uselessly along far below our feet. 'If we had Englishmen here, sir, we could put him up some nice fabrique.' Not a doubt of it.

It was a pleasant relief from the wildness of the stage when, after a long descent, we came to a wide space forming a green level meadow, close to which was the station of Drivstuen, 2243 feet above the level of the sea. The Dovre Field is considered as ending here. The valley, nevertheless, continues to present fine scenery as far as the next station, that of Rise, where population at length recommences, after being intermittent for fully sixty miles. The remainder of this day's journey was not remarkable. It crossed from one valley to another over high and rather uninteresting grounds. At Stuen Station, as part of a very poor dinner set before me, I met for the first time a dish of lapped milk, designed to be eaten with sugar. The place interested me, as absolutely identical in name with Stowe in Edinburghshire, not to speak of a well-known mansion in Buckinghamshire, and the termination of many names of places in England, of which Walthamstow is an example. Stowe, in Norwegian, signifies a room or cottage, and the terminal *en* is merely the article. It occurs as part of many names of places; for instance, two of the very last spoken of, Fogstuen and Drivstuen. It was not less interesting, at the end of my day's journey, to rest on the banks of the Gula, a name identical with Gala, the Scottish stream on which Stowe is situated, as well as with the Gwala in Pembrokeshire. Such traits of affinity have a peculiar value at a distance from home.

In the latter part of this day's journey, near a place called Vangbro, I passed a country mansion, finely placed in a well-wooded park, like an English squire's house, being almost the first object of the kind which I had seen in Norway. I was told that it is called Slioper, and is the residence of the *landsmann* of the district. It was towards the close of evening when, after a journey of eighty-three miles, I arrived at Soknaes. The sense of lassitude and soreness which I experienced on alighting made me aware that I had exceeded the amount of travelling which is prudent by at least fifteen miles. The error was the greater, as it had thrown me upon a station of a poor tumble-down character, where there was neither food nor lodging of a tolerable kind. It was consolatory, however, to reflect that I had now only half a day's journey remaining, and having a whole day remaining for it, was tolerably sure of my voyage to the north. I was somewhat surprised to find at this station, which is about 500 feet above the sea, hops growing in the garden. The hop is thus cultivated in little patches connected with ordinary farms throughout a great space in Norway and Sweden, about the 64th parallel of latitude. Are we to suppose that it is harder in Scandinavia than in England, or is the fact owing to the greater heat of the summer? We hear nothing here of the delicacy of the plant and the precariousness of its culture, which are so notable in England. In this part of Norway, a favourite and conspicuous piece of furniture is a colossal corner cupboard or amry, on which there is usually an inscription, such as 'CHRISTIAN OLSEN'S DATTER,' or 'MARIET IVRET'S DATTER,' with the addition of a date. The like inscriptions are seen upon beds. These are pieces of furniture which the father or mother of a bride has given at her marriage, and of this the inscription is meant to be commemorative. My old deaf landlady at Soknaes had a formidable amry dated in her matrimonial year, 1792. In various districts of Scandinavia there are petty things not seen elsewhere. Throughout the Dovre Field I remarked that all the men wore knives in a little coarse case suspended from a leathern girdle. The chief legitimate use of the instrument is to cut their meat; but in times not long past, it was common for a couple of Norwegian peasants

who had quarrelled to get themselves bound together within one girdle, and then fight each other with their knives. In a particular district of Sweden, near Upsala, I found the peasants universally wearing leathern aprons. I thought at first that I had got into a country of shoemakers; but they were of all kinds of trades, and only wore leathern aprons as being peculiarly economical.

The greater part of the remaining journey was along the valley of the Gula, which is more rich as a scene of agriculture than picturesque or beautiful. Symptoms of population and of prosperous life increase as we go along; and it would become clear to one ignorant of the fact, that we are approaching a large town. Passing out of the Gula valley, over some high grounds, we at length come within sight of the sea—always a striking sight after long land travel. It is a bay, with lofty hills beyond. Along its near shore is seen a dense cluster of white houses with blue roofs—this is TRONDHEIM; and, resting there at the Hôtel Bellevue, I have finished one important section of my journey.

R. C.

ESTELLE ST ANGE.

PHILIPPE ARMAND, a Paris notary, and probably the youngest man of the ancient and honourable fraternity to which he belonged—for he had but lately succeeded to his father's business—entered late one evening, during one of the most terrific phases of the first French Revolution, a back sitting-room in the house of Madame Colardeau, a court *modiste*—when there was a court—established for many years in the Palais-Royal. The year was waning towards its close, and the weather was cold, wet, and gloomy—the time itself was out of joint; but spite of all depressing, exterior influences, Monsieur Philippe Armand—a handsome, but somewhat pale and delicate-looking young man—appeared, very contrary to his wont, in exuberant spirits.

'Ah, Madame Colardeau, I am delighted to see you. You look charmingly; and Mademoiselle Estelle?'—

'Is quite well, Monsieur Armand; and you, too, seem to have wonderfully recovered from the despair with which you pretended to be overwhelmed but a few weeks since. I expected every day to hear you had been fished out of the Seine; and here you are, not only very well alive, but apparently as merry as a Savoyard. Oh, you men—you men!'—

'Times are changed, madame. Events ripen quickly in the wondrous days in which we live.'

'Oh, par exemple?' rejoined Madame Colardeau; 'there is nothing surer than that. It required twenty years under the old régime to establish this business; but your charming Republic has thoroughly demolished it in less than as many months.'

'Courage, Madame Colardeau—courage! Better times than you have ever known are coming, rely upon it. A tempest is unpleasant, dangerous even whilst it lasts, but it clears and purifies the air. I have news for you.'

'News for me?'

'For you and Mademoiselle St Ange. Eugène Duverney, son of ci-devant Count Duverney, is, thanks to my assistance, safe across the frontier.'

'Comment!' screamed Madame Colardeau, turning pale as death. 'Eugène Duverney left France, and without us?'

'Certainly he has left France, and evidently without you; but I do not understand'—

'Oh, Monsieur Armand, you do not know—you were not told. *Mon Dieu*, can it be possible? But I have had my suspicions. The count's son gone! What will become of us—of Estelle especially?'—and the excited modiste paced up and down the apartment in an agony of grief and terror.

The countenance of Philippe Armand lost in an instant its joyous expression, and his white lips quivered with ill-defined apprehension as he demanded the meaning of so strange an outburst.

'We are undone, ruined, lost!' sobbed Madame Colardeau. 'Unhappy, deceived Estelle'—

'Who is ruined, lost, deceived?' interrupted the no-

tary fiercely. ‘ You must have lost your senses. In what manner can the enforced departure of so light, so worthless a coxcomb as Eugène Duverney, permanently affect the peace of Mademoiselle St Ange, or your welfare?’

Madame Colardeau continued to wring her hands, and utter broken exclamations of grief and passion, but vouchsafed no other answer.

‘ Hark you, madame;’ cried M. Armand, grasping her rudely by the arm, and forcing her into a chair, ‘ by all the saints in heaven but you *shall* answer me! What, I insist upon being told, is the meaning of these frantic outcries?’

‘ Oh, Monsieur Philippe,’ whimpered the startled modiste, ‘ Estelle should have told you—should have explained—I cannot, must not. If what you say is true, there is no faith, no honesty in man.’

‘ I think I comprehend you,’ rejoined the notary in a calmed voice. ‘ I trust at least that I do; and if so, you must permit me to view the event which has so much discomposed you in a very different light and aspect. Now, listen as patiently as you can whilst I relate to you what Estelle *did* confide to me, and then tell me if I have anything yet more sad and terrible to learn.’

‘ Go on, monsieur; go on—I listen.’

‘ It is now about six weeks since I sought a decisive interview with your niece, Mademoiselle St Ange; not for the mere purpose of revealing to her, in coloured phrase and words of passion, the deep, heart-seated devotion which for long, patient years, I had cherished for her—with woman’s ready quickness she had long since divined that secret—but to offer her, then for the first time in my power, an honourable home, a position in the world, to be rendered daily brighter, more enviable, by the exertions of a brave, honest, respected man. Estelle listened to me with sympathy, with tears, with almost tenderness; but at the same time confessed a preference for the son of Count Duverney, to whom she said her faith was plighted. I was stunned, bewildered, almost mad! I knew the man upon whom she had lavished the priceless treasure of her love; and after passionately warning her—vainly, I could see—against trusting in the promises or oaths of one of the basest, the most specious hypocrites that ever brought contempt and scorn upon high station, left her presence, as you know, in a frenzy of despair. Now tell me, madame,’ added the notary, after slightly pausing, and in a voice which, spite of his efforts to speak calmly, quivered with emotion, ‘ can you have a revelation more terrible than that to make?’

‘ Go on, monsieur,’ sobbed Madame Colardeau; ‘ you said he was gone—had passed the frontier?’

‘ After parting from Estelle I endured an age of grief, anxiety, and despair, until last Thursday evening, when Eugène Duverney suddenly presented himself in my apartment.’

‘ Monsieur Duverney visited you?’

‘ Yes; he was pursued, and in imminent danger of the guillotine, or he might not perhaps have so greatly descended. You are aware that he and his father, like many others of their class, have all along affected acquiescence in the new order of things, and were in some sort pets of the “Gironde.” Their friends themselves being just now in imminent peril of Samson’s terrible axe, could of course no longer afford them protection: an order for their arrest had been issued, and Eugène Duverney, and his equally estimable sire, had been for several days lurking in obscure hiding-places from the agents of the *Sécurité Pública*.’

‘ That accounts, then, for his strange absence,’ interjected Madame Colardeau, somewhat reassured.

‘ He threw himself for protection upon my honour and generosity; at the same time declaring that he had for some weeks withdrawn all pretension to the hand of Mademoiselle St Ange, who, moreover, knew of his application to me, and had expressed a confidence that I would, for her sake, aid him to escape the bloody doom which awaited him.’

‘ *Ciel!*’ exclaimed Madame Colardeau with much emotion. ‘ Can it be possible?’

‘ It is true as Heaven! I consented, so adjured, to assure his safety at the risk of my own. I immediately procured passports in a feigned name for him of course; and to make all sure, saw him on his road till danger of pursuit or recognition was over. At parting, he presented me with this ring, as a token to Estelle that I had vindicated the confidence she had reposed in my devotion to her wishes, and that he thereby resigned in my favour all claim or pretension to her hand.’

‘ Claim!—pretension! But, *mon Dieu*, Monsieur Armand, they are married!’

‘ Married! echoed the astonished notary with frenzied vehemence. ‘ Married! But no, no; you are jesting: he could not be so utterly a villain?’

‘ I repeat to you, Maître Philippe Armand, that Eugène Duverney and Estelle St Ange were married a month ago at the Hôtel Duverney, in the Faubourg St Germain, by the Abbé Bonjeau: he who was arrested and executed but last week.’

‘ Whilst Madame Colardeau was speaking, the door leading to the interior of the house was gently opened, and Mademoiselle St Ange, death-white, affectedly calm, but evidently struggling with frightful emotion, glided into the apartment.

‘ Estelle!’ exclaimed Philippe Armand in a voice broken by grief and indignation, and approaching as if to take her hand.

‘ The ring—the ring!’ gasped Mademoiselle St Ange, waving him from her with an expression of passionate disgust. ‘ I have heard all: the ring—where is it?’

The notary placed it on the table; she seized it eagerly, and after minutely examining it, murmured, ‘ It is indeed my father’s ring—the troth-plight which Eugène vowed never but with life to part. And so, monsieur,’ continued the unfortunate girl, turning her beaming, tearless glance upon Philippe Armand, ‘ you are come to claim as a bride the woman you have widowed? This ring is part of the spoils of the accursed scaffold where my husband has, I doubt not, by your contrivance, perished?’

‘ What is it you say?’ interrupted the notary, aghast with surprise and indignation. ‘ I swear to you, Estelle, by all that men hold sacred, that Eugène Duverney placed that ring voluntarily in my hands, with the message—’

‘ Peace!’ broke in Estelle; ‘ peace, audacious slanderer of the illustrious dead, with whom, in life, you could no more compare than might the wayside weed with the stately monarchs of the forest. My husband was the very soul of faith and honour. But hark you, Philippe Armand,’ she added with passionate bitterness, ‘ even if it were as you assert, were the lying fable you have concocted as true as it is false, I would not, in the veriest extremity of want, of despair, having been once so honoured, stoop to a churl like you!’

The notary reeled and staggered beneath her words as if they had been blows, or rather burning arrows piercing through his brain. ‘ Estelle,’ he at last mournfully exclaimed after a brief pause, during which Mademoiselle St Ange, with sudden revulsion of feeling, had thrown herself, in an ecstasy of tears, into the arms of her aunt—‘ Estelle, unhappy girl, the time will come when you will recognise, and, I trust, repent the falsehood of the hideous charge you have, in your unreasoning frenzy, brought against me. And now, Estelle, hear from me in this extreme hour, which sunders the sole link which bound me to earth, to life, one solemn word of truth, and, it may be yet, of helpful warning: but for your mad ambition, stimulated and flattered by her who now holds you in her embrace, to ally yourself far above your sphere and honest state, the anguish, the despair which now wring your heart would have been spared you. Farewell! Never more will my presence irritate or disgust you.’

It must be remembered, in extenuation of the unjust violence displayed by Estelle, that the young wife had idolised her husband, and with woman’s frequent blindness in such cases, believed him, as she said, to be the very soul of truth and honour. So impressed, it was no

marvel that she should suspect Philippe Armand of having invented the story he had related, in order to profit by the death of a rival he had himself denounced to the revolutionary tribunal—a deed, by the way, of no unfrequent occurrence in the palmy days of Terrorism. Spite of the solemn denial of the notary, she continued firm in this belief, and mourning her husband as dead, resolved to cherish his memory, as that of one whom, when this transitory existence was past, she was destined to rejoin in that better world where life and love are both eternal.

When Philippe Armand again left his apartment, where he had been confined for several days after his last interview with Mademoiselle St Ange, or, more properly, Madame Duverney, he was a changed man. The fire of sanguine youth, strong hope, high courage, had passed away: his step was feeble, his eye dull, and but for the calm, gentle smile which accustomed greetings of familiar voices had still at times power to call forth, it might have been thought that his spirit had utterly died within him, so purposeless, so sad, so utterly desolate did he appear. Estelle St Ange had been the earliest, the only being that had caught his boyhood's fancy; and each succeeding year had only the more deeply stamped her peculiar and subduing beauty—a mild appealing loveliness, tinted with rainbow smiles, and tremulous with changeful light and tears—upon his heart. A rash, inexperienced player at the game of life, he had staked his all upon one chance, and lost it. He did not feel the slightest resentment towards Estelle after the first angry emotions excited by her cruel injustice had subsided. She, too, he felt, had built her house upon the sand; and a profound pity for the desolate lot which must await the worse-than-widowed wife of Eugene Duverney mingled with, and heightened and purified, the sentiment he still cherished for Estelle St Ange. To baffle the heartless husband at the iniquitous game he had been playing, would, he felt, almost repay him for his own withered hopes and blighted life; but how, in an affair so adroitly managed, to effect that object? Time, the unthankful and patient solver of all difficulties, was speedy with his answer.

The last day of the devoted Girondists, or at least of all that had remained to brave their fate in Paris, had arrived, and the notary found himself suddenly and inextricably entangled and borne along by the eager crowds who were hastening to witness the closing scene in the lives of the young, the eloquent, the brave, who had sought to govern France by rounded periods and choice moral maxims; and to hear them, in imitation of the Indian of the American prairies, sing their defiant death-song in half-real, half-simulated scorn of their merciless foes, so soon themselves to tread the same dark path to a yet darker eternity! Philippe Armand, though heart-sick at the sad spectacle, remained spell-bound to the spot till the last head of that day's batch of victims had been shorn away by Samson's dripping knife; and then, dizzy and faint with horror, and excitement, moved hastily away. His sudden movement, as he turned, displaced the hat and wig of a man standing close behind, and, like himself, apparently absorbed, fascinated, by the terrible drama which had just been enacted. As the man quickly withdrew his attention from the reeking scaffold to readjust his hat and wig, their eyes met, and a glance of mutual recognition was instantaneously exchanged. The countenance of the stranger changed in a moment to a chalky whiteness, and it seemed that he would have fallen, had not the notary, with ready presence of mind, passed his arm through his, and said, ‘Come, let us walk home together.’

Not another word passed between Armand and the stranger till they had gained the former's domicile, and then, having carefully shut the door, the notary abruptly addressed his trembling companion.

‘That displacement of your wig, Count Duverney, was awkward, and might have been fatal.’

‘True, Monsieur Armand. I was involved in the crowd, and forced, much against my will, to witness that scene of utterable horror, fearing, as I did, to attract attention by very strenuous efforts to escape. But why have you brought me here?’

‘Listen, Count Duverney: I can save your life, and will, on one condition.’

‘Name—name it!’ gasped the count.

‘I am about to do so. Last Tuesday evening five weeks the Abbé Bonjeau married, at your residence, Eugène Duverney to Estelle St Ange of the Palais-Royal.’

‘But Eugène is a minor: the marriage was an illegal one—’

‘I am quite aware, Count Duverney,’ interrupted the notary in a peremptory tone, ‘that chicanery may hereafter avail to annul the marriage; and that result I am determined, for reasons of my own, to prevent if possible.’

‘Oh, my son informed me that you and Mademoiselle St Ange were—’

‘Never mind what your son informed you. Here are, in a word, my terms: I will procure you a passport, furnish you with a supply of money—in short, enable you to leave France, on condition that you immediately sign a formal declaration, which I will draw up, reciting the date, names of the priest and witnesses, and that the marriage was celebrated with your full knowledge and consent.’

‘But, Monsieur Armand?—’

‘It is useless to waste words. Either your attested signature to such a paper, or the guillotine: take your choice. I know you connived at your son's baseness; and either I will foil you both, or you touch on your last hour. You consent? It is well.’

The notary seated himself at his desk, and for the next quarter of an hour was occupied in drawing up a formal document to the effect he had indicated.

‘At what hour did the marriage take place?’

‘About seven in the evening.’

The notary rang a bell which stood on the table, and a clerk appeared at the door. ‘Call Henri: I wish you both to witness this gentleman's signature.’

In a few minutes the necessary formalities were completed, and the clerks retired.

‘Which route do you propose to take?’

‘That of Rouen: I have friends in the neighbourhood, who would favour my embarkation for England.’

‘You shall have a passport for that place. In the meantime take this rouleau of gold.’

‘How shall I express my thanks—my gratitude?’

‘You owe me none. Be careful not to stir out of this apartment till I return: I shall not be long.’

The necessary papers were, by the notary's influence at the Hôtel de Ville, speedily procured: Count Duverney reached Rouen in safety, and after some delay, embarked in the night for England, where, however, he was destined never to arrive. A few weeks afterwards, it was ascertained that he had perished at sea.

Madame Colardeau, whose utterly ruined business left her indeed no choice, gathered together the scanty wrecks of her property, and, with Estelle, engaged lodgings at a respectable farmhouse distant about seven miles from Paris; and there her niece was in due time confined of a daughter. Of her husband Estelle heard nothing directly; but just previous to leaving Paris, a sum of eight hundred francs in gold was left at Madame Colardeau's, directed to her as Madame Duverney, accompanied by a written intimation that the same sum would be supplied quarterly, provided no attempt was made to ascertain the name of the sender, whom, it was stated, a discovery might seriously compromise.

Estelle and her aunt—who had by this time ascertained that Eugène Duverney had not, as his abandoned wife at first suspected, perished on the revolutionary scaffold—beheld in this anxious provision for their needs a conclusive proof that the charge of repudiating or ignoring the marriage brought against him by Philippe Armand was thoroughly false; and with a spirit fortified by the sweet consciousness of being still hedged in and sheltered by the tutelary care of him to whom she had given her heart, Estelle awaited with patient resignation the coming on of the happy time which should restore her husband to his family and country.

Many wearing years had passed away; her aunt's locks were white with age, and the little Estelle had grown up into a graceful, intelligent girl, when a note arrived by post at Sans Souci farmhouse, informing Madame, now Countess Duvernay, that her husband, Count Duvernay—the father, it was stated, had been long since dead—had accepted the Emperor's permission to return to France; and had, in fact, arrived and taken possession of the Hôtel Duvernay. The handwriting of the note was evidently that of the person who transmitted their quarterly stipend; and the writer suggested the necessity of the Countess Duvernay presenting herself, accompanied by her aunt, to her husband on that very evening.

Flurried, bewildered, terrified, hoping, yet dreading, to verify the announcement so suddenly made, Estelle, arrayed in her richest attire, and accompanied by her daughter and Madame Colardeau, set off about evening in a hired *fiacre* towards Paris.

Count Duvernay was seated in a magnificent drawing-room of the Hôtel Duvernay, laughing and chatting with some military friends on the subject of his return, of the restoration of his property—which, luckily for him, had escaped being ‘nationalised’—the apparent favour of the Emperor, and the rich and handsome wife already selected for him, when the door of the apartment flew open, and ‘Madame La Comtesse Duvernay’ was loudly announced.

‘Comment!’ exclaimed the count, jumping up. ‘What is the meaning of this?’

‘It is I—it is Estelle—dear Eugène,’ said his wife, staggering forwards, and scarcely able to stand; ‘and this is our daughter!’

The count started back in dismay and confusion. ‘You—I—wife! The woman must be mad,’ he added, regaining by a powerful effort his self-control. ‘Who admitted this person?’ he sternly demanded of the bewildered servants.

Estelle stood for an instant as if unconscious of, or rather as if unable to comprehend, the meaning of his words; and then, as if the full sense of the count’s perfidy had suddenly struck, as with a dagger, to her heart, uttered a piercing scream, and would have fallen prostrate on the floor but for the supporting arms of a gentleman who had followed her into the room.

‘Take her, good madame,’ said the gentleman, addressing Madame Colardeau; ‘I cannot now sustain even her slight burthen. Place her on the sofa.’

‘And who, in the devil’s name, are you?’ demanded the count fiercely.

‘Philippe Armand, public notary, at your service,’ quietly replied the gentleman, as he turned and confronted the enraged nobleman.

The count’s eye quailed before the steady gaze of the notary, and he muttered something about remembering that a silly, illegal ceremony had in his boyhood passed between the lady and himself.

‘You mistake, Count Duvernay,’ coolly replied Philippe Armand; ‘it was a perfectly legal marriage, as this copy of a formal declaration made by your estimable father, and supported by the evidence of Madame Colardeau, will amply testify.’

The rage of the count, after perusing the paper presented to him, was terrific; and a violent altercation, to which Estelle, who had speedily recovered consciousness, listened with breathless attention, ensued between him and the notary. The film by which she had been so long blinded fell gradually from her eyes, and Eugène Duvernay and Philippe Armand stood at last plainly revealed in their true colours.

‘Let us leave this house,’ she exclaimed, rising from the couch, and though pale as marble, and trembling convulsively, speaking in a firm voice. ‘Come! God bless and reward you, Philippe,’ she added, seizing his hand, and wringing it with passionate energy; ‘and if you can, pity and forgive me.’

The gossips of Paris had full employment for several succeeding days with the numerous versions of the sudden discovery of a Countess Duvernay, which flew from mouth

to mouth. The count consulted men of law, and to his infinite chagrin was informed that the marriage could not be impugned. The affair, favourably, because truly represented, reached the ear of the Empress Josephine, and through her influence Napoleon issued a command in the guise of counsel, that the matter should be at once equitably arranged. Estelle of course declined living with a husband who had endeavoured to repudiate her, and a division of the count’s property was made, by which affluence was secured to herself, and a splendid succession to her daughter, whose guardianship she was permitted to retain. The count served several years in the French armies, and rose to high rank. He was killed at Monte-reau; and Estelle took possession of the Hôtel Duvernay, where she long resided with her early-widowed daughter and amiable grandchildren.

About a fortnight after the return of Count Duvernay to Paris, and consequent legal confirmation of his marriage with Estelle St Ange, Philippe Armand lay upon his bed a dying man. The last rites of the church had been administered, the priest had retired, and the flagging pulse of life, rapidly becoming feebler and more indistinct, falteringly announced that a spirit chastened by affliction was about to return to God who gave it.

‘It is growing late and dark,’ he faintly muttered, ‘and still she does not come.’

The darkness was in his own eyes, for the autumn sun was still high above the horizon.

‘It is but three o’clock,’ answered the attendant in a low soft voice; ‘and there has been scarcely time since your message reached her.’

The sound of carriage wheels arrested the words of the speaker; presently light, hasty steps ascended the stairs, and Estelle, her daughter, and Madame Colardeau, entered the death-chamber.

‘Philippe, best, kindest, truest friend,’ exclaimed the Countess Duvernay, clasping his white, thin hand, and bathing it with tears, ‘would I might bid you live for me!’

‘Beloved Estelle,’ murmured the dying man, and a smile, as of parting sunlight, irradiated his pale features, ‘I have lived for you; and that life-task accomplished, am now well content to die. Farewell, beloved, till we meet in heaven!’ He was gone.

S T A R - F I S H E S.

AMONG the treasures and curiosities of our seacoasts, few shellless animals attract more attention than the star-fishes; yet how many bestow upon them but a careless, passing glance—a glance perhaps of admiration at the mathematical regularity of their pentagonal rays—or a momentary curiosity as to their office in creation: and yet, unheeded by man, these insignificant creatures are hourly, nay, momentarily, fulfilling in silence their appointed duties; acting as scavengers in the deep water and littoral zones, and devouring from tide to tide the ever-accumulating matter which, if left undisturbed, would ultimately destroy both man and beast. ‘So strong, indeed,’ says Rhymers Jones, ‘is their predilection for such garbage, that we have frequently, when fishing, wished heartily that they would suspend their vigilance; for scarcely could our baited hooks sink to the bottom, ere we felt a “bite,” and hauling up the line continually, caught star-fishes until our patience failed.’ When the animal lies motionless and supine on the sandy beach, it seems quite unfitted for its destiny; but if we deposit it in a vessel of sea-water, or, better still, in one of the fairy-like pools left amongst the rocks by the receding tide, our preconceived notion is soon destroyed. We will suppose it placed upon its back, the very personification of helplessness, on the seaweed-tapestry with which the little pool is lined; in a few moments we see the minute tubercles, with which the under sides of its rays are longitudinally studded, gradually lengthen themselves into sucker-like feet, which issue like short worms from their holes; then these feet or legs will wave backwards and forwards, as if reconnoitring; and finally, bending down in the direction nearest to the ground, will affix the

suckers of the first which reach it; and so, by contraction, will pull down a portion of the body: this enables other feet to touch the bottom, and thus the animal proceeds until, by the united action of the suckers, the whole body is restored, with great dignity and equanimity, to its rightful position: and now the star-fish moves, with a gentle, yet rapid motion, on towards the morsel of fish which we have placed for its refection, and its rays are clasped around the tempting feast, which is in a few minutes absorbed into its stomach. More laborious are its exertions when an oyster or a huge mussel is to be attacked in its shelly fortress; for the star-fish does not, as was fabled by the ancients, wait in patience until the besieged opens its portal, and then, by thrusting in one of its rays as a detainer, gradually insinuate its whole body, and thus devour the incautious castellan; but the mode in which it proceeds is to turn its baglike and many-folded stomach *inside out*; it then apparently instils between the shells of the molluscs some 'torpifying' fluid,' which compels the quarry to open its shell, upon which the pouting stomach, distended like a bladder, is thrust in, and enwrapping the prey, digests it in its own shell. We are in possession of a dried specimen of a star-fish which expired in the act of devouring a small mussel, the shells of which still remain closely fixed in the embrace of the stomach-mouth of their captor; the two first feet, or suckers, which are placed at the junction of each ray, are bent inwards, so that, by pressing on the imprisoned shells, they retain them immovable even in death. Mr Ball found one clinging round a *Mactra stultorum* which was pierced with a hole, through which the star-fish had inserted a sucker; and this hole was attributed to the star-fish: but Professor Forbes, with every appearance of probability, supposes the hole to have been the work of some other creature—most likely an annelid—and that the star-fish was merely 'sounding with its sucker the prospect of a meal?' Be this as it may, these animals contrive, in addition to carrion, to consume so large a number of oysters, that there exist in several places local enactments forbidding fishers to throw them overboard without first killing them—an order of which we shall appreciate the value when we reflect that, on casting down a dredge, thousands are constantly brought up at a haul, as if, in the words of Harvey, 'the bottom were formed of a living bank of them, or we had disturbed a submarine hive in the process of swarming'; and, moreover, that each individual of these constellations produces some thousands of eggs in each season. Such, in fact, is their multiplication, that the slaughter committed, and the enactments made by man, would be but as a drop from the ocean, had not God given to every species its own limit, beyond which it can go 'no further,' and as the star-fish is the scavenger of the sea, so is it the prey of fishes innumerable, who in their turn are destined for the food of larger animals, and of man. This prolific nature renders the star-fish valuable as manure in France, and also, we believe, in some parts of our own isle.

From the earliest time star-fishes have attracted much notice, and have, by their singular form, given birth to many beautiful thoughts. Aristotle and Pliny—who named them *Stellae-marinae*, 'from their resemblance to the pictured form of the stars of heaven'—affirmed, probably from some train of reasoning by analogy, that they were so hot, that they could *consume* all they touched; but time, with his icy fingers, cools the greatest ardour, and Aldrovandus and Albertus described them as of so hot a nature, that they *cooked* all they came in contact with; then came Llwyd, who, being an *out-door* naturalist, denied the 'notion' altogether. Some lingering and popular form of the same fancy still, however, remains; and the lower class of books on natural history yet whisper mysteriously of the stinging and skin-blistering properties of the family, respecting which that great philosopher, Sir Thomas Browne, gives us the following curious note:—'Sea-stars. Whether they be bred out of the *urticis*, *squarders*, or *sea-jellies*, as many report, we

cannot confirm; but the squarders in the middle seem to have some lines or first draughts not unlike!' Truly has it been said by a modern writer that 'a child in our days may possess more *substantive* knowledge than Newton!' Though this very state of things demands the greater watchfulness on our parts, lest the boasted knowledge of facts should neither enlarge our minds nor fill our hearts. Professor E. Forbes remarks that he has handled thousands of star-fishes without ever having experienced the slightest irritation of the skin; and to this we may add our own humble testimony. Doubtless this alleged property has given rise to the name which they bear in some districts of 'Devil's Fingers.' Dr Drummond mentions that on one occasion, when he was drying some in his garden at Bangor [county Down], he heard the children on the other side of the hedge exclaiming, 'What is the gentleman going to do with the bad man's hands? Is he ganging to eat the bad man's hands, do ye think?' It is just within the limits of possibility that the above-mentioned 'torpifying fluid' may have caused the first rumour of the burning quality of the fish: this, however—even if it possess the power of affecting the human flesh—is contained in the stomach, and not in the skin. The list of superstitions connected with this animal would scarcely be complete did we not add that they were recommended by Hippocrates—and by others after him, ere medicine became a science—as a remedy in hysterical complaints and epilepsy: they were to be taken internally, in a decoction of brassica and sweet wine.

The first work which treated exclusively of the star-fish was the splendid folio volume published by Link, a Leipsic apothecary, in the year 1733. This work, which is greatly in advance of its age, commences with this pleasant sentence—'As there are stars in the sky, so are there stars in the sea.' And the last is that of Professor E. Forbes, who, not inaptly, heads his valuable monograph with a representation of a graceful spirit moving over the dark waters, in which the rays of glory which surround her braw form, by reflection, the beautiful 'star of the sea': in the words of Montgomery,

— 'the heavens
Were thronged with constellations, and the seas
Strown with their images.'

In the early geological ages, the order of *Echinodermata*, to which our star-fishes belong, was chiefly represented by a family (*Crinoidea*) whose peculiarity it was to have a stalk by which they were fixed for life to the bottom of the ocean. Whole strata of limestone are composed in great part of the stony fragments of these animals, called in this fossil state *encrinites*. We now, however, possess but one species analogous to the crinoid family: this is the *Comatula*, or Rosy Feather Star of the British seas, of which some curious particulars are related.

In the year 1823, Mr Thompson discovered in the Cove of Cork—or, as it is now, we believe, called, the Harbour of Queenstown—a *stalked* crinoid animal, which, unlike its more vigorous forefathers, measured but three-fourths of an inch in height. This was the first animal of the crinoid character which had been observed in the European seas, and the 'first' recent encrinite which had ever been examined by a competent observer in a living state. The capture led to further observation, and to much discussion, the result of which appears to be a general acknowledgment that the 'feather-star commences life as an encrinite; and thus, as it were, changes its nature from a pseudo-polyp to a star-fish,' with rays detached, and power and liberty to range at will through the wide sea. Whether the ancient crinoids also passed through this transformation, is a question which can probably never be set at rest—one on which men can only speculate.

Britain boasts fourteen species of *true* star-fishes, of which the largest is the linghorn (*Luidia fragilissima*), a fish which frequently attains a diameter of two feet. All the star-fishes possess, in a greater or less degree, the power of casting away their limbs or rays when convenient; but the linghorn in this respect approaches

* Professor Rhymer Jones.

* Professor Edward Forbes.

nearer to the brittle-stars than any other species; for it not only casts them away, but it breaks them up into small pieces with the greatest facility. Professor Forbes gives so animated an account of these creatures, that we cannot refrain from once more quoting his words:—‘Never having seen one before, and quite unconscious of its suicidal powers, I spread it out on a rowing bench, the better to admire its form and colours. On attempting to remove it for preservation, to my horror and disappointment I found only an assemblage of rejected members. My conservative endeavours were all neutralised by its destructive exertions; and it is now badly represented in my cabinet by an armless disk and a diskless arm. Next time I went to dredge on the same spot, determined not to be cheated out of a specimen in such a way a second time, I brought with me a bucket of cold fresh water, to which star-fishes have a great antipathy:’ in other words, fresh water instantly kills them. ‘As I expected, a luidia came up in the dredge, a most gorgeous specimen. As it does not generally break up before it is raised above the surface of the sea, cautiously and anxiously I sunk my bucket to a level with the dredge’s mouth, and proceeded in the most gentle manner to introduce luidia to the purer element. Whether the cold air was too much for him, or the sight of the bucket too terrific, I know not, but in a moment he proceeded to dissolve his corporation, and at every mesh of the dredge his fragments were seen escaping. In despair I grasped at the largest, and brought up the extremity of an arm with its terminating eye, the spinous eyelid of which opened and closed with something exceedingly like a wink of derision.’ We must here remark that this terminating eye is by no means an orthodox visual organ, but merely a something greatly resembling such an appendage, to which, by general consent, the name of ‘eye’ has been given, until its use shall have been better ascertained, or until a true eye is discovered. The whole of the star-fishes have the power of gradually renewing the lost rays or processes, and we have a specimen of the common cross-fish (*Uraster rubens*) whose five rays are all of different lengths, and consequently of different ages, two of them being but small horns of half an inch and one-fourth of an inch in length: he is evidently a veteran, who has been in ‘manie and greate warres’.

‘Why,’ saith Sir Thomas Browne—‘why, among seastars, delighteth nature chiefly in five points?’ And again—‘By the same number (5) doth nature divide the circle of the sea-star, and in that number and order disposes those elegant semicircles or dental sockets and eggs in the sea-hedgehog;’ and so, in effect, in the normal types it is—every part, ‘even the cartilaginous framework of the disk of every sucker, is regulated by this mystic number;’ and, as a general rule, such star-fishes as we find quadrate, or otherwise varying from the prescribed number of points, are accidental monsters, and of no material importance. This rule is, however, by no means unexceptional, as some of the sun-stars (*Solasteria*) have from nine to fifteen of their beautifully-coloured rays, rays of which perhaps the disk is red, and the points either plain white, or white tipped with red; or the whole surface is of a brilliant red or purple; and in another specimen the body is red, while the spiniferous tubercles with which it is studded are bright green.

The *Echinodermata*, including star-fishes, sea-urchins, sea-cucumbers, and a few other species, are thread-nerved, and possess no brain or nervous centre, but merely a nervous cord, which encircles the mouth,* and thence radiates into the five points, acting, as it were, as an electric telegraph; yet their structure is most exquisitely complex even in its simplicity. The skeleton, which is of a calcareous nature, is composed of hundreds of minute portions, exactly fitted to each other in a symmetrical pattern, resembling, as Harvey suggests, a piece of elaborate crochet-work. These skeletons may be easily obtained by placing a fresh fish in an ant-hill for a few days without taking any further trouble about their preparation. The stomach-mouth is placed underneath the

animal, and the stomach, as before hinted, is a membranous bag-like cavity, capable of extension to an almost incredible amount: the feet of the star-fish are tubes which, when extended, are filled with a fluid; and when the animal wishes to retract them, this fluid is withdrawn into the vesicles of the body, so that, by these alternate actions, motion is accomplished. Each fish possesses a curious organ, of which the use has not yet been ascertained. This body, which is technically known as the *madreporiform tubercle*, is a calcareous column, which, on the exterior of the animal, appears like a small spot between two of the rays: it is most minutely and delicately formed of ‘wee’ hexagonal plates disposed in the manner of the gill of a mushroom, and is by many considered as the analogue to the stalk of the original Crinoid star-fishes. It has by some been proposed as a specific character for determining the names of individuals.

It is highly probable that attention would add many more most interesting particulars to the history of this fish, and many additional instances of its uses and adaptation to the mode of life for which it is destined; and such attention might be easily given; for it does not, like many of its congeners, creep away into deep, dark, and inaccessible places, but is to be almost universally met with on our shores, whether they be composed of lofty rocks, of smooth and shining sand, of rolling shingle, or of heavy mud. It is cast up by almost every tide, and is seen crawling about quite familiarly in nearly every salt pool.

PATRONS OF THE POOR.

It is fortunate for the best interests of humanity that—partly from an advance of intelligence in social and political science, and partly from the imperious dictates of fashion—the wants, the miseries, the vices, the virtues, in short, the general condition of the humble and needy, engage much of the attention of the upper and wealthy classes of this country. Not a few occupying high places are working successfully in the cause of the poor, in a spirit that is producing large benefits. Not content with merely dipping their fingers into their purses, to draw forth an annual and widely-advertised subscription to some gigantic but miscalled ‘charity,’ the better order of the friends of the poor look with painstaking industry and acumen into the causes of distress, and devote not only money, but, what is more serviceable, time, to carrying out comprehensive remedies. These really earnest and efficient benefactors repudiate alms, except in cases of helplessness, and seek simply to assist—to cheer on the strugger, without impairing his self-dependence—to help, without loading him with obligations, which sap his energies, and destroy that independence without which the humblest character is of little worth. Although such philanthropists are by no means few, they are little known. We do not hear of them in newspapers; their good deeds are not paraded before an admiring public. Even ‘society,’ as it is called, is silent concerning their worthiest actions, because society is ignorant of them. They do good so stealthily that they never have occasion to blush to ‘find it fame.’ Hence it is that they furnish no dramatic stories of startling generosity; no pathetic tales of genteel poverty; of snatching amiable debtors from the grasp of ruthless creditors, or interesting pickpockets from the grasp of the police. These, who rank amongst the highest order of humanists, do not afford, in truth, any such instances; for they deal not with individual distress, but with masses of it: they do not wholly rescue one, but partly relieve thousands; and it is by the enlightened efforts of such philanthropists that general poverty and crime will be eventually mitigated.

These friends of the poor have happily always existed in greater or lesser numbers; but it is to a new and opposite class, whom we shall designate, by contrast, as

* Dr Carpenter.

patrons of the poor, that we are first desirous of drawing attention. They mostly belong to the order of those who have more time on their hands than they can employ to their own satisfaction. The fictitious distresses portrayed in tragic novels have ceased to excite them; the simulated misery depicted on the stage has lost its attractions; they have been palled with mere *pictures* of life, and nothing short of originals will serve them. They therefore visit the dwellings of the very poor, and the haunts of the vicious, less with a view of relieving and admonishing, than of obtaining those excitements of which they are no longer susceptible from books and plays. Most of them belong to philanthropic societies, for the purpose of getting upon the visiting committees. In the abodes of struggling poverty they ask the inmates such questions as the poorest person cannot be considered as under any obligation to answer; not with the legitimate view of shaping, from correct information, the best course of relief, but of satisfying a morbid curiosity. Consequently they do not extend their bounty in proportion to the depth, but in proportion to the romance, of the distress. The silent, shamed, and uncomplaining, obtain less of their assistance than the glib and tear-shedding, who have the art of darkening their wretchedness with the sable tints of exaggeration. The patched garments and tidy room of abject penury win their morbid sympathy less than what they conceive to be the natural 'trappings and suits of wo'—rags and filth. Without these, the *mise en scène* of the dramas of real life they love to witness is deemed not complete. If they visit the abodes of degradation, their conventional notions of degraded poverty are disappointed when they see a sign of elevation: the harmony of the picture is destroyed. Should they, again, go prepared to draw the curtain from a scene of 'gentle' distress, and perceive any sign of vulgarity—should girls be sewing sackcloth instead of fancy-work, or men be seen in shirt-sleeves instead of shabby-genteel coats—they depart without an emotion or a gift. But, on the other hand, when they can bring away a 'telling' anecdote, a tale of privation, or one even of crime—when they can pick up points for animated description and harrowing after-dinner converse—then they are liberal with alms, for they get their money's worth. They give as cheerfully as they pay for a thrilling novel, or for admission to Madame Tussaud's 'Chamber of Horrors.'

The charity, therefore, of these patrons of the poor is nearly always directed into the least-deserving channels. Blatant, open-mouthed beggary, with the power of deceit and the gift of speech, shares their favours largely and frequently; whilst shrinking, timid poverty (and that which is most to be commiserated and helped, is ashamed to beg) does not interest, and is not therefore relieved. These people are the persevering visitors of pauper establishments and prisons. On entering the former, they invariably inquire out some case of reverse of fortune, and seldom visit the latter without asking the jailor to introduce them to his greatest criminal. The excellent directors of the Agricultural Colony at Mettray were once so pestered with questions of this sort from a party of English visitors, that one of them determined to stop the catechism he had been for an hour subjected to by a little wholesome mystification. The most persevering of the questioners, a lady, looking through her lorgnette at a diminutive colonist of about eight years of age, intreated the patient cicerone to divulge the crime for which he had been imprisoned: 'it was so horrible to see one so young imbued in the colours of delinquency,' &c. The director looked serious, and owned that this child's history was indeed a terrible revelation: he had stopped and robbed a diligence!

The lady dropped her glass in astonishment. 'A diligence!' she repeated. 'Why, he is scarcely taller than a horse's knees.'

'Very true, madame; but he had previously provided against that serious disadvantage to a highwayman: in order to reach the bridges of the leaders he stood *upon a chair!*'

The lady saw that this harmless romance was meant

for a reproof, asked no further questions, and contented herself with listlessly going round the establishment with the rest of the party. But to her it had lost all attraction. In the details of the great experiment being worked out at Mettray she took no interest: the saving of some thousands of lads from crime and misery was not so much to her as one dreadful historiette, or the revolting details of a single crime: the place in its philanthropic aspect was to her a blank: and as no such prizes as she sought turned up, her account of Mettray to her friends in England was, that 'for the sort of thing it was ridiculously unexciting.'

Better intentioned, because not quite so selfish, is that section of poverty's patrons whose members oppress the needy with tedious and impossible advice; who believe that the occasional assistance they afford purchases the right not only to advise upon, but to interfere in, the domestic and other arrangements of those whom they patronise. They are generally ladies possessing small fortunes, much leisure, untiring energy, some benevolence, and uncompromising opinions upon all subjects great and small. In most instances, however, their power is in inverse ratio to their ability to render sound advice gratis to the poor. It is impossible to persuade them that, as a rule (which we must meantime admit has a wide range of exceptions), everybody knows his own business best; for they persist in the opinion that they are better acquainted with the wants of the poor than the poor are themselves. Having been blessed all their lives with every comfort and some luxuries, and having consequently no practical knowledge either of the exigencies or contrivances of poverty, they persist in erroneously lecturing their clients on what food they ought to eat, how they should cook it, what price they ought to pay for it, where they must buy it, and how little per diem they are bound to eat of it. They have cut-and-dry instructions respecting clothing, washing, and every possible household necessity and employment. Being, peradventure, maiden ladies, they give copious counsel regarding infant management and youthful education—have been known, in fact, to prescribe the exact number that a family, in consideration of the worldly circumstances of the parents, ought properly to consist of. It is wonderful with what arithmetical exactitude they set down the sum to a fraction upon how much each poor family is bound to live, and how much they must deposit in the savings' bank. But, alas, they do not content themselves with merely giving advice; they are so unchangeably convinced of its superlative excellence and practicability, that they resent its being rejected or not followed as a personal affront: their laws are the laws of the Medes and Persians, and wo be to those who alter or neglect them! Either offence is summarily punished with withdrawal of patronage and assistance thenceforth and for ever.

We must not permit these too-well-intentioned, although mistaken Dorcuses, to be confounded with the truly useful visitants of the abodes of poverty and ignorance, who, by gentle means and judicious assistance, extend the resources of the poor by giving useful information on domestic economy, which, it must be owned, is the least understood by those to whom it is of the most importance. We know instances, especially in rural districts, where it is not too much to say lives have been saved by the perseverance of ladies in first conquering prejudices respecting food—prejudices stronger perhaps than those relating to any other branch of economy—and then cautiously introducing new kinds of edibles, or new methods of preparing old ones. In this line much may yet be done; and we would throw out the hint to those efficient patrons of the poor, the societies for Improving the Condition of the Labouring-Classes, that they would be doing a vast service by introducing into their publications instructions for selecting and preparing different articles of food, and receipts for various dishes. The best means of making such instructions practically available is not to derive them from the experience of eminent cooks or affluent households, as has been already too often erroneously done, but to found them upon

searching inquiry into the economical resources of the necessitous, and the expedients and contrivances into which they are driven; not, in fact, like the opinionated patronesses we have already mentioned—to assume the poor to be totally ignorant of their own affairs—but to find out what they know and practise, and, if possible, to improve upon, generalise, and disseminate it. Such information will at least be practical. Let us never forget the lesson taught by the last and most disastrous Niger expedition, and which is in point here. One of its objects having been to teach agriculture to the cultivators of Nigrity, the patrons of the poor blacks sent out Scotch farmers and an abundance of implements. An estate was in due time marked out, and culture begun; but it was soon found that the British system of tillage was totally inapplicable to the soil, climate, and vegetation of those latitudes, and before the negroes could be taught by the model farmers, the model farmers had to take lessons of the negroes. This is nearly the case with many of the best of the poor's patrons. They think they have all to teach, and nothing to learn; whereas, before they can be of real service, they must take the practical information derived from those whom they wish to benefit as a basis on which to engrave their own theoretical knowledge.*

We return from this digression to point out the most mischievous patronage of the poor which can be practised; namely, indiscriminate alms-giving. Assistance of this sort is too temporary to be beneficial to the receiver, and is in most instances too trifling to be real charity in the donor. It is the reverse of the double blessing; blessing him who giveth and him who receiveth. To the latter it is more frequently a curse; for all irregular, intermittent, unexpected income shuts out the exercise of forethought—which is prudence—and produces demoralisation. Who shall venture to blame too harshly the cold and hungry wretch who, living upon chance sustenance, takes the shortest but worst cure for his pangs; and after satisfying the first gnawings of hunger, spends the alms just collected in the spirit-shop? Who shall punish the wretched shirt or slop-clothes maker, who, putting her trust in chance charity, and finding mendicancy less laborious, becomes a public beggar, and finally a thief? to which the step is short and easy. Suppose, instead of a penny or a sixpence, the alms-giver were to devote a little time in inquiry, in endeavours to extend permanent relief—to procuring employment for one such individual as we point to, and better pay for the other? Instead of fostering vice, he would then be aiding and rescuing distress. That would be true beneficence; whereas promiscuous alms is, we are bold to say, merely a price he pays to relieve himself from the pain caused to him by the supplications or the importunities of misery—most frequently, we admit, the former. The sentiment awaked by the sight or knowledge of suffering in any form is among the most

painfully acute of our sensations, but the easiest to smother or to heal. The gaunt apparition of famishing mendicancy powerfully awakens it; but how instantly and how cheaply is it soothed, if not eradicated, by the gift of a small donation?—sufficient, perhaps, for a day's sustenance, but only sufficient to leave the recipient on the next a prey to famine, rendered the less endurable by the former day's comparative plenty. By that time all sympathy has vanished from the breast of the giver, and the suppliant is left to starve, because he is not present; for the commiseration of chance-alms distributors requires constant exertion. Meanwhile, the pains of pity have been bought off at a meanly trifling cost. Is this charity?

In noticing the cheering characteristic of the present time—that the affluent public are not only looking pauperism fully and kindly in the face, but taking it also benevolently by the hand—we have not feared to exhibit the small vices which are found to accompany this great virtue. Our wish has been, by pointing out a series of small evils, to present a humble contribution of means towards increasing the number of the real friends, and thinning the ranks of the mere patrons, of the Poor.

THE MONEY TRADE.

'The Monied Interest,' we are told, in an amusing and vivacious volume of the day, 'was unknown till 1692.'* But this dry announcement is not enough for the general reader. The author should have explained the position of the country on the completion of the Revolution settlement, and the circumstances which led to the rise of the great rival of the slow and conservative land party. Many things had by that time concurred to give an impetus to trade and manufactures, which is felt to this day. A few years before (in 1685) the revocation of the law in France, known as the Edict of Nantes, which guaranteed the safety of the Protestants, cast abroad over Europe many hundred thousands of the élite of French industry and ingenuity; and of these the wealthiest established themselves in England and Holland. We are supposed to have had about 70,000 to our own share, settled chiefly in London; and to them we owe the improvement of many old, and the introduction of many new, branches of manufactures. Till that time, for instance, we produced hardly any but coarse brown paper, and all the better qualities of glass, hats, and other staples were imported from the continent. Under the teaching of the immigrants, we became skilful in the manufacture of the finer qualities of these articles, as well as in that of the lighter fabrics of woollen stuffs, linen, silks (especially à la modes and lustre now gone by), ducapes, brocades, satins, velvets, &c. together with clocks, watches, and cutlery ware of various descriptions. In 1689 the Bill of Rights offered a solemn guarantee for the liberties and property of the people, now thoroughly awakened to the advantages of industry; and this was almost instantaneously followed, as might naturally be expected, by a vast increase in our commerce, shipping, manufactures, and colonial trade.

This was the epoch of the establishment of the Bank of England and Bank of Scotland; of projects of various other banks; of numerous schemes for fishing up sunken treasures from the deep; of lotteries; of fisheries of whale, cod, and pearls; of innumerable companies for rock-salt, for curing provisions, for draining lands, &c., and for running away from the new and marvellous field of wealth thus suddenly opened, and planting British settlements at the ends of the habitable earth. It

* In the matter of economy in food, we may mention a practical lesson we were lately taught by the superintendent of a threepenny model lodging-house. We saw him with his comely wife, and a remarkably fine child; one of four who were, he declared, equally robust. Himself is a specimen of high feeding rather than of stint; yet he startled us by the assurance that he never, except on very rare occasions, allowed more than sixpence a day for dinner, or a penny a head. We desired to see some of his receipts; and he promptly gave us two, which we think will not be uninteresting to transfer here.

Meat-Pudding for 2 Adults and 4 Children.

1lb. of flour,	-	2d.
½ lb. of 'stickings' (otherwise pieces cut from joints by butchers in trimming them for the table), -	2d.	
2lb. of potatoes, -	1d.	
An egg, -	1d.	
		6d.

Irish Stew for 2 Adults and 4 Children.

1 lb. of 'stickings,' -	-	2d.
5 lb. of potatoes, -	-	2d.
Onions, -	-	0d.
		5d.

In the first receipt one potato is left over, and in the second there is ½d. to spare. From this abundance pepper and salt are avoided. It must be noted that the above are London, and consequently maximum prices.

* *Chronicles and Characters of the Stock Exchange.* By John Francis, author of the 'History of the Bank of England.' London: Willoughby. 1849.

is no wonder that the slow and limited profits of agriculture came to be looked upon with contempt by speculators who were no longer at the mercy of the great and powerful, or that a class of adventurous citizens should arise, strong enough to beard the old lion of aristocracy, and make themselves heard and felt as a separate estate in the realm. In a flourishing and peaceful country like England, however, there is always a tendency towards an equalisation of interests. At the present time, it is more common than ever for successful traders to invest their property in land; and one day we may see the merchant plodding in his counting-house, and the next lording it over a goodly number of acres of 'brown heath and shaggy wood,' in the character of a Highland laird.

Before the commencement of the eighteenth century, the persons who dealt in money congregated at the Royal Exchange. 'At this period,' says Mr Francis (about 1695), 'the broker had a walk upon the Royal Exchange devoted to the funds of the East India and other great corporations; and many of the terms now in vogue among the initiated arose from their dealings with the stock of the East India Company. Jobbing in the great chartered corporations was thoroughly understood. Reports and rumours were as plentiful then as now. No sooner was it known that one of the fine vessels of the India Company, laden with gold and jewels from the East, was on its way, than every method was had recourse to. Men were employed to whisper of hurricanes which had sunk the well-stored ship—or quicksands which had swallowed her up—of war which had commenced when peace was unbroken—or of peace being concluded when the factories were in the utmost danger. Nor were the brains of the speculators less capable than now. If at the present day a banker condescends to raise a railway bubble 50 per cent., the broker of that day understood his craft sufficiently to cause a variation in the price of East India stock of 263 per cent.; and complaints became frequent that the Royal Exchange was perverted from its legitimate purpose, and that the jobbers—the term was applied ignominiously—ought to be driven from a spot polluted by their presence. Mines of gold, silver, and copper, were so temptingly promised, that the entire town pursued the deception. Tricks and stratagems were plentiful; the wary made fortunes, and the unwary were ruined.'

The outcry against the brokers became so great, that in 1698 they determined to remove to the then unoccupied area of 'Change Alley; but by and by the more respectable among them acquired the habit of seeking the shelter of Jonathan's Coffeehouse, and this became the grand centre of all the important operations in the money market. Among the jobbers of this time was Sir Henry Furnese, who kept expresses running all over the continent, and was the first to inform the king of the fortune of his arms. 'But the temptation to deceive was too great even for this gentleman. He fabricated news—he insinuated false intelligence—he was the originator of some of those plans which at a later period were managed with so much effect by Rothschild. If Sir Henry wished to buy, his brokers were ordered to look gloomy and mysterious, hint at important news, and after a time, sell. His movements were closely watched; the contagion would spread; the speculators grew alarmed; prices be lowered 4 or 5 per cent.—for in those days the loss of a battle might be the loss of a crown—and Sir Henry Furnese would reap the benefit by employing different brokers to purchase as much as possible at the reduced price. Large profits were thus made; but a demoralising spirit was spread throughout the Stock Exchange. Bankrupts and beggars sought the same pleasure in which the millionaire indulged, and often with similar success.' Another celebrity was the wealthy Hebrew, Medina, who 'accompanied Marlborough in all his campaigns; administered to the avarice of the great captain by an annuity of £6000 per annum; repaid himself by expresses containing

intelligence of those great battles which fire the English blood to hear them named; and Ramilie, Oudenheim, and Blenheim, administered as much to the purse of the Hebrew as they did to the glory of England.'

King William did not rob, like his predecessors: he borrowed, and was often fleeced by the jobbers. But he borrowed in every way he could contrive—even on irredeemable annuities, and thus created a perpetual debt. Money, however, was necessary, since the nation had resolved to keep out the Stuarts, and any price must be paid for it. When £5,000,000 were granted as supplies for the war, only £2,500,000 reached the treasury! The grantees themselves must be paid. 'Mr Hungerford was expelled from the Lower House for accepting a bribe of £21; and the Duke of Leeds impeached for taking one of 5500 guineas. The price of a speaker—Sir John Trevor—was £1005; and the secretary to the treasury was sent to the Tower on suspicion of similar practices. Money receivers lodged great sums of public money with the goldsmiths at the current interest. Others lent the exchequer its own cash in other persons' names; and out of £46,000,000 raised in fifteen years, £25,000,000 were unaccounted for.'

In 1696 Mr Halifax invented exchequer bills which represented money. An admirable resource they must have been, and still are; for when it was inconvenient for government to redeem its securities, the consent of parliament was obtained, and this floating or unfunded debt was added to the fixed debt of the country. Ten years after, the first foreign loan (£500,000) was negotiated in 'Change Alley. It was given at the instance of the Duke of Marlborough to the Emperor for eight years at 8 per cent., on the security of his Silesian revenues. The pride of the jobbers was now at its height. A speculative Quaker called Quare, a watchmaker to trade, called to the marriage of his daughter the Princess of Wales, the Duchess of Marlborough, and three hundred other guests of distinction—and the invited came 'when he did call on them.' The founder of Guy's Hospital was 'one of the many remarkable men who, tempted from their legitimate pursuit, entered into competition with the jobbers of the Stock Exchange, and one of the few who devoted their profits to the benefit of a future generation.' His principal dealings were in the invertible tickets with which our seamen were then paid—tickets which the poor and improvident fellows were glad to turn into cash at any sacrifice. 'In these tickets did Thomas Guy deal; and on the wrongs of these men was the vast superstructure of his fortune reared. But jobbing in them was as frequent in the high places of England as in 'Change Alley. The seaman was poor and unimportant; and the orders which were refused payment to him were paid to the wealthy jobber, who parted with some of his plunder as a premium to the treasury to disgorge the remainder. By these means, and by fortunate speculations during the South Sea bubble, Mr Guy realised a fortune of £500,000'—at that time almost fabulous sum.

The influence and the odium of the stockjobbers kept equal pace. 'It was very natural that men's minds should be turned to that portion of the town which, ever and anon, gave signal symptoms of great frauds, great gains, and great gambling; and Sir John Barnard endeavoured, in 1732, to draw the attention of the House of Commons to the dealings and the doings of the Stock Exchange. It had, even at this early period, a complete and organized system. The expresses of its rich members came from every court in Europe, and beat, as the expresses of jobbers always have done, the messengers of the government. Sir Robert Walpole not only declared this, but with great naïveté added, "It is because they are better paid and better appointed." The very fact that brokers did beat the government despatches was regarded as a crime, and the public continued year by year to pour its malignities on the frequenter of 'Change Alley.' This is the epoch of 'time-bargains'—a species of gam-

which has continued to be the life and soul of stock-jobbing. The Bank books were closed for six weeks in every quarter, to prepare for the payment of the dividend; and as no transfer could be made during this period, it became a practice to buy and sell 'for the opening.' This means, we believe (but Mr Francis ought to have described the transaction for the benefit of the uninitiated), that you may buy without money an imaginary amount, to be paid for at the expiration of the time in an equally imaginary manner. If the price of the stock has risen, you receive, and if it has fallen, you pay the difference; and this is all the transfer of cash that takes place in a transaction wholly unreal. The broker, we need not say, receives his commission whether the speculator gains or loses. This was of course pure gambling; and Sir John Barnard, who first exposed it, succeeded in obtaining an enactment placing time-bargains without the pale of the law in such a manner that losses on them could not be legally recovered. But Sir John and the legislature strove in vain. The act exists to this hour, but only as a dead letter; for speculative bargains form the chief business of the Stock Exchange. The only difference it made was to make the broker responsible instead of the *quasi* purchaser.

Till the reign of George II., the interest on loans varied according to the state of the money market; but it was then fixed at from 3 to 5 per cent., this being the first public announcement that the debt was perpetual. The effect, it is said, has been to increase the present principal by two-fifths of the sum originally advanced. The first reduction of interest, from 4 to 3 per cent., was effected in 1750. It was a project of the same Sir John Barnard who made war upon time-bargains. 'His pride,' says Mr Francis, 'was indomitable; the members of the Stock Exchange, who were always spoken of with great contempt by Sir John, thoroughly detested him, and greatly helped to fan the unpopularity which fell upon him when he opposed public feeling, as, with a most unbending integrity, he invariably did if his conscience prompted. "He grew," said Horace Walpole on one occasion, "almost as unpopular as Byng." On commercial subjects his opinion was greatly regarded: when any remarkable feature in financial politics occurred, the town echoed with—"What does Sir John say to this?—what is Sir John's opinion?"—and he had the honour of refusing the post of Chancellor of the Exchequer in 1746. It is somewhat at variance with the proud character of the man, that from the time his statue was erected in the Royal Exchange, he never entered the building, but transacted his business in the front. The blood of Sir John Barnard yet flows in the veins of some of the best houses in the commercial world, his son having married the daughter of a gentleman known in contemporary history as "the great banker, Sir Thomas Hankey."

Sir John's great enemy was Sampson Gideon, a Jew ^{les}, Dr. ^m, worth more than all the land of Canaan. The greatest hit Gideon ever made was when the rebel army approached London; when the king was trembling; when the prime minister was undetermined, and stocks were sold at any price. Unhesitatingly he went to Jonathan's, bought all in the market, advanced every guinea he possessed, pledged his name and reputation or more, and held as much as the remainder of the members held together. When the Pretender retreated, and stocks rose, the Jew experienced the advantage of his foresight.'

The career of Mr Fordyce, an Aberdeen hosier, who became a London banker and stockjobber, is very remarkable, but its history would occupy too much space. When this person failed, the panic in London, 'equal to anything of a later date, but of shorter duration, had with the velocity of wildfire, and part of the attribute to the Bank the merit of supporting credit of the city, while part assert that it caused a panic. The first families were in tears; nor is the narration surprising, when it is known that bills to

the amount of £4,000,000 were in circulation, with the name of Fordyce attached to them.' The effect of the constant anxiety in which the money-traders live is said to operate disadvantageously on the duration of life. 'It is probable, although the fact is difficult of attainment, that the lives of the members of the Stock Exchange are at the present day less valuable than the ordinary average of human life. The constant thought, the change from hope to fear, the nights broken by expresses, the days excited by changes, must necessarily produce an unfavourable effect upon the frame. Instances, however, of great longevity are not wanting; and one John Riva, who, after an active life in Change Alley, had retired to Venice, died there at the patriarchal age of 118.' This was the golden age of lotteries. In 1772 there were 'lottery magazine proprietors, lottery tailors, lottery staymakers, lottery glovers, lottery hatmakers, lottery tea-merchants, lottery snuff and tobacco merchants, lottery barbers—where a man, for being shaved, and paying threepence, stood a chance of receiving £10—lottery shoe-blacks, lottery eating-houses—where for sixpence, a plate of meat and the chance of 60 guineas was given—lottery oyster-stalls, where threepence gave a supply of oysters and a remote chance of 5 guineas, were plentiful; and, to complete a catalogue which speaks volumes, at a sausage-stall in a narrow alley was the important intimation written up, that for one farthing's worth of sausages the fortunate purchaser might realise a capital of five shillings. Quack doctors—a class which formed so peculiar a feature in village life of old—sold medicine at a high price, giving those who purchased it tickets in a lottery purporting to contain silver and other valuable prizes.' The discovery of *lucky numbers* became a profession, and the worship of Mammon introduced rites of superstition which might seem to have come down from the middle ages. The smaller lotteries were at length put down, in order that ruin might be accessible only to those who could afford it; but this introduced the system of 'insurance,' which was open to all—a sum being paid for the right to demand a certain amount in the event of a particular number turning up a prize. To gratify this propensity wives robbed their husbands, children their parents, servants their masters. 'So great were the charms of insuring, while the chances were so small, that respectable tradesmen, in defiance of the law, met for this illegal purpose on the following day to that on which some of their body had been taken handcuffed before a magistrate.' Lotteries were not finally abolished till 1826.

Another curious kind of insurance was resorted to by the gamblers:—'Directly it was known that any great man was seriously ill, insurances on his life, at rates in proportion to his chance of recovery, were made. These bargains were reported in the papers; and the effect on an invalid who knew his health to be precarious may be imagined when he saw in the "Whitehall Evening Post" that "Lord —— might be considered in great danger, as his life could only be insured in the Alley at 90 per cent." The custom grew so rapidly, and the evil was so serious, that the principal merchants and underwriters refused to transact business with brokers who engaged in such practices.' It was customary to effect insurances upon the fate of a besieged city—a premium being paid to receive a certain sum in the event of the capture of the city. During the Seven Years' War, the Spanish ambassador is said to have insured £30,000 on Minorca at the moment when the despatches announcing its capture were in his pocket. In 1787 the Black Board was instituted to keep the brokers in awe. 'There were no less than twenty-five lame ducks,' said the "Whitehall Evening Post," "who waddled out of the Alley." Their deficiency was estimated at £250,000; and it was upon this occasion the above plan was first proposed, and a very full meeting of the members resolved that those who did not either pay their deficiencies, or name their principals, should be publicly exposed on a black

board to be ordered for the occasion. Thus the above deficiencies—larger than had been previously known—alarmed the gentlemen of 'Change Alley, and produced that system which is yet regarded with wholesome awe.'

Before long, the mightiest of the aristocracy trembled at the threat of the Black Board. A broker complained to the public-spirited Mark Sprot that a noble earl, whom he had trusted to a large extent, refused to pay his losses. Mr Sprot told his friend not to be afraid, and offered to call with him upon the noble repudiator. 'Together they went, and were received with patrician dignity. Mr Sprot deliberately detailed his business, and received the cool reply that it was not convenient to pay. But the energetic jobber was not a man to bow before rank, unless accompanied by worth; and Mr Sprot unhesitatingly declared that if the account were not settled by a certain hour next day, he would post his lordship as a defaulter. The latter grew alarmed, and attempted to conciliate; but the conference closed with the repeated determination of Mr Sprot to post him. Long before the hour appointed, however, his lordship's solicitor waited on the broker to arrange the payment; and thus the honour of the earl was preserved, and the credit of the broker saved in the money market, through the acuteness and determination of Mark Sprot.'

In 1801 'Change Alley was found to be too small an area for the Stock Exchange; and at anyrate the principal dealers in the money market desired to have a more exclusive place of meeting. The present building, therefore, was erected by subscription, the members to pay ten guineas annually, and to vote by ballot. The following inscription, engraved on copper, was placed under the first stone of the building:—

'On the 18th of May, in the year 1801, and forty-one of George III., the first stone of this building, erected by private subscription, for the transaction of business in the public funds, was laid in the presence of the proprietors, and under the direction of William Hammond, William Steer, Thomas Roberts, Griffith Jones, William Grey, Isaac Hensley, Jo. Brackshaw, John Capel, and John Barnes, managers; James Peacock, architect. At this era, the first of the Union between Great Britain and Ireland, the public funded debt had accumulated in five successive reigns to £552,730,924. The inviolate faith of the British nation, and the principles of the constitution, sanction and secure the property embarked in this undertaking. May the blessing of that constitution be secured to the latest posterity!'

Among the anecdotes in this portion of the volume we may mention that of the House of Baring, connected with the subject in their capacity of loan-contractors. Their career is 'an evidence of the power of a few active young men to advance themselves to immense fortune, and to distinguish marks of favour from the sovereign. Various origins are attributed to the members of the firm, and the Herald's College has been employed to give the dignity of ancestral honours to the family. In 1793 the first baronet of the name was created, and the signal services of Sir Francis to the East India Company, of which he was a director, were greatly appreciated. It has been stated—but as the writer is uncertain of his authority, he gives it with caution—that they were originally German weavers, who came over to London; and being successful in business, were, through the interest of William Bingham of Philadelphia, appointed agents to the American government. Considering, therefore, the large resources at their command, it is not surprising that, during the loyalty loan in 1797, the head of the house made £100,000 for three consecutive days—or that, in 1806, it was sarcastically said, "Sir Francis Baring is extending his purchases so largely in Hampshire, that he soon expects to be able to enclose the country with his own park-paling." In 1805 this gentleman, the first algebraist of the day, retired from business with a princely fortune, and shortly afterwards died, full of years and honours. A green old age, a career closed at the pinnacle of prosperity, and a deathbed surrounded by sons and daughters, whom the descendant of the German weaver had lived to place in splendid independence, was his enviable

lot. The great commercial house which he had raised to so proud a position was continued by his sons, and may be considered the most important mercantile establishment in the empire. Freehold estates to the amount of £500,000, besides enormous personal property, rewarded his great capacity, and his yet greater integrity. The House of Baring, notwithstanding some periods when doubt, and almost dismay, hung over it, yet retains the power and position bequeathed by Sir Francis; and as an instance of the fortune and capacity of its members, it may be mentioned that the late Lord Ashburton, when bearing, as Sir Robert Peel feelingly expressed it, the honoured name of Alexander Baring, realised £170,000 in two years by his combinations in French Rentes.'

But the most remarkable stockbroker on record was Francis Baily the astronomer, who retired from the Stock Exchange in 1825. Baily 'having left school at fourteen, remained in a mercantile situation until he was twenty-two; when, for the mere love of adventure, he embarked for the New World, travelled through a great part of the "far west," and passed eleven months among the aborigines without once meeting the shelter of a civilised roof. In 1800 he went on the money-market, where he soon became conspicuous, publishing within a few years many works, which were justly regarded with great favour; and in 1806 defended, though unsuccessfully, the rights of the brokers. In 1814 he drew up the report of the committee on the great fraud of that year, arranged the evidence against the perpetrators completely and conclusively, and was one of those men of whom the Stock Exchange—from which he retired with a fortune won by uprightness and intelligence—was not worthy.'

The reader will see that there is a great variety of interesting and amusing matter in the volume of '*mémoires pour servir*' we have thus hastily skimmed; but we have now done enough not only to give some idea of the book, but of the nature and career of the Stock Exchange. The public debt, which it is the business of the brokers to buy and sell, has increased to £800,000,000, entailing upon the country an expenditure for interest of £28,000,000 per annum. The debt is practically considered *perpetual*; and at every excess of revenue the minister is expected to reduce taxation. To this object, likewise, the plans of financial reformers are limited; and when some schemer gets up with a proposal that the nation, instead of merely lightening its daily burthens, shall try to make some progress in paying what it owes, either by converting interminable into terminable annuities, or by submitting to a general assessment, he is looked upon as an idle visionary. This may be all very correct; but the heir of a burthened estate, preserved to him in its entirety by expensive lawsuits (and we, as a nation, are exactly in this position), would be counselled by judicious friends to apply whatever savings he could make, or assessments he could bear, to the extinction of his encumbrances.

RECREATION.

I have seen it quoted from Aristotle that the end of labour is to gain leisure. It is a great saying. We have in modern times a totally wrong view of the matter. Noble work is a noble thing, but not all work. Most people seem to think that any business is in itself something grand; that to be intensely employed, for instance, about something which has no truth, beauty, or usefulness in it, which makes no man happier or wiser, is still the perfection of human endeavour, so that the work be intense. It is the intensity, not the nature of the work, that men praise. You see the extent of this feeling in little things. People are so ashamed of being caught for a moment idle, that you come upon the most industrious servants or workmen whilst they are standing looking at something which interests them, or fairly resting, they move off in a fright, as they were proved, by a moment's relaxation, to be negligent of their work. Yet it is the result that they should mainly be judged by, and to which they should appeal amongst all classes the working itself, incessant!

ing, is the thing deified. Now what is the end and object of most work? To provide for animal wants. Not a contemptible thing by any means, but still it is not all in all with man. Moreover, in those cases where the pressure of bread-getting is fairly past, we do not often find men's exertions lessened on that account. There enter into their minds as motives, ambition, a love of hoarding, or a fear of leisure, things which, in moderation, may be defended or even justified, but which are not so peremptorily, and upon the face of them, excellent, that they at once dignify excessive labour. The truth is, that to work insatiably requires much less mind than to work judiciously, and less courage, than to refuse work that cannot be done honestly. For a hundred men whose appetite for work can be driven on by vanity, avarice, ambition, or a mistaken notion of advancing their families, there is about one who is desirous of expanding his own nature and the nature of others in all directions, of cultivating many pursuits, of bringing himself and those around him in contact with the universe in many points—of being a man, and not a machine. It may seem as if the preceding arguments were directed rather against excessive work than in favour of recreation. But the first object in an essay of this kind should be to bring down the absurd estimate that is often formed of mere work. What ritual is to the formalist, or contemplation to the devotee, business is to the man of the world. He thinks he cannot be doing wrong as long as he is doing that. No doubt hard work is a great police agent. If everybody were worked from morning till night, and then carefully locked up, the register of crimes might be greatly diminished. But what would become of human nature? Where would be the room for growth in such a system of things? It is through sorrow and mirth, plenty and need, a variety of passions, circumstances, and temptations, even through sin and misery, that men's natures are developed. Again, there are people who would say, 'Labour is not all; we do not object to the cessation of labour—a mere provision for bodily ends; but we fear the lightness and vanity of what you call recreation.' Do these people take heed of the swiftness of thought—or of the impatience of thought? What will the great mass of men be thinking of if they are taught to shun amusements and the thoughts of amusement? If any sensuality is left open to them, they will think of that. If not sensuality, then avarice, or ferocity for 'the cause of God,' as they would call it. People who have had nothing else to amuse them, have been very apt to indulge themselves in the excitement of persecuting their fellow-creatures. Our nation, the northern part of it especially, is given to believe in the sovereign efficacy of dulness. To be sure dulness and solid vice are apt to go hand in hand. But then, according to our notions, dulness is in itself so good a thing—almost a religion. Now, if ever a people required to be amused, it is we sad-hearted Anglo-Saxons. Heavy eaters, hard thinkers, often given up to a peculiar melancholy of our own, with a climate that for months together would frown away mirth if it could—many of us with very gloomy thoughts about our hereafter—if ever there were a people who should avoid increasing their dulness by all work and no play, we are that people. 'They took their pleasure sadly,' says Froissart, 'after their fashion.' We need not ask of what nation Froissart was speaking.—*Friends in Council.*

NEARING AN ICEBERG.

I think we were on the larboard tack when we first got sight of the berg. It appeared at a distance of nine or ten miles on the horizon, a beautiful 'two-forked hill' of crystalline, its dazzling peaks irradiated by the early morning beams. We very much feared at the time that a fog would close in and shut it from our view. Towards the latter part of the day, however, the haze cleared; and by about three or four o'clock p. m. we had beat up to it, and were close under its lee on the starboard side, and only from a quarter of a mile to half a mile distant from it; the sea being against it on the windward side, and dying into a little bay formed by its precipitous crags, and a lower and more extended part undulating into two or three distinct ranges of elongated hillocks or hummocks, which seemed to have been a portion of field-ice attached to the loftier part. The whole might have been from 300 to 500 feet at base, by about 250 of extreme elevation; and on one of the more abrupt portion, near the summit, was a singularly-shaped mass, which required scarcely any effort of imagination to form into a gigantic white bear, crawling upon the side of it. There was something extremely

majestic and solemn in its aspect, as the chill wind swept from it, and the deep, dark-green waves rolled and foamed beneath and around. The thought of striking against such a mass in the darkness and tempest, and being sent by the shock to the depths beneath, seemed enough to curdle the very life-blood in our veins, and afforded a vivid idea of the perils undergone by the Polar voyagers and whalers. Whilst we gazed upon it, we encountered a most lovely and agreeable surprise. The sky cleared brightly blue overhead, and the magnificent mass immediately took the tint from the heavens, assuming the softest cerulean hue that the imagination could conceive. The exquisite apparent smoothness of it was also another feature for which I was not at all prepared. I had prefigured to myself a large, rough, white mass; but the alabaster polish of the general surface, and the general hue which was shed over it, to which the finest ultramarine must fail of doing justice, presented an effect at once delightful and unexpected. Gradually, as evening advanced, and we drew away from it on the watery pathway, the paler tints resumed their sway, the mists and shadows closed around it, and we left it to its silent march—the cold, gray, stern wanderer of the ocean—alone with Omnipotence amidst the waste of waters.—*The Emigrant Churchman in Canada.*

MOTHER DEAR, WHERE ART THOU?

MOTHER dear, where art thou? Dost thou hear me calling
In the early morning, or when eve is falling,
Through each darksome midnight, and each cheerless morrow,
Since I closed thine eyelids on that night of sorrow?

Mother dear, where art thou? Dost thou heed my weeping
In the dreary midnight, when light hearts are sleeping?
Doth thy spirit hover near me when I slumber,
Or when, through the darkness, sleepless hours I number?

Mother dear, where art thou? Wary hours of sadness,
In our lonely chamber, once a home of gladness,
Weighing down my spirit, pass unheeded o'er me,
While thy chair, deserted, ever stands before me!

Mother dear, where art thou? Spring hath come and parted,
But it brought no gladness to thy lonely hearted;
Through the blessed summer all was dark around me,
For its fragrance breathed not through the grave that bound thee.

Mother dear, where art thou? Autumn winds are blowing,
And within our dwelling bright the hearth is glowing,
By our pleasant fireside youthful tones are ringing,
But thine ancient ballads no sweet voice is singing.

Mother dear, where art thou? There is no one near me,
In my hour of anguish, who will care to cheer me,
Who will smooth my pillow when my head is aching,
Or a prayer will whisper when my heart is breaking.

Mother dear, where art thou? I have none to cherish
With the love that cannot in death's darkness perish;
At my step approaching no fond brow will lighten,
And my smile of gladness no kind eye will brighten.

Mother dear, where art thou? Hast thou left no token
That the tie which bound us still abides unbroken,
But the vacant pillow where I watched thee dying,
And the silent graveyard where thy dust is lying?

Mother dear, I know that our Redeemer liveth,
And that life unfading to his own He giveth;
Though thy place is empty, He will still be near me,
And thy parting counsel, 'Trust in God,' shall cheer me.

Mother dear, in heaven, where thy voice is swelling,
Angels' hymns adoring, blessed is thy dwelling!
Safe from fear of evil, free from toil and sadness,
Waiting for thy lone one, till we meet in gladness!

M.

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